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MISCELLANEA

Miscellanea Aurea:
OR THE *Libris*
GOLDEN MEDLEY.

John Consisting of *Only*

- I. A Voyage to the Mountains of the Moon under the *Æquator*, or *Parnassus* reform'd.
- II. The Fortunate Shipwreck, or a Description of *New Athens*, being an Account of the Laws, Manners, Religion, and Customs of that Country; by *Morris Williams*, Gent. who resided there above Twenty Years.
- III. ALBERONI, or a Vindication of that Cardinal.
- IV. The Secret History of the Amours of *Don Alonzo*, Duke of *Lerma*, Grandee of *Spain*.
- V. The Garden of *Adonis*, or Love to no purpose; being above Twenty Copies of Verses and Love-Letters, by a Lady.
- VI. MAHOMET no Impostor, written in *Arabick* by *Abdulla Mabumed Omar*.
- VII. An Account of Bad and Good Women, Ancient and Modern. Among which is the Story of the SPARTAN DAME, the Subject of *Mr. Southern's* Play. With several other Epistolary Essays in Prose and Verse: By *Mr. Milton*, the Lady *W*— *Mr. Philips*, *Mr. Killegrew*, Author of the *Chit Chat*, and several others.

L O N D O N:

Printed for A. BETTESWORTH in *Pater-Noster-Row*, and J. PEMBERTON in *Fleet-street*. MDCCXX.



To the most Noble

J O H N

Duke of *Buckingham-*
shire and *Normanby*,
Marquis of *Normanby*,
Earl of *Mulgrave*, &c.
and Knight of the most
noble Order of the
Garter.

May it please your G R A C E,



Have long wish'd for an
Opportunity of laying
something of mine at

A 2

your

The DEDICATION.

your GRACE'S Feet, not wholly unworthy of your Patronage ; and I hope that the following Discourses may be thought so ; for though they come not up to that Perfection and Importance, which I desire should be apparent in all that I should presume to address to your GRACE ; yet I have the Vanity to persuade myself, that they will afford an Amusement not absolutely disagreeable to the Entertainment of your GRACE'S unbending Hours ; I flatter myself, at least, that your GRACE will find some Things here, that a Person of your most excellent Sense and admirable Judgment will not wholly repent of the perusing.

'Tis true, that to come up to the grand Gouft, of which your GRACE is so eminent a Master, there should be something nearer
the

The DEDICATION.

the Productions of a *Virgil* or a *Milton*. But, my LORD, if I were never to make an Address to your GRACE, till I had what was of equal Value to offer, I must be for ever silent, and lose this Satisfaction, of which I am extremely ambitious, of letting the World know that Esteem and Veneration which I have for your GRACE's conspicuous Merits, both as a great Statesman, and a great and judicious Patron of the politer Arts; those, indeed, are Qualities which seldom meet in the powerful Men of any Age, and scarce ever in those of ours.

There was, 'tis true, once a *Mecenas* many Ages ago, who is, on all Hands, acknowledg'd to have been the most consummate Statesman that ever appear'd in the World, who, in the midst of his important Thoughts for the

The DEDICATION.

establishing the Monarchy of *Rome* for his Master, believ'd the Care of the Muses not foreign from, nor at all unworthy of his Consideration.

There was likewise, in our modern Times, a *Richelieu*, perhaps, not less in his political Capacity, who likewise esteem'd the Protection of Poetry, and the other fine Arts, equal to his great Post. And there is a Duke of *Buckinghamshire* still living, who, as he is not inferior to either of them in all the just Arts of Government, so he is infinitely superior to both in his Taste and Judgment in those Sciences which have polish'd Mankind; and I am fully assur'd, that it has not been your GRACE's Fault that there is not now an Establishment in this Nation more for their Promotion, than the World has seen
since

The DEDICATION.

since the Expiration of the Commonwealth of *Athens*.

Before I conclude this Epistle, I think myself oblig'd to beg your GRACE's Pardon for this publick Address without your GRACE's Permission, not that I think it in reason a real Fault, but only as it is an Offence against the Tyranny of a most irrational Custom; and, perhaps, only to be found in this Nation: Irrational, I say, my LORD, because it forces upon Authors a Necessity of offering Violence to the Modesty of a great Man, which may, perhaps, make him unwilling to grant such a Permission, or oblige them to take up only with such Persons, whose Vanity they may believe will be easily complaisant to their Desires.

But I, my LORD, who know that your GRACE had rather deserve Praise than be told that you

The DEDICATION.

do so; and whose Passion to appear in this publick Manner to your GRACE, was too strong to run the Hazard of any Obstacles to it, chose rather to omit that Ceremony of Custom, than lose this Opportunity of declaring how much I am,

My LORD,

Your GRACE'S

Most humble,

Most obedient, and

Most devoted Servant,



THE PREFACE.



Shall not long detain the Reader with what I have to say to him by way of Preface; for I will not spend much Time, nor use many Arguments to recommend the following Entertainment; those are Arts that may sooth the fond Credulity of an Author, but can never obtain the End he proposes by them; for let him say what he will, the Reader must be Judge how far the Performance is agreeable to him. And I flatter my self, that in the great Variety which this Volume contains, there will be something that may prove an Amusement to every Reader. This I am sure of, that no one will be able to charge me with committing to Print any thing contrary to good Manners, Modesty or Religion.

The P R E F A C E.

The only thing that I have the least Apprehension can have any Appearance of Offence, is the Translation out of *Arabic*; and yet upon the Perusal the Reader will find, that there is nothing in it derogatory of the Christian Religion, but on the contrary a great Deference perpetually paid to the Divine Precepts of the Gospel; and that no where through the whole Discourse the Author pretends to prove the Divine Mission of *Mahomet*, or that he was a Prophet of God, any farther than by a Confutation of a particular Author, who had written against him.

This Author seems to be Dr. *Prideaux* in his *Life of Mahomet*; at least it is certain, the Translator takes it to be that, since he has quoted his very Words in his Translation. It is true indeed, that the *Arabian* reproaches the modern Christians of *Europe* with a scandalous Neglect in their Practice of the Divine Precepts of the Gospel: But that is a Truth too evident to suffer us to condemn him for asserting what we ourselves cannot deny.

—*Pudet hæc opprobria nobis
Et dici posse, & non potuisse refelli.*

I cannot make an end of this Preface without paying my Thanks to that fair Lady, who has been pleas'd to furnish me with those

Love

The P R E F A C E.

Love-Letters and Verses, which are contain'd in the *Garden of Adonis*; and I dare believe that my Readers, as well as I, will wish that they had been more numerous.

There is one thing I had almost forgot, and that is what some may think a sort of a Blunder in the first Discourse, where *Milton* is introduc'd quoting the incomparable *Essay on Poetry*, since that *Poem*, in all probability, was not publish'd till after his Death: But that is an Objection which will vanish, if the Reader remembers that he tells us in the same Place, That this *Poem* is already deposited in the *Archives of Parnassus*, where he might have had Recourse to it. The same Answer will hold good to *Milton's Remarks upon the Defects of our more Modern Poets*; since he at the same time informs us, That all their Works had been lately examin'd before the Expulsion of the Authors from *Parnassus*.





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A
V O Y A G E
 TO THE
Mountains of the M O O N
 Under the EQUATOR:
 O R,
PARNASSUS Reform'd.
 BEING THE
A P O T H E O S I S
 O F
Sir SAMUEL GARTH.

*Quique pii vates, & Phæbo digna locuti,
 Inventas aut qui vitam excoluere per artes,
 Quique sui memores alios fecere merendo.* Virg.

L E T T E R I.

To Dr. MEAD.

Learned Doctor,



YOU may, perhaps, be surpriz'd at
 an Address of this nature, from a
 Person wholly unknown to you; but
 considering to whom I should direct
 the following Discourse, a learned
 Member of your Faculty being the principal
 B Subject

Subject of it, I thought it was due to one so eminent in all polite Literature, as Dr. *Mead* is acknowledg'd to be by all that know him. I will not mention that excellent Discourse of yours, *De Imperio Solis & Luna*, tho' it has made Discoveries that no Physician before has had the Happiness to find out; for tho' that Treatise has prov'd you a great Master in Nature, and an exquisite Judge of the true Connexion of Causes and Effects; yet it has not an immediate respect to my present Undertaking.

Besides your extraordinary Skill in Physick, your Knowledge in Painting, as is evident from your curious Collection, is peculiarly remarkable, and known to the *Vertuosi* beyond Sea as well as at Home; and this it is that has determin'd me in this Address; for Painting and Poetry have always been allow'd Sister Arts; and whoever has arriv'd at the grand Gouft in the former, can never have an ill Relish of the latter.

I make no manner of Doubt but that the Merits of Sir *Samuel Garth*, both as to Physick and Poetry, are very well known to you: Tho' his Loss to the Sick be not so great while Dr. *Mead* survives; yet to the Kingdom of Poetry it is very considerable. Here I should mention more of the excellent Qualities of my dead Friend, particularly, his wonderful Humanity and Care of the Unfortunate. I dare believe, that no unhappy Person ever apply'd to him, but that he made use of the utmost of his Interest to ease their Pain and Anxiety: But I am not here making a general Panegyrick upon him, my only Business is with his Poetical Excellence,

which has recommended him to that Reception in *Parnassus* which I am going to describe.

Imagination, you know, Sir, has one of the foremost Places in the Kingdom of Poetry ; and when it is large, and join'd with Judgment, forms an excellent Poet. How defective soever my Judgment may be, the following Discourse obliges me to enter the Kingdom of Fancy ; and I hope not wholly without the Guidance of Judgment and Art.

In the early Times of Poetry, among the Retainers of *Parnassus*, there was a sort of a flying Steed, call'd *Pegasus*, and none could ascend that Poetical Mountain, but those that were carry'd upon his Back ; he first bore *Linus*, the Son of *Apollo*, *Orpheus*, the Son of *Calliope*, *Moschus*, *Musæus*, *Hesiod*, and *Homer*, who had Force and Address enough to rein and guide him at their Will. Nor was *Pegasus* uneasy with his Riders, to bear one Poet in an Age was no great Labour to him ; nay, he suffer'd quietly their encrease for many Years ; nor did he repine that he was so often call'd on in *Greece*, not only by the Men, as *Pindar* and *Anacreon*, *Mimnermus*, *Eschylus*, *Sophocles*, *Euripides*, *Agatho*, *Tholydes*, *Theodectes*, and many others ; but by the Ladies likewise, as *Sappho*, *Erinna*, *Corinna*, and several others of that Sex. But when Poetry began to spread into *Ionia*, *Sicily*, and even to *Egypt*, in the Reign of *Ptolomy Philadelphus*, he found the Journeys too long and tedious, and too frequent for him to perform the whole Business of *Parnassus* himself ; and therefore prevail'd with the Muses to intercede with *Apollo*,

that he might have some Coadjutor. His Case being fairly laid before the *Delphic* God ; and he considering by his Fore-knowledge of Things, that Poetry would soon spread beyond the Bounds of *Greece* into *Italy* itself, where would arise Bards worthy of *Parnassus*, he gave *Pegasus* Power to beget a Race of *Pegasiades* ; but yet, confining the Number to be employ'd, to the *Nine Muses*, this young Race, without regard to the Order of the God, went on begetting the like, till *Parnassus* swarm'd with the Breed ; who, not being upon the Establishment, were glad to obey the Call of every *Poetaster*, and fly Hackney for all that would employ them ; but were like all other Hackney Jades, very slow of speed, and perpetually stumbling on the Road ; nor could they ever bring their Riders to the sacred Hill of *Parnassus*, but, through devious and roundabout Paths, set them down in the Low-lands, at some Distance from it, while only those *Pegasiades* that belong'd to the *Muses* and *Apollo* bore their chosen Burthens up to each Summit.

But the Inundation of Barbarism having overrun all *Greece*, *Apollo* and the *Muses* were fain to remove their Seat, and chose to fix it to those happy Regions, where they were most likely to find no Disturbance for the future.

The Earth, in the Opinion of the best Geographers, rises five and twenty Miles above the rest of the terraqueous Globe under the *Æquator* ; upon this Eminence are plac'd the Mountains of the Moon ; among which there is one that rises very high, and with a double Head. This *Apollo* and the *Muses* chose for their sacred Retreat, and the Reception of all those illustrious Bards,
who

who were truly inspir'd, and die in the Favour of *Apollo*; the Distance may seem great to us Mortals, but the Influence of the God is not check'd by any Distance.

Hermotimus, as *Lucian* tells us, us'd frequently to have his Soul leave his Body for several Hours; and having taken its Range about the World, return'd, and re-enter'd his Body. This may be look'd on as a fabulous Narration; but the modern *Theophrastians*, of the School of *Paracelsus*, seem'd to advance a Notion that may render it more probable: They hold, that the humane Creature consists of a sort of a Trinity, that is, of a Body, an *Evestrum*, and a rational Soul; to the Body they attribute the Vegetation, by which it grows or encreases; to the *Evestrum* they allot the animal Part; and to the Rational, they assign all the Operations of Reason; that is the Seat of Wisdom, Learning, Virtue, and all that is Great and Glorious in Man. Thus, after Death, they divide 'em in this manner, to the Earth they commit the Body; the *Evestrum* they make so fond of its old Habitation, that it perpetually hovers about the Grave, or wanders up and down, and is the Ghost that furnishes out our Apparitions; the rational Soul leaveth the Body, as a Prison to which it was long confin'd, flies up to Heaven, its proper Seat, its immortal Origin, without much Tenderness and Regard to its antient Companion, the Body. To apply this Doctrine to *Hermotimus*, we must consider that it was his rational Soul that took this frequent Flight, leaving the *Evestrum* to perform all the Offices of the animal Life in her Absence. If this be not enough to convince the Incredulous in this Particular,

ricular, I must tell 'em, that in all the great Works of Contemplation, the rational Soul quits the Body, to mount up and view the Wonders of the great Creator. Thus it was with *St. Paul*, when he was wrap'd up into the third Heaven, he was not elevated so high in Body, but in Spirit. Thus, likewise, it was with all the holy Prophets, or Poets of *Israel* and *Judah*, they were lifted up in Spirit to see all those wonderful Visions, which discover'd and denounc'd the Fate of Kingdoms. Thus, lastly, but in a much more inferior degree, the Bards are transported from their present State, and made capacious of Truths, and the great Images of Things, which are deny'd to the grovelling Versifiers of all Times and Nations; for the airy Journey of the great Poets to *Parnassus*, and the Conversation with the *Muses* and *Apollo*, that is, with the Richness of Nature, is perform'd by the Mind alone.

I thought it necessary to premise the foregoing Considerations, to render the Account I am going to give of my Voyage to *Parnassus* the more probable, that it may have the greater Force with such into whose Hands it may fall.

Being retir'd out of Town, I went to see and enjoy the pleasing Abode of *Clermont*, a Seat of the illustrious Duke of *Newcastle*, celebrated by the immortal Verse, Verse worthy of its great Master, of my dead Friend Sir *Samuel Garth*, whose Poem I there read over, from whence, together with the most charming Prospect in Nature, I fell into the most pleasing Contemplation in the World, which rais'd my Soul to Thoughts so sublime, that I burst out into a pathetick Invocation of *Apollo* and
the

the *Muses* ; a gentle balmy Sleep, at last, seiz'd on my Body ; but my Soul quitting that, and its *Evestrum*, mounted one of the chosen *Pegasiades*, sent me by *Apollo*, at the Earnestness of my Prayer. We pass'd with incredible Swiftnefs into the Air, and reach'd the new *Parnassus*, with a Rapidity almost equal to Thought ; yet, in my lofty Passage, methought I saw several of my versifying Acquaintance, labouring on with their Hackney *Pegasiades* to the same Place ; at which, however, they never arriv'd, but were carry'd aside, either to a sort of *Vulcano*, whence issued perpetual rumbling, caus'd by their Fustian Verses ; or else farther towards the Southward Pole, where their Writings sympathiz'd with the Coldness of that Clime, and were soon frozen up in an insipid Oblivion. From the *Vulcano* I heard several Verses, with which I was not unacquainted : I could hear *Statius* bellowing out,

Quæ super imposito Moles geminata Colosso ;

and many more of the same Stamp. There I heard poor *Elkeanor*, with his

Whose broad built Bulks the boisterous Billows bear.

Thence likewise came all the Fustian Rants of our modern Stage.

*Fall Darknefs then, and everlasting Night
Shadow the Globe.*

Let the Silver Moon be blotted from her Orb.

*Thro' all the inmost Chambers of the Sky,
 Let there be not one Glimpse, or starry Spark,
 But Gods meet Gods, and jostle in the Dark,
 That Fars may rise, and Wrath divine be hurl'd,
 And shake to Atoms all the solid World.*

*By Heavens,
 Methinks 'twere an easy Leap, to pluck bright
 Honour from the pale fac'd Moon ;
 Or plunge into the Bottom of the Deep,
 Where fathom Plummet never reached yet,
 And bring up drowned Honour by the Locks.*

I distinguish'd a great deal more ; especially the Rants of *Maximine*, *Almanzo*, *The Empress of Morocco* ; and of several more modern Authors, which I have forgot. The Noise was so loud and so confus'd, that I could not, indeed, easily commit them to my Memory ; it is call'd a *Vulcano*, not like *Vesuvius* and *Ætna*, from the Flames and Fires it vomits up, but from the prodigious Smoke that ascends from it, in contradiction to our old *English Proverb*, *There is no Smoke without some Fire* ; for, upon the nicest Inquiry, I was assur'd that there was no such thing in the vast Concave of that Mountain, as real Fire, but a sort of Vapour, or *Ignis Fatuus*, that misled the hot-brain'd Writers of that Place to think there was ; and that all the Smoke that came thence, was but their Breath, continually supply'd by their noisy Repetitions.

Not staying, therefore, for this blustering Entertainment, we pass'd on and soon arriv'd at the Foot of the sacred Hill, where I quitted my Steed and made my Approach to the first Gate.
 Before

Before you could enter this, you must pass a narrow Draw-bridge, which goes over a sort of a River, whose Waters move so slowly, that you can scarce perceive any Motion they have, and you would rather take it for a standing Mote than a Stream; before I came upon this Draw-bridge stood two Centinels, who were call'd *Pedodidascali*, their Countenances were formal and supercilious; the one had in his Hand, for Arms, a *Ferula*, the other a *Rod*; they presently seiz'd me, and conducted me through the Gate to a Palace which stood directly in our Way; it was built of the *Dorick* Order, solid yet beautiful, where being arriv'd, I was led into a large Hall, where I found, upon a little Eminence, much like a Desk, *Orthographia*; before whom being brought, I was examin'd in my Capacity of Spelling, which tho' I took with a great deal of Indignation, I was yet forc'd to submit to, and pass'd my Examination. *Orthographia* is comely in her Person, of a Matron-like Aspect, which, tho' it has a sower crabbed Cast, is yet altogether beautiful: She finding my Unwillingness to submit to her Orders, as thinking myself above that little Tryal, told me, that the Orders of *Apollo*, since the Reformation of *Parnassus*, were so severe, that no one could be permitted to pass further without it, several formerly, both Male and Female, especially from *England*, having thrust themselves into the sacred Abode, when they could scarce spell their Names. With that she found I was not one of them, and therefore gave me a Permission to pass further; but that was but to the other Side of a handsome *Quadrangle*, where I was again stop'd and had into a large Hall, at
the

the upper End of which sat in his Desk *Syntaxis*; and here I was examin'd in all the Parts of *Grammar*, both as to Words and Construction; there having been too many who have pretended to Poetry, who yet made no Conscience of Solecisms. Having come off here likewise with Success, I was permitted to go further. Passing therefore on, I came to another Draw-bridge, which run over a purling Stream, which play'd upon the Pebbles, and in its Passage made an agreeable murmuring Sound, that gave me a peculiar Pleasure whilst I pass'd it. I was no sooner over, but I enter'd a spacious Walk, on each Side of which were pleasant Groves and Thickets, while the wanton Zephyrs play'd among the Trees, that seem'd to dance in Measures, which I think I may better describe in some Verses of a Friend of mine, upon a like Occasion.

*Above the feather'd free-born Natives throng,
And in their treble Notes, and artless Song,
Salute Sabrina as she glides along :
Sabrina, answering in a deeper Tone,
Does her Delight in grateful Murmurs own ;
The am'rous Zephyrs, with a youthful Breeze,
Play wanton round, and kiss the willing Trees ;
The Trees with Joy the soft Caresses take,
And move in Measures to the Sound they make :
And thus above, beneath, and all around,
Nothing but Nature's Harmony is found.*

On each Side play'd pleasant Fountains, and strong Cascades with their murmuring Fall amus'd me as I went along; but that which seem'd the oddest, were a sort of Drums, which
beat

beat all the whole Variety of long and short Numbers, without the common Hoarseness and loud roaring of that Machine. At the End of this Walk was situated a noble Palace, of the *Ionick* Order; which, when I enter'd with my Guides, I came into a magnificent Salloon, where, in a lofty *Rostrum*, I found *Profodia*, the Goddess of Numbers, attended by *Tropology*, the Master of poetick Diction; and having pass'd a severe Examination before them, my two Guides, the *Pedodidascali*, were dismiss'd, and I committed to a new Conductor, whose Name was *INVENTION*; led by him, I left the Palace of *Profodia*, in order to go on to that of the *Muses*. On the Way, *Invention* demand-ed of me, to which of the *Nine* immortal Sisters I us'd to pay my Devotion. I reply'd, *Melpomene*; to her Palace therefore, said he, I will conduct you; and you shall be sure of my Favour in your Recommendation to her; but you will be oblig'd, before you arrive at her Palace, to visit those of *Phantasia*, and that of *Crisis* and *Sunesis*; but which of them you will first visit shall be in your own Choice. By all means, said I, let me pay my first Duty to *Crisis* and *Sunesis*; for there I may obtain perfect Judgment, and a just Taste, by which I may be able to govern and regulate the various and wonderful Objects I must certainly meet with in the Palace of *Phantasia*. *Invention* approv'd my Choice, and, as we journey'd on, gave me several valuable Instructions for my Conduct in Poetry. We came now to another River, over which we pass'd on a lofty Bridge of white Marble; and I observ'd that the Stream on the right hand above the Bridge was very deep

deep and flow in its Motion, as if it weigh'd and consider'd every Object on its Banks, as it pass'd along; but the Waters had no sooner pass'd the Bridge, than they grew very shallow, by gliding thro' a broader Channel, which turning and winding in a hundred Meanders, and with frequent Falls, and sometimes great Cataracts, hasten'd forward to the Palace of *Phantasia*.

At the Foot of the Bridge there were three Paths, one went directly forward to the Palace of *Melpomene*; that on the left Hand to that of *Phantasia*; and the right Hand Path to the Abode of *Crisis* and *Sunesis*, whither we conducted our weary Steps: And being arriv'd at the Portal, we were receiv'd by *Caution* and *Diffidence*, who were the Introducers of all such as were admitted into the Presence of the Lord of this Place. They were not presently satisfy'd of my Qualifications for such Admission, but soon after brought me to my Audience. I observ'd that all Things here were perfectly regular, every Thing uniform, and dispos'd with the utmost Judgment and Decorum. Here we stay'd some time, till I was thoroughly instructed in the Doctrines of this great Being, without which there can nothing be Great, Noble, or Lasting attempted in Poetry.

We pass hence in a direct Line to the Palace of *Phantasia*, and so made the Way infinitely shorter to it, than those go who call'd not upon *Crisis* for Direction; for they wander through winding Paths and Labyrinths, before they can come to their Journey's End. I found the Palace of *Phantasia*, not built of Marble, Porphyry, or any more rich and valuable Stones; they were all too solid for so airy a Structure; it
was

was erected by Nature, of the Plants and Trees, and Flowers that were the most beautiful and odoriferous in the World; here was no Regularity or Order consulted, but a sort of agreeable Wildness spread through the Whole, which prov'd so bewitching to several who had been there, that they could never afterwards forsake it. Here were broken Rocks, and terrible Precipices, roaring Seas, Chimera's, Hydra's, and various and infinite other Monsters, compos'd of different Forms and Natures; there were flow'ry Plains, green Fields, myrtle Groves, cool Grotto's, purling Streams, Fountains, and all the pleasing Sweets of the most delicious Country. Here were the green Wood-lands, whose Lawns were trod by the *Dryades*, *Hama-dryades*, *Fauns*, *Satyrs*, and other *Silvan* Gods, so famous among the Antients; while in the adjacent Fields the *Fairies* danc'd their Rounds; *Elves*, *Hobgoblins*, and the shivering *Ghosts*, made up the dismal Company. Another Way nothing but frightful Objects meet your Eyes, Murders, Slaughters, Conflagrations, Shipwrecks, and all the terrible Catastrophes to which Mankind is subject; in short, the Images of all Things that ever were in Nature, or ever produc'd by the fruitful Imagination of Man, are in this Palace; the Images, I say, for I would not be misunderstood, as if I meant the Things themselves were there, but their Images wonderfully express'd in their proper Shapes and Colours, but with such Confusion and Disorder, that unless the Spectator be directed by Judgment, he will have small Benefit from the View of the Sight; and yet there never was, nor never will be a true poetical Genius, without
being

being admitted into this Palace, and receiv'd in to the particular Favour of this Goddess.

Having thoroughly consider'd all these Objects that we had seen, and furnish'd ourselves with what we thought proper for our Use, we departed and went directly towards the Palace of *Melpomene*. I will not prove so tedious as to be very exact in my Description of this illustrious Pile; I shall only take notice that it was of the *Corinthian* Order (as were indeed the Palaces of all the rest of the Muses) and built of the finest Porphyry, with all Things that were necessary to form a perfect Magnificence and Majesty; a royal Road led up to it, flatted on each Side with lofty Cedars, which brought us to a rich Gate of Massy Gold, and that opening wide let us into the first Court, whence by noble Steps we mounted to a second, and in the same manner to a third, in which the Palace stood; entring which, my Passport was demanded, and I led into the Apartment of the *Passions*, in order to stay there till I was sent for; but having my Companion *Invention* with me, I was not displeas'd with this Delay of my Audience, since I was satisfy'd I might render myself more agreeable to *Melpomene*, by those instructive Lectures I might receive from a Conversation with the *Passions*. Accordingly I heard them all, and treasur'd up all they said in my Memory; but those that I heard with most Attention, and most frequently, were *Terror* and *Pity*, the most predominant and sovereign in *Tragedy*. Here I learnt their secret Springs and Motion, as well as the Reason why these two are made the principal End of that Part of the *Drama*; and found it to be, because they are the most ge-
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neral of all the Passions, and spread, in a greater or less Degree, thro' all Mankind.

Here I found the grave *Ethick*, Sovereign Directorefs of the Passions, profoundly skill'd in the Virtues, Vices, and Habits of humane Mind, the several Divisions and Compositions in Man; all which I learn'd from her, as well as the Distinction of all the Qualities of the Persons in the several Stations of the World, as what was agreeable to the Character of Princes, Generals, Judges, and other Magistrates, as well as the Manners proper to every distinct Nation.

Having stay'd my allotted time in the Apartment of the *Passions*, I was brought up into a magnificent State Room, which was painted all round with the Architypes of all the valuable Tragedies that were ever written in *Greece*, or any other Nation. Here was the unhappy *Theban* King, who slew his own Father and marry'd his Mother; next it was *Antigone*, the wretched Daughter of the wretched *OEdipus*, whose obstinate Piety to her dead Brother *Poly-nices* brought on her own Death, and by that the Ruin of *Creon*, who had condemn'd her to be bury'd alive: Here were likewise *Electra*, the *Ajax*, and many more of the immortal *Sophocles*; there was the pious *Alcestis* dying for her beloved Husband; the furious *Medea* cutting her own Children to pieces, to be reveng'd on her false Husband who had forsaken her; with all the rest of those Plays that were written by *Euripides*; it would be endless to repeat them, and the rest that *Antiquity* saw in *Athens*, and other Parts of *Greece*. Some there were likewise of *Corneille* and *Racine*, and the *Orphan* of *Otway*, with some few other *English* Tragedies. Fixing
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my Eyes upon the modern Pieces to look for *Tamerlane*, the *Step-Mother*, *Ulysses*, and the rest of that Author's Performances; because a great Man has, in print, declar'd, that he was the greatest Tragick Genius that he knew; I was surpriz'd to find not the least Sketch of all this Author has written; but my Guide inform'd me, that, upon a late Reformation in *Parnassus*, all his Works were entirely rejected, as having not so much as one Quality of a Tragick Genius.

When I had taken a View of all those Paintings, I heard, by the Sound of Trumpets, and other Musical Instruments, that *Melpomene* was going to enter. She came in with wonderful Majesty; but I shall leave the Description of her to the following Verses, taken out of the forequoted Poem.

Behold advance, in a majestick Pace,
A Form Divine, that with a charming Grace
Discloses terrible Beauties in her Face;
Her Locks adown her awful Temples fall,
While her left Hand supports the regal Ball;
Her right the royal Scepter waves around,
And her long Robe trails far upon the Ground;
Her Feet the stately Lydian Buskins press:
These Looks, these Ensigns, and Imperial Dress
The Tragick Muse to my pleas'd Eyes confess.

Attended by *Crisis* and *Sunesis*, *Sophocles* and *Euripides*, *Milton* and *Otway*; the two last were added to her Train on the Account of my being an *Englishman*; she went directly to the Imperial Throne, erected at the upper End of the Room; where having taken her Seat, with *Crisis*

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on the one Hand, and *Sunefis* on the other, and the Poets at her Feet, I was call'd to my Audience. Modesty forbids me to mention those favourable Expressions she utter'd to me; all I dare tell, is, that I found inexpressible Raptures at the Indulgence she show'd me, and the wonderful Truths which she pronounc'd. She told me all the Duties of a Tragick Poet; and bid me never be misled by that Boyish Vanity of mere Words, the *Grammarians* Glory of *Expression*, so far as to think the Excellence of Tragedy consists in that: No, that is but a mere Dress, an Ornament only, that indeed sets off the greater Beauties to a vulgar Ear; but as it is no Part of Poetry, it can never stand in competition with its *Essentials*. Think first of your *Fable*, weigh it well, consider it thoroughly, see that all its Parts have a just Dependance upon each other; take care to chuse such Incidents to compose your *Fable*, as necessarily produce Fear and Pity; aim at Perfection, and be not contented with Indifference, or what is barely permitted; let therefore your Incidents produce one another, and all of them contribute to make the Discovery and Change of Fortune, in which the chief Beauty of Tragedy consists; for tho' the greatest of my Sons have perform'd very well in the *simple* kind, yet the Implex has always given them their greatest Fame; 'tis true, it is the more difficult Task; but what is there great in Nature that is obtain'd without Labour?

But tho' the *Fable* be the principal Part, and that which chiefly proves the Writer to be a Poet; yet since the *Fable* itself, which is the Imitation of an Action, cannot be represented without Actors, the next essential Care of the

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Poet,

Poet, is to consider the *Manners*, for there is no Actor, that is, Man, without the *Manners*; for those distinguish Man from Man, and are form'd by certain Compositions of the Passions, Virtues, Vices and Habits of the Mind: These must be perfectly well mark'd, that is, plain and visible in every particular Character, and necessarily producing all the Actions of such Character; they must likewise be *equal*, that is, they must be the same from the Beginning to the End. 'Tis true, there are Characters in Nature which are *unequal* in their Manners; but, first, they are not general enough to be made choice of; and next, the Shortness of the Tragick Action is seldom capable of showing that *Equality*, which must be seen even in that *Unequalness*, to render it fit to be admitted into the *Drama* at all. You find I have not taken notice of the *Likeness*, because that extends to none but Historical and known Characters; and Time has not produc'd four good Tragedies founded upon History. However, since there is nothing impossible to a great Genius, and you may, perhaps, meet with some Character in History, which you may think fit to introduce into your Tragedy, remember that you give such Character no *Quality*, which the Historian has not allow'd him; at least, no *Quality* that is contradictory to those which he has in History; but here lies the Difficulty in choosing Historical Characters, that they are all *particular*; whereas it is a necessary Condition, that such as are admitted into Tragedy be *general*, since from a Particular no general Instruction can be drawn.

One Caution I'll give you, let your Dramatick Characters be so artfully chosen, that they be not endow'd with the same Qualities and Inclinations; the farther they are from one another, the more distinct they will be, and the more visible that Distinction will appear to the Audience.

I need not insist on the *Sentiments*, since they are the Effect of the *Manners*, and make them known to the Hearer; you must not therefore wander after ungovern'd Fancy, but must thoroughly weigh and consider what such Qualities, Passions, Virtues, Vices and Habits, and their Composition and Mixture in that Place, would make any one think on such an Occasion; and that only you must express in your *Diction*, the Beauties of which are very different; for every Passion has its peculiar Language, which excludes that Uniformity of Stile, which has been too much pursu'd in your Country as an Excellence and Perfection; nay, they have been so very wild in their Notions, as to think *that* the only and sovereign Perfection of *Tragedy* itself. But you, my Son, mind not the Censure and Opinion of the Vulgar, labour not for their Praise and Applause, nor be exalted with their Smiles, or dejected with their Frowns; but follow the Precepts of Art and Nature, and study the Language of every particular Passion, which will be sure to meet with the Approbation of the Judicious, which only you ought to aim at.

I have heard your Invocations with some Satisfaction, and, as a Mark of my Favour, I allot you these two immortal Poets as your Guides and Directors, to show you the Secrets,

and open to you the immortal Pleasures of this sacred Retreat, which the God of Harmony has provided for those he favours: Upon which she directed *Milton* and *Otway* to attend me during my Stay, and give me what further Instructions might be yet necessary for me to receive.

As soon as she had done speaking, an immortal Symphony ensued, and vocal and instrumental Musick join'd to make the Harmony the most transporting that ever I heard. *Milton*, *Otway*, and myself, with some Regret, left the Presence of *Melpomene*, to pursue my Journey to the rest of *Parnassus*, and to enjoy the Conversation of those two great Poets, who led me to the Palaces of all the rest of the Muses, which surrounded all the lower Parts of that immortal Hill, a Description of which would be too tedious for this Place; I shall therefore reserve that to another Opportunity. But I found when we came out from them, that we had, by insensible Degrees, mounted above the general Level of the rest of the World, and had a most engaging Prospect over it, which cannot be express'd by Words; on every Side we saw Groves and purling Streams, that tumbled down the Hill with a most musical Cadence. Before we gain'd the Summit of the Mountain, we enter'd a most delicious Grotto, where we were no sooner set down to refresh ourselves, but we saw a Troop of Animals, which very much resembled Monkeys, clearing the Way, pass on with their Governor at their Head; but they could not go by us without shewing some of their antick Tricks, endeavouring to imitate us, tho' awkwardly, in their Actions. When they were gone, I discover, said

Milton,

Milton, in your Eyes a Curiosity to know what those Creatures are that are just gone by us: They are, continu'd he, the Imitators, who set up for Poets, by imitating the Stile of this or that celebrated Author; and he that leads them was *Famianus Strada*, the Jesuit, that was so well acquainted with antient Poets, that he gave the World an Imitation of every one of them of any Note. Their Business here is generally to cleanse the River that runs under the Palace of *Profodia*, and which you pass'd over to come to this Place, to keep it clear of Mud, or any Obstructions that may hinder the dancing Murmurs of that Water; but they have now been employ'd to sweep and cleanse all the Paths that lead up the Mountain of *Parnassus* to the very Temple of Fame or Glory, where, in a few Hours, will be receiv'd the immortal *Garth*, to whose Inauguration there, all the Muses, and every blessed Being of this Place, will suddenly ascend. I am much surpriz'd, said I, to find *Strada* in no better a Post here, who with us has been exalted to the very top of Criticism. Whatever he has been with you, cry'd *Milton*, you find, that in the Opinion of *Apollo* and the *Muses* his Merit is not so considerable. He had no sooner done speaking but I saw another Troop pass upwards, loaded with Garments, with heavy Aspects and plodding Steps, many of whose Faces I thought I well remembered to have seen among the topping Wits of our Time and Nation: These, said *Otway*, were your little Criticks on Words, nice in Expressions, and perpetual Declaimers on the fine Language and fine Things they found in the several Poets, but never could arrive at the

Taste of their greater Excellencies ; they are here the Taylors, who are only taken up with making the Garments of the Poets ; nor can they arrive at making a whole Garment, but compose only every one a several Part of it, which are put together by a stronger Genius. These are Discoveries, said I, which would scarce find Credit, should I report them in *Britain*. Never fear, said *Milton*, the Censure of the half-witted and ignorant Pretenders of the Age, you are chosen to greater Things than to build on the frail Reputation of the Applause of Fools ; to please one Man of Judgment, is of more Consequence than to gain the thundring Claps of a thousand injudicious Audiences.

Tho' you have had admirable Instructions from the Divine *Melpomene*, yet I shall presume, by her Permission, to throw in some Advice, which, tho' of less Importance than what she has said, may yet be of Use towards your gaining that Perfection which ought to be the Aim of every wise Poet. First then, as to *Monologues* or *Soliloquies*, you ought to use them with the utmost Caution ; that is, they must be extremely short, and spoken in Passion, as has been observ'd by that Noble Critick that writ the *Essay upon Poetry*, which is already laid up in the Archives of *Parnassus*. The Moderns are much deceived when they take many Things in the ancient *Greek Poets* for these *Monologues* ; tho' they are indeed spoken to the *Chorus*, who are always present on the Stage. Another Instruction I shall mention, is in regard of Descriptions. The Moderns have little considered their Necessity ; that is, they have not taken care to make 'em of some Use to the Design ; but right
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or wrong, with a boyish Wantonness, give us such as are merely idle, and not at all necessary. The *Lucus & Ara Dianæ* complain'd of, and condemn'd by *Horace*, tickle their Imagination in such a manner, that makes them quite negligent of the Admonitions of Judgment. There have been Poets in *England*, Poets did, I say? I mean Play-wrights, for they deserve not the Name of Tragick Poets, who have fix'd their Reputation and Success on this alone; when Fancy and Chance have furnish'd them with an Occasion to describe a Fountain, a rapid Stream, a stormy Sea, they have laid out all their Genius upon it, and spread it about among their Friends to bribe their Understanding; and secure their Applause to the rest of the Performance, tho' in it there be neither *Fable*, *Manners*, *Sentiments*, or even sometimes Connexion. How different was the Method of the Ancients in this Particular? For as their Descriptions were infinitely more strong, lively and eloquent, so were they never introduc'd, but to supply those Things which were essential to the Plot, and more beautiful than the Representation of them on the Stage would be; for there are often Incidents in Tragedy, which, tho' necessary to the Design, yet the Eye would judge to be shocking to Credibility. Thus that admirable Description of the invenom'd Robe in the *Medea* of *Euripides* is wonderfully moving; tho' it could never have been represented on the Stage. There is nothing more hard to represent than Death, and those cruel Objects with which our Stage too much abounds, and which have given Occasion to Foreign Criticks to reproach us with Barbarity, that we, as *Islanders*, take Delight in Spectacles of Blood and Slaugh-

ter; whereas those were Innovations brought in by an ignorant Age, and continued since by Want of Judgment and Resolution in the succeeding Writers. There is another thing which robs the *Engliſh* as well as the *French* Stage of many Beauties more agreeable to its Majesty and Design, and that is Love; I mean the tedious whining Scenes, where the Lover makes his Addreffes to his Miſtreſs. There never was, and I believe never can be any Scene of that Nature that can pleaſe a true Judge: Firſt, they want Action, the very Soul of the Drama; next they want Majesty, which is eſſential to Tragedy; again they are not entertaining, for they touch no Paſſion; they are indeed ſometimes ſomething enliven'd by a fooliſh Jealouſy about Trifles, but even then they ſeem to me as ſo many detach'd *Scenes* which ſuſpend the Action, and would therefore be much better left out. There is yet another Inconvenience of a conſiderable Conſequence, and that is, that they generally ſhock that Modeſty, which is the Characteriſtick of the fair Sex; for it brings a Neceſſity upon the Woman of confeſſing and avowing ſuch a Violence of Paſſion for her Lover, even before Marriage, as does not ſeem fitting for a Virgin to do.

I would not have you miſtake me, I am not for excluding Love entirely from the Stage; the Ancients themſelves did not do that, witneſs the *Helena* and *Alceſtis* of *Euripides*; but then that Love was always betwixt Man and Wife, that Condition allowing the Woman the utmoſt Exceſs of that Paſſion, which heightens the Character of her Modeſty and Virtue. Who can read or ſee the tender Love of *Alceſtis*, making her chuſe

chuse to die with all the Bloom of Youth about her, only to save her Husband's Life, without Compassion? I will not insist upon the Ancients for farther Proof of this Particular, I refer you to the *Venice Preserv'd* of that worthy Author, who sits by us; show me one of those *Scenes* of making Love, either in *French* or *English*, that moves like all that passes between *Jaffier* and *Belvidera*, Man and Wife. And all the Pathetick of *Monimia's* Character is after the Discovery of her Marriage to *Castalio*. If therefore the Fear of making a Breach in that Modesty, which ought to be esteem'd essential in a Woman's Character, makes me declare against the Scenes of Love which I have mention'd, much more must I do so against those Characters of that Sex, which are expressly unchaste. A *Whore* is far unfit for the Tragick Scene, and therefore *Cleopatra* was very injudiciously chosen by a great Poet of our Nation, and which he made still more shocking, by introducing *Octavia* (as he himself confesses) a Wife perfectly virtuous, and suffering by the unlawful Love betwixt her Husband *Anthony* and *Cleopatra*. I would not mention the *Fair Penitent*, *Jane Shore*, and some others, which are expressly excluded the Tragick Scene by *Apollo* and the *Muses*, did not you yet live where they are receiv'd with an unjust Applause.

I know it has been objected, That the Ancients were not innocent in this Particular, and that they give *Phædra* as an Instance of it. But alas! this is either out of Ignorance of the Ancients, or by mistaking *Seneca* for one of them; the *Phædra*, indeed, of that Poet, is scandalously impudent; but no good Judge ever had much esteem for *Seneca's* Tragedies, which are a shameful

ful Perversion of the beautiful Fables of the *Greeks*, tho' taken from them; look into the *Phadra* of *Euripides*, and you find indeed an unfortunate Lady, but in nothing scandalous; she labours under a guilty Passion inflicted on her by the Anger of a Deity; but how does she struggle with it? With what Pain and Anxiety? With what Resolution, I might say, does she combat with it? And tho' unable to escape a Punishment laid on her by the Gods, yet does she never yield so far to it, as to be guilty of the least Immodesty; so far is she from being a voluntary Prostitute, like *Evadne* in the *Maid's Tragedy*, and the rest that I have named.

As this Caution is necessary for the Female Characters, so there is another as necessary for the Male. There are two Extremes which you must carefully avoid; the first, never to introduce a perfect Virtue.

A faultless Monster, whom the World ne'er saw.

He must be guilty of Faults, but those the Effect of the Violence of some Passion, under which he labours for want of resisting, till he becomes criminal: But then on the other side, he must not be guilty of any Faults that are in their Nature scandalous, no habitual Wickedness, like the *Iago's* of our Stage, most profligate Villains, and fit only for the Punishment of the Hangman, not the Poet. The former Character of Sovereign Virtue has nothing in it Tragical; for it neither moves Fear nor Compassion; all that see suffering Virtue, feel Indignation, not Pity; it makes them quarrel with Providence, but produces not one Effect worthy of Tragedy.

On the other side, the second Character is fully as little Tragical : We rejoice to see a wicked Man suffer, nor doth it touch any one with Fear; for what moves Fear, proceeds from the Sufferings of such that are like ourselves, but not of such as are guilty of those scandalous Crimes, such deliberate Wickedness, such confirm'd Villanies, into which we assure ourselves we can never fall, and by Consequence that we have no manner of Reason to apprehend that we are liable to any such Punishment as he meets with. A Tragedy compos'd by the Precepts you have receiv'd from the Divine *Melpomene*, and me, will be truly worthy of Immortality; they were *Tragedies* like that which the great Stagyrte pronounc'd to be more moral than Philosophy; and they were such Tragedies which were of old call'd *the Poems of Kings*; whereas those that have been too long in Vogue, are less moral than *Petronius Arbiter*, and are only fit to be call'd the *Poems of Footmen*.

There is one Thing that most modern Poets have miscarried in, and that is in the opening of their Plays, which they either clog with tedious Narrations, or else by broken Scenes, so little to the Purpose of the Action, that they might be left out without any Detriment to the Plot. I would recommend to you the Consideration of the opening of *Venice Preserv'd*, where the State and Condition of the future Action and Dramatick Persons is not left to a lame Account of indifferent Persons, merely and plainly to bring the Audience acquainted with it, but is most artfully discover'd in a passionate Scene betwixt *Priuli* and *Jaffier*, for all the Misfortunes of the latter, and his Wife *Belvidera*, proceed from that
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barbarous Cruelty of the old *Priuli* in that very *Scene*.

There is one thing more I shall add, and that is, as to the Place of your *Scene*. Never chuse a Siege, all things are there full of Noise and Hurry, Drums, Trumpets and Cries of the Distress'd; whereas the *Scene* of *Tragedy* should have no Noise, but what proceeds from the Emotion of the Passions; besides, the putting your *Scene* in a Siege, is a great Hindrance to that Unity of Place, which is certainly absolutely necessary in this Poem. Here *Milton* made an End, and having return'd him my Thanks for his friendly Instructions, I promis'd to use my Endeavours to put them perfectly in Practice.

Passing from this Discourse, I was very particularly curious to enquire into all the Transactions of *Parnassus*, and having heard Mention of a late Reformation in that Place, I express'd a Desire to be inform'd about it. That, said *Otway*, shall be my Task, and only for your Satisfaction; for whatever you may think fit to publish, relating to our Abode, I am afraid you will imagine the Account of this Transaction too shocking to the general Opinion of your World, to let it go farther. You must know therefore, that it was but very lately we had a very severe Visitation from *Apollo*, for want of which many Corruptions had taken place: *Parnassus* lay open, and not guarded, as now, by those several Passes and Avenues, through which you were admitted at your coming hither; and every little Hackney *Pegasiades* set down his useless Burthen upon our Hill, so that there was not a trifling Scribbler that had met with any Success in *Italy*, *France*, *Spain*, *England*, or any where else, but claim'd

claim'd his Share in *Parnassus*; whence, instead of that Peace and Unity which Truth and Knowledge bring forth, there were nothing but perpetual Jars and Discord caused by the daily and impudent Usurpations of Error and Ignorance, till the true Poets were afraid that they should be driven from this last Retreat of Merit by worthless Pretenders; and therefore they apply'd to *Apollo* for a Visitation, and beg'd him to vindicate their Rights and his own Honour: Accordingly it was published throughout all *Parnassus*, that every one should appear before him, and produce their Claim to their Habitation in this Place. A Day was appointed for the Poets, and Pretenders to Poetry, of every Nation, where they had full Hearing and Examination of their Works, and were accordingly either confirm'd in their Possession of this Place, or driven out with Infamy. I will not here detain you with the Fate of Particulars of other Nations, nor say much of that of our own, since when you come up to the Temple of Fame, you will find in that Assembly in what Order *Apollo* and the Muses have rang'd us: But this I must tell you, that many of those who had got in by their own Assurance, or the injudicious Applause of some leading Wits, were pronounc'd to be no Poets at all, and banish'd for ever from the Confines of *Parnassus*. You may see several haughty Pretenders marching away with doleful Faces, and bearing off the heavy Volumes of their Works, the Bulk of which was no Advantage to any one here: *Beaumont* and *Fletcher* being only sav'd by two of their *Comedies*, nor by those could be rais'd above the lowest Rank of them that were permitted to stay; and if it
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had not been for *Shakespear's Tempest*, he would scarce have been allow'd a Place among the Dramatick Poets. 'Tis true, his admirable Draughts of the *Manners* would have secur'd him a Residence in this Place, yet only as a Dialogist; others were receiv'd only for one Poem, as *Denham* for his *Cooper's-Hill*. I must observe one thing for the Honour of our Country, that *Ben. Johnson* bore the Prize of Comedy from the Ancients and Moderns of all Nations; *Shadwell* and *Wicherly*, *Menander* and *Terence*, *Moliere* and some few others, were likewise receiv'd with the highest Approbation, though all allotted but a second Place to the immortal *Ben*. I shall say nothing of our *English* Tragick Poets, lest I should seem too much exalted by the good Fortune I have had in pleasing our Sovereign *Apollo*; I shall however tell you, tho' before his Face, for Truth here may be told without the Suspicion of Flattery, *Milton* has carry'd the Honour of the *English* Name to its greatest height, setting in all publick Assemblies on a Seat with *Homer* and *Virgil*. *Martial*, finding *Catullus* reserv'd, strove hard, and made many Puns, and many fine Points, as they call them, in hopes to prevail with *Apollo* and the *Muses*, to suffer him to remain as his Companion; but nothing could save him, he was obliged to go out of *Parnassus* with *Petrarch*, most of the Provencial Poets, and many of the *Italians*, to inhabit a pleasing Valley at some Distance from this Mountain, where all the Plants and Trees are either Shrubs, or of a dwarfish Growth, and which is call'd the Valley of Epigram, where tho' they want all the sublime Joy that we possess, they are not without such as are agreeable to their Capacity and Taste.

Taste. *Parnassus* being thus cleans'd and purg'd of all its Dross, Care was taken to prevent the like Inconveniencies for the future ; and therefore *Apollo* caus'd the Foot of the Hill to be surrounded by those Rivers which you pass'd, and no body to be permitted to enter without those Examinations you went through at your Entrance ; not that every one is brought to the Palace of *Melpomene*, as you were, only the *Tragick Writers* come there ; the Heroick, to that of *Clio* : the Comick, to *Thalia* ; the Lyrick, to *Calliope* ; and so on : And when they have there obtained the Approbation of the several *Muses* who preside over their Manner of Writing, they are permitted to come with Freedom all over this happy Abode. You may wonder perhaps to find the Palaces of the *Muses* at the Bottom, and not on the Top of the Hill ; but you must know that those Palaces are not the Dwelling-places of the *Muses*, those are upon the height of *Parnassus*, and surrounding the Temple of Fame, as you will find when you ascend thither, as we immediately must ; for I hear the Trumpets that summon us to attend the Reception of the immortal *Garth*, who is this Day there made free of *Parnassus*, and publickly declared to be a lawful Inhabitant of it. All I shall therefore add, is, That those Palaces at the Foot of the Hill are the Courts of Judicature of the *Muses*, where they examine, approve or reject all such as are Candidates for their Favour.

Here *Otway* made an End, and we all three rose up and went on till we gain'd the Summit of the Hill ; that is, to a spacious Plain that join'd the two Heads of *Parnassus* together. I shall not here detain you with a Description of the

the several Dwellings of the *Muses*, nor of the wonderful Structure of the Temple of Fame, or Glory, much different from what has been given us by those who have pretended to describe it, whose Descriptions agree only with the Abode of Rumour : I shall only say, that as the Builders were Divine, so the Materials are Heavenly : It is in the Form of a vast *Amphitheatre*, in the middle of whose Circumference is a Space fill'd up with ineffable Light, and may be call'd the *Sanctum Sanctorum* of the Temple, whence all the Oracles of *Apollo* are deliver'd, and all his Commands received : At this time the Immortal and Pious Bards were dispos'd of each side of it ; here were *Homer*, *Virgil*, *Spencer*, *Milton*, and many more of all civiliz'd Nations ; there were *Tasso*, *Ariosto*, *Dryden*, at least his Place was there, tho' he was deputed to attend on *Garth* ; in his Entrance there were likewise *Denham*, *Cowley*, and many more, too long here to mention.

It is impossible to express the wonderful Harmony of both Vocal and Instrumental Musick ; among the latter were not only all the Instruments in Use amongst the Ancients and Moderns, but many more unknown to Mankind ; some of which may perhaps be hereafter invented : Here, in the midst of all these Triumphant Songs, *Garth* was introduc'd, conducted by *Dryden* and the famous *Dr. Harvey*, one, as he was a *Poet* ; the other, as a *Physician*. Before him was carried the *Dispensary* by *Crisis* and *Phantasia* ; but I was surpriz'd to find, that the Book that was carry'd before him was in *Quarto* ; which made me suppose it was the first Edition. He was followed by *Profodia* and *Tropology*, and various others, too numerous

numerous for me to particularize. He was thus led up to the Oracle of *Apollo*, and there crown'd with a Wreath of Bays, and another of Laurel, and having receiv'd the Benediction of that God, he was conducted to his Place next to *Denham*; and had confer'd upon him an Office agreeable to his Temper; which was to be Advocate of all his Countrymen, who should set up for Candidates of Poetical Fame.

I have not here time to give the Reasons why Physicians were admitted into *Parnassus*; for there I saw not only *Harvey*, but *Hippocrates*, *Galen*, *Celsus*, *Sydenham*, *Willis*, *Radcliff*, and some more: I saw likewise the Works of some of my Contemporaries, who were hereafter to be admitted into this Paradise, which yet I am forbid to mention. One thing I was surpriz'd at, which was, that I could not find *Lucretius*; but I understood the Reason of it was, that he was an Atheist, and therefore excluded. I have been so long that I dare not enlarge my Discourse, to give an Account of the various and transporting Pleasures of this Place, and which Words are, indeed, too poor and barren to express. What I have to say upon that, and upon those Discoveries I made in the Temple of *Fame*, particularly relating to the few Patrons of Poetry, and the politer Arts, with the Honour and Glory they enjoy, I defer to another Opportunity; when I shall likewise give an Account of the rest of the Muses, and the admirable Precepts they gave to bring to Perfection in each their chosen Adorers. The Favours and Instructions I had receiv'd, gave me the Privilege of being carry'd back by *Pegasus* him-

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self,

self, who bore me from Mount *Parnassus* to *Claremont* almost as swift as Thought; where, re-entring my Body, I got up and bless'd the Place, the happy Mansion that had afforded me so glorious and useful a Vision; and from thence made what haste I could to commit it to writing, in the manner I send it to you. I shall only here add, that I am, Sir,

Your most humble,

and most obedient Servant,

CARLO AMONTESOCIO.





LETTER II.

On Players.

Totus Mundus Agit Histrionem.

*Life's a poor Player,
That frets and struts his Hour on the Stage,
And then is heard no more.*

To Mr. W-----s, with a Manuscript Play.

SIR,

WITH this I have sent you, by a particular Friend, a Manuscript *Tragedy*, not doubting your Justice and Understanding, so far as to fear its Reading and Reception. Were it my own, I should not be so confident of its Success, either with you or the Town; but it being an Alteration of the best Performance of a very popular Poet, several of whose *Tragedies* are still acted with the highest Applause, it gives me the Assurance to hope that it will have a more particular Regard from you, than if it had been the Product of the present Time. I could have many Recommendations from the best Judges, but that one of your Colleagues once told me on a like Occasion, that a Play must recommend itself; which, indeed, had been true, were it to come before competent

Judges; but when Fancy and unguided Opinion are to decide the Case, one would imagine that the Approbation of a real Judge in the Art might have been of some Weight and Consequence; for as few Gentlemen will purchase Pictures of any Value, without consulting a Master in the Art of Painting; for fear of making so worthless a Collection, as a certain Nobleman of this Nation once did; so it seems an equal piece of Prudence, that Gentlemen of your Post should have some regard to the Opinion of the great Masters of *Tragedy*. But since that is not always to be had, and sometimes is obtain'd thro' Favour, by those who do not at all deserve it: And since the Directors of the Play-house are generally Persons who declare against the Rules of Art, as Obstacles to Perfection and Excellence, at least, to the taking of a Play; I shall lay down two or three Observations, by following of which they will be sure never to receive a Play which will not please the Town.

Mr. *Betterton* told me once, upon talking on this Subject, that King *Charles II* was us'd to say, he wonder'd how the Players, that were perpetually conversant with Plays, could be so frequently deceiv'd, as not to have one in three answer their Expectation. The Reason of this, continued he, seems to be the filling our Heads, and loading our Memories, with good and bad promiscuously, which confounds our Judgment, as having no fix'd and stated Rules to form it by, the Taste of the Town being so uncertain and fickle, that our Observation of what had pleas'd could afford us very little Help in the Matter, since the same Things, that had been
receiv'd

receiv'd one Season with the greatest and most universal Applause, are hiss'd off the Stage the next.

To remove this Uncertainty, at least, as to Tragedy, the Subject of my present Writing, I shall lay down some Remarks for your Guide, which never did, nor never will mislead you, or any one concern'd in your Post; you must have a care not to be bewitch'd with what they call fine *Language*; it is not so easy a Matter to distinguish what is so, or what will be thought so by the Town, as to receive or reject a Play upon that Account: 'Tis true, there are several Plays have met with Success, only for the Opinion that the Audience had of the Fineness of the Diction, whether that Opinion was grounded in Justice, or in Fancy alone; I shall not therefore wish you to have much Regard to that, since there is nothing in it to be depended upon; what I shall tell you is infallible: You are call'd Actors, because the Business of playing is Action; the very Name of a Play, in the Original, signifies Action; and it is certain, let the Action be good or bad, it will always keep the Attention of the Audience, and the more constant and violent the Action is, the more it will be attended by them; wherever there is Passion, there must necessarily be Action; those Tragedies therefore, that have a perpetual Succession of Passion, can never miscarry. It is this Quality that has preserv'd and still keeps up the Tragedy of *Alexander the Great*, which Mr. *Crown* found fault with, in a Discourse with me one Day, because it was continually on the fret, as he call'd it, from the Beginning to the End; that is, the Passions were lively and strong

through the whole Piece, which so took up the Audience, that they had no Leisure or Interval of Quiet to grow weary and be disgusted. The Play I send you is of this kind; there is a perpetual Succession of Passions, joyn'd with a wonderful Distress, which must secure you against all Fears of its Reception.

I shall therefore say no more about it, being satisfy'd that I have put it into the Hands of a Man of Honour, tho' a Player; for I am not of their Opinion who think those Terms incompatible; I am sure they have not always been so, the Players in *Athens* were generally Men of Figure, at least, of Learning and singular Parts; and were often fitted by the Stage for Embassies of the Commonwealth. In *Rome*, where I confess the Stage and Playing had not that honourable Rise as in *Greece*; yet there I find, in *Cicero's* Time, the principal Players were not a little valued by the Nobility: Thus, in his Oration for *Archias* the Poet, I find *Cicero* speaking to the Quality of *Rome*, in this manner: *Who of you were not lately concern'd and griev'd for the Death of Roscius, thinking that he ought, indeed, to have been immortal, for that supreme Excellence of which he was Master in his Art?*

Æsopus was a Tragedian about that Time, of equal Esteem among the *Romans*, and both of them admitted to particular Familiarity with the greatest Men in *Rome*; and the Son of the latter had those immense Riches left him by his Father, that he would dissolve and drink off a precious Gem of great Price at a Draught. I shall not go farther in the *Roman* Empire, nor touch upon those Players who made so considerable a Figure in the Imperial Court, in the Time of *Nero*,
and

and some others ; because it may be said, that the Favour they met with, was owing rather to the Corruption of those Times, than to their Merit as Actors.

No, I will come to the Thing itself, the intrinsic Value of the Profession. *Petronius* tells us, that

Totus Mundus agit Histrionem ;

That is, all the World are Players. You must know, Sir, that the antient Actors, both of *Greece* and *Rome*, wore over their Faces a sort of Vizer Mask, which they call'd *Persona* ; this Mask was form'd, as near as they could, to represent the Countenance of the Hero whom they acted, which Likeness they took, either from the Descriptions of History, or from the Pictures and Statues of the most famous Painters and Sculptors, and so contriv'd, as not to hinder the Lines of the Face from appearing, as the Passion they represented requir'd ; how this was done, indeed, is not so easily discover'd by those *Personæ*, which we have receiv'd from them in their *Basso relievos* ; but I can depend upon an Assurance given me by a great and ingenious Nobleman of this Kingdom, that the first *Italian* Comedians who came into *France*, and whom he saw, had contriv'd the Masks they acted in so artfully, that they could, notwithstanding them, make those several Alterations in their Countenance which their Parts requir'd. But be this as it will, I have not time to run thro' a full Disquisition of the Matter ; nor would it be very much to our present Purpose, it's enough for me to observe, that this

Mask gave occasion to this Saying of *Petronius*, *That all the World are Players*; that is, all Men put on a Face that is not their own, and act Parts which do not always agree with their own Temper and Inclinations. For this Reason likewise, Players were call'd *Hypocritæ*, or Hypocrites; that is, Persons who appear to be one thing and were another. As on the Stage you have good Actors and bad, so in the greater World, of which yours is a sort of Miniature, there are aukward Hypocrites, whom every Person discovers to be mere Actors; and there are others, who are such exquisite Masters in the Art of Dissembling or Acting, that the Spectators cannot but believe they are what they seem to be; and it requires some Time, and Discernment too, to find them out. *Ned Prim* puts on a faintly Appearance, Gravity in his Countenance, Severity in his Discourse, with all that Censoriousness on the Wickedness and Vices of the Age, which the greatest Religion and Innocence could scarce justify; and yet *Ned* is a very Libertine in his Heart, and in his Life a perfect Contradiction to his Words and Professions. *Harry Graveairs* loves the Company of the Gay and the Young, particularly of Women, of which, when he makes his Escape out of the City, he'll be sure to mingle with the most vile and lewd, provided they are but Young; but within *Temple-Bar*, and so to the very remotest easterly Parts of the Town, he affects to be thought an Admirer of the Grave and the Antient, whether Male or Female; and acts his Part so well, that he passes for a very worthy and sober Citizen, whose Blood is very Snow-broth, as *Shakespear* calls it, perfectly cold and chilling,

chilling, and whose Pulse never beats high enough to warm him to any irregular Desires. Thus every Morning he pays his Court to two old Aunts, the younger of which is fourscore; with them he passes constantly some Hours, and has persuaded them there is no Company in the World so agreeable as theirs, tho' he curses them in his Heart, and wishes the Devil would fetch 'em the next Moment, that he might come immediately into the Possession of forty Thousand Pounds, which he expects from them as the Reward of his Hypocrisy, and which, if he obtains, as most certainly he will, if he happen to outlive them, you will say that he is an excellent Player; and that he has perform'd his Part with the utmost Success. Thus might I go thro' all the Characters and Stations of Life, and scarce find one that does not more or less disguise his own Thoughts and Inclinations; and so may well come into the Number of those who are call'd by *Petronius* Players. They may object, for the lessening the Esteem of your Profession, that it is Mercenary, and that you assume a borrow'd Shape only to get Money; but then they do not consider that all their Disguise is not only for the same End, but mischievous; yours is directed to divert and please us, theirs to ruin us and give us Pain.

Shakespear has another Saying not much unlike this,

*Life's a poor Player,
That frets and struts his Hour on the Stage,
And then is heard no more.*

This Reflection of *Shakespear's* is drawn from another Consideration than that I have mention'd
out

out of *Petronius*; the former chiefly regards the dissembling of Mankind; this the Shortness of his Duration, and the little Consequence of the most noisy and important of his Actions; all that Hurry and Bustle, that the greatest make use of in their pursuits of Wealth or Ambition, their Enmities and Revenge, and all their other Passions, vanish in an Hour, are heard no more, nor remember'd longer than the fretting and strutting of an Actor on the Stage, which is forgot almost as soon as the Curtain falls. These two Instances are sufficient to show the Value of the Profession of a Player, that is such an Emblem of Humanity, that conveys to us, at one View, the Manners of all the World: I might here mention the great Use and Benefit of *Acting* to Mankind, and how much it contributes to the promoting of Virtue; but that this Advantage is only accidental to it, and not essential, as arising from their acting good Tragedies, whose instructive Moral must teach us some Virtue, or warn us of some Vice or Folly; and this is properly and essentially due to the Poet, for the Player may, and often does, act Plays that are a mere fruitless Amusement.

But whither am I wandred from the Point and proper Business of my Letter, which was to recommend the Tragedy I have sent you? and hope, that tho' you are an excellent Player on the Stage, I shall not find you so off on it, but that truly honest Gentleman you were always taken to be, by, Sir,

Your most humble Servant,

CHRISTOPHER MEANWELL.



LETTER III.

The Antiquated Whore.

Audivere Dimea vota Lyce.

To Mrs. D----- at her House near King-
street, Covent-garden.

*For Shame, for Shame give o'er,
Thou over-ridden Whore.*

A Very odd Beginning, you'll say, Madam, of a Letter to a Lady. True, but to an old Harradan, no more than is her due : I think you are now in your fifty fifth Year ; therefore 'tis time to leave off all those soft Addresses to which you were, perhaps, us'd about some five and thirty Years ago : Can you not forget all the Flatteries of your Youth, when you have no Flatterer left but yourself? Do you never consult your Looking-glass? or does that likewise flatter you, when Mankind have forsaken the silly Office? no, certainly that must show you your wrinkled Brow, your hollow Eyes and Cheeks, your empty hanging Breasts, that is, I mean, before you have put your Plumpers on, before you have dawb'd your Face o'er with a thick Plaister of Paint, and fill'd up the gaping Furrows of your Brow, and added the Vermillion, or *Spanish* Red, to your Cheeks, in
hopes

hopes to betray some foolish Wanderer to your
 wither'd Arms. Alas, you labour in vain, poor
 Creature! the amorous rolling of your Eyes
 within your concave Brows dart no warming
 Fires; but, like a Candle in the Socket, give a
 stinking Blaze: Notwithstanding all this, no bo-
 dy so frequent in the Park, at the Play, and all
 the Resorts of the young and gay, as Mrs. D——
 Prithee, leave off that gaudy frippery Dress, it
 betrays thee into abundance of Error; for
 while the very Journeymen and Apprentices
 stare at thee, at thy extravagant and fantastick
 Ornaments of Body, and, pointing, show thee
 to one another, thou art so very abundantly
 vain as to please thy Folly with the monstrous
 Imagination, that it is thy Charms which have
 called them to their Shop-doors, and made them
 look after thee. Prithee, fond Thing! is it not
 time for thee to begin to think, to grow serious
 and repent of the Sins of so many revolving
 Years spent in the Riot of an uninterrupted Lust?
 Art thou not weary of a Lewdness, one Year of
 which would have tired the most Salacious of
 thy Sex besides? *Messalina* was but a faint
 Type of thee, and own'd herself often tired
 with the Sport; but thou never satisfy'd nor tired,
 still dost pursue the flying Filthiness with un-
 wearied Endeavours. It is so long since first you
 set out in this scandalous Course, that you may
 with *Quartilla* the Bawd, in *Petronius Arbiter*,
 say, *Junonem meam iratam habeam, si unquam me-*
minerem me virginem fuisse; that is, *may Juno be*
my Foe, if I remember that I ever was a Virgin.
 You have gain'd this Advantage by what you
 have done, that you may say of yourself what
 an

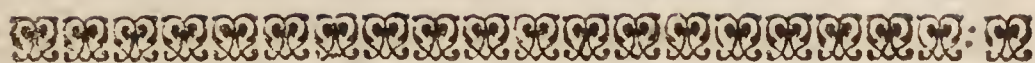
an old Poet said of the Greatness of old *Rome*, *Orbis in Urbe*, the World is in the City. For I dare believe that you have grasp'd within the Circle of your hospitable Arms Men of all Countries, Religions, Sects and Factions ; you made a general Comprehension, and refused none to come within your Pale, on Account of their Opinion, provided they brought but a substantial and vigorous Offering: All Degrees, from the Lord to the Footman, from the Parson to the Sexton, from the Alderman to the Cocker, from the General to the private Centinel, have found you easy : So that indeed you may be allowed to have been very impartial in the Dispensation of your Favours, and, like the Sun, to have shin'd on all, without Regard to the Distinction of Persons. But, prithee, now thy Sun of Youth is set, expect no more Adorers in a Night that affords nothing but unwholesome, and unsavory Damps, and frousy Vapours that contaminate all that approach it. With what Conscience, with what unmeasurable Assurance canst thou expect the most abandon'd to be wicked with thee, when thou servest in to the criminal Feast, not only a Death's Head, but a putrid Carcass that smells rankly of the Grave ? *Moll. Hinton*, when she had pass'd but thro' half thy Lewdness, weary of the Fatigue, left this wicked Town, retir'd to a Monastery, and turn'd Nun. Let me advise thee, even for thy own sake, to take the same Course. Who knows but that the brawny Fryars, or the fat jolly Monks, may, out of pure Zeal to the saving of thy Soul, furnish thee with a new Scene of Pleasure ? for though thou art so stale here, that the ve-

ry

ry Porters and Chair-men run on the other side the Way whene'er they see thee coming; thou wilt be to them a while, at least, a new Face: So have I seen a Drab, that had pass'd all the Stations and Conditions of Whoredom, get into the Play-house, and there pass for a fresh Beauty. But I am tired with this odious Theme, for it is in vain to give thee good Advice; so that I wish thy Cuckold may retrench thy Allowance so low, that it may only afford thee Bread and Water, which perhaps may tame thy insatiate Desires, and bring thee to remember that thou art mortal; which are the hearty and sincere Wishes of

TOM. TELTROTH.





LETTER IV.

That every Man makes his own Fortune.

A PARADOX.

Facit suam quisque Fortunam.

To Mr. Wailfull, to be left at Will's Coffee-house in Cornhill, London.

Cousin WILL,

YOUR Letters are always full of your Complaints of Fortune ; I am sorry it is not in my Power to redress the Injuries she does you : I am afraid you cast your own Defects, and the Evils that flow from your own imprudent Conduct upon her ; for it is my Opinion, that few Men are unhappy, but by their own Fault : You are got into the Mart of the World, where good Fortune is daily purchas'd by the Industrious and Careful. How many have we known in our Time, who, having trudg'd it on Foot to that great City, have arriv'd at great Wealth ? How many, from Footmen and Menial Servants, have come to be Men of great Posts and Power ? It is impossible to suppose this to be the Work of Chance, it must therefore be owing to their Industry and Care, to their Knowledge in improving such Accidents and Opportunities, as offer themselves, to their best Advantage.

Have you consider'd maturely? Have you examin'd yourself with that Severity, which Prudence requires, and yet found no Flaw in your Conduct, that should produce the Evils you complain of? Have you always been careful to take Caution for the Guide of your Dealings? Has your Industry still laid hold of those Occasions, which, in their Front, promis'd you Advantage? For *post est Occasio calva*, Opportunity has only a Forelock, but is all bald behind; and if it slip by you, as it is generally very swift, in vain you look after it, in vain you pursue it with fruitless Wishes; your Pace will always be too slow to overtake it. No, let it pass, and be more careful of stopping the next that offers. But if you want Knowledge enough to distinguish what is a real Opportunity of Benefit and Advantage, all your Industry, all your Pains and Labour are utterly thrown away.

Besides this, there are other Conditions which you must observe, if you would thrive in the World; you must not only study the Humour, Inclinations, Passions and Interest of all those you have to do with, but you must learn the happy Art of turning all, and each of them to your own Use and Advantage. If this require more Pains and Application than you think they are worth; if you are so slothful that you cannot give your whole Thoughts, your Time and Endeavours to this Duty, and therefore miss your Aim, blame not Fortune, blame your own Supinities, who rather neglect the Means of attaining your End, than quit a Laziness that can produce nothing but Misery and Want. There is still another thing necessary to your Conduct; you must wholly divest yourself of your Passions;

lions ; you must know nothing of Pride, Anger,
 or Revenge, till you have made your Fortune ; *not the*
 you must take no Notice of the Insolence, Neg-
 lect or Affronts of those who are above you :
 Nay, you must not seem so much as to under-
 stand them, but pass on with an unwearied
 Importunity, till you have vanquish'd all these
 petty Difficulties, and are arriv'd at Power or
 Wealth yourself ; then you may use all those
 below you in the same scurvy Manner in which
 you have been used : And yet a wise Man, tho'
 fix'd at the Top of Fortune's Wheel, will be ve-
 ry cautious of consulting his Revenge, or any
 of the more violent Passions in the Conduct of
 his Actions, because Power stands on so ticklish
 a Point, that oftentimes the provoking of the
 meanest Enemy, may raise such a Tempest, that
 in its Consequence may overturn it. I have
 known a very great Man, whose Power was
 thought impregnable, and whom no Injuries nor
 Affronts could ever provoke to a visible Anger ;
 not that he forgot the Injury receiv'd, but
 smooch'd o'er his Passion so, as to give such Se-
 curity to the Person that had offer'd it, that dis-
 arm'd him of his Guard against any future Re-
 venge. But when Time and Accidents had con-
 cur'd to present him with the desir'd Minute of
 his long-awaited Revenge, he struck home, and
 so entirely ruin'd his Opponent, that he never
 afterwards could hurt him.

The *Romans*, in their War with the *Samnites*,
 were, by the Imprudence of their General,
 drawn into a Nook, surrounded with Hills, and
 there hem'd in by the Enemy. The General
 of the *Samnites* sending to the State to know
 what he should do with them, having them en-

tirely in his Power ; they consulted a reverend old Senator, whose Name I have forgot, who advis'd them to cut them all to Pieces. But that seeming too severe, he next advis'd them to dismiss them all freely and honourably ; for, said he, if you continue the War, by my first Advice you had cut off so many Enemies ; by the second, you would make them all your Friends, and by that obtain an honourable Peace. But the *Samnites* took neither of the Advices ; on the contrary, they disarm'd the *Roman* Army, and made them pass every Man in a disgraceful Manner under the Forks, which were call'd *Furcæ Caudinæ*, from the Place. But what was the Event of this ? Why, the *Romans*, mad with the Disgrace, return'd with fresh Armour, and pursu'd the War with that Vigour, that they subdu'd the *Samnites*. This Advice that was rejected, affords a useful Lesson to all Men in Power, who, if they ever strike their Enemy, they must be sure to strike home ; or make him their Friend by some generous Action.

If none of these Methods please you, there is but one Way that I know of, to secure your Happiness, and that is, by setting yourself above Fortune, quitting all the Pursuits of her Favours, contemning her Benefits, and contenting yourself with what you are. And thus every Man may make his own Fortune what he pleases, good or bad. I wish my Advice may be as useful to you, as I intend it, which will be no small Satisfaction to your

Faithful Friend, and loving Kinsman,

HUMPHREY WEICHWELL,



LETTER V.

Love is a Warfare.

Militat omnis Amans, & habet sua Castra Cupido.

To Samuel Lovemore Esq; at his Chambers
in the Inner Temple, London.

Dear S A M,

YOU send me Word, that you are mightily fallen in Love ; the News is not so agreeable to me, as to give me much Satisfaction, since I consider what Fatigues you must undergo in the Pursuit of a proud and scornful Woman ; since, if I mistake not, you are not cut out any more for a Soldier of *Cupid*, than of *Mars* ; you are of too lazy a Temper, and love your Ease and Quiet too much to atchieve any great Matter in either. Have you consider'd what it is to be a Lover ? Do you know that Love is a perfect Warfare, if you will believe the great Master of Love, *Ovid*.

Militat omnis Amans, & habet sua castra Cupido.

When once you have declar'd War ; that is, as soon as you have told the Fair One, that you are in Love with her, she puts herself in a Posture of Defence, and intrenches herself round about with Pride, Coyness, Ill-nature, Ill-humour and scurvy Usage ; and you must by your Art or

Prowess level all these Intrenchments before ever you can pretend to take Possession of the Place. To accomplish which, you must use great Diligence, great Boldness, and many Stratagems ; for Cunning is as necessary in the Warfare of Love, as the modern Princes have found it to be in their Conquests of Towns and Nations. And the late grand Monarch ow'd the spreading of his Arms more to this than Valour. The chief Part of this Cunning depends upon your Freeness, your Easiness in parting with your Money ; for Gold has had a strange Influence on that Sex, ever since the time of *Danae*. That young Lady's Father knowing how hard a Matter it was to keep his Daughter's Maidenhead, believing that it was not secured enough by her Virtue, clap'd her up in a brazen Tower under Bolts, and Bars, and Guards, both Male and Female, of old Fellows and antiquated Maids, who being past Pleasure themselves, are generally watchful and vigilant enough to hinder the Pleasure of other People. But all this was a meer fruitless Precaution, for *Jove*, who had seen and lik'd the Girl, knew very well how to come at her ; for being so profuse of his Gold, that he was fabled to come down in a Golden Shower, he made all the Brazen Bars and Bolts fly open, and blinded the Eyes of her Guards so far, that he easily pass'd to the Lady, and got upon her a future Hero. Thus you must not spare your Purse, you must be sure to bribe *Abigail* ; for the Chamber-maid is often let into her Mistress's Secrets, which she never fails to betray, provided she be but well paid ; for the treacherous *Abigail* will let you know your Mistress's weakest side, by which you may surprize her ; she will

will tell you the lucky Minute when all the Passes are left unguarded, that at other times prove impregnable. I will confirm this Position by one Example out of a thousand, on the Truth of which you may depend.

Beleaguar was a Gentleman of *Devonshire*, of a handsome Estate, and fine Accomplishments both of Mind and Person; Fortune had furnish'd him with all the Means of Happiness, had he not fallen in Love with *Clarinda*, for whom his Passion was so excessive, that all her ill Usage, her Coyness, and even ill Manners could not abate it. But finding that he could make no progress in her Heart, he apply'd himself to *Abigail*, whom he soon won with his Generosity to come entirely into his Interest; she, like a true Chambermaid, inform'd him that he had a very dangerous Rival, not in any Man, but in the Bottle, for that her Mistress every Night got drunk by herself before she went to Bed, so that if Possession of her Person was what he aim'd at, he need not doubt his Satisfaction the following Night. Accordingly when her Mistress had taken her sleeping Dose, he was let into her Chamber by the Maid, went to Bed, and found no Opposition. This he repeated sometimes, taking care always of a generous Fee for trusty *Abigail*.

There is certainly a sort of Witchery in Love, which holds the Hearts thoroughly possess'd by it in such strong Bands, that the Follies and Vices of the belov'd are unable to break them. Thus it was with *Beleaguar*; *Clarinda's* Drunkenness, his Possession of her, her continu'd visible Cruelty to him, all had not the least influence against his Affection. *Abigail*

Love = a child crying for a toy

at last informs him that her Mistress was with Child, and that she had examin'd her with all the Strictness imaginable, whether she had not betray'd her in her unguarded Hours ; but that she had brought her by Protestations and Oaths to a perfect Belief of her Innocence, and to think some other had found out the Secret of her Nightly Debauch, and made use of that Discovery to gratify their Inclinations. *Beleaguer* thought this a lucky Opportunity to bring her to marry him, and to make her the more readily comply, he forbore his Visits as if he had given over his Suit ; but now *Clarinda's* Belly beginning to swell to such a Largeness that she could not well conceal it much longer, she began to wish that she had us'd him with more Mildness, and so by Marriage have secur'd herself against that Shame and Infamy that threaten'd her. *Abigail* having full Information of her Mistress's good Disposition towards him, he renew'd his Visit ; in short, they agreed and were privately married, and in due time *Clarinda* was brought to Bed of a lovely Boy, who thriv'd and grew up in the Favour of his Father, but Hatred of his Mother. She would every now and then be wishing she knew whose Bastard it was ; he always told her, my Dear, trouble not thyself, 'tis mine : Yours, said she, I mean, I wish I knew who begot it. To put an end to her Vexation in that Particular, after some Years Marriage he fairly told her the whole Truth. It was in the Morning before they arose when he made this Discovery ; she said nothing to him, but as soon as he was rid out a hunting, she dress'd herself and went away to her Father's, with whom her Husband had been at Enmity for some

some time. *Clarinda* made out her Story so effectually, that, blinded by Revenge, they had the Husband taken up for a Rape and brought to his Tryal, in which, tho' he came off with Life, he lost his Satisfaction in a perpetual Separation from his Spouse, on which he left the Country, and spent the rest of his Days in *London*, in a profest Enmity of all Woman-kind, for the sake of *Clarinda*.

This is enough to shew you how necessary it is for a Lover to be in with the Chambermaid. But besides this, you are not to omit all Stratagems that you can think of; you must follow her all Day, and every Day; nay, that won't be enough, you must not so much as let her sleep a Nights, you must quit your Downy Bed, and with *Fiddles* and *Voices* charm her from hers; till by haunting her every Way, meeting her at all Places where she goes, you convince her that she is your whole Business, and takes up all your Thoughts and Time. My mentioning the Serenading Part, brings into my Head no unpleasant Adventure that happen'd on that Account in my Time.

The young Lord *Femmechace* had pursu'd *Cloe*, a young Coquet and Beauty, and then the Reigning Toast of the Town, for some time to little purpose. He frequently Serenaded her, and was so troublesome to her, that she left her Lodgings of a sudden; into which no sooner was a Jealous old Fellow come with his Wife, but my Lord, not knowing that *Cloe* was gone, comes with his Fiddlers to give her a Serenade about two a-Clock in the Morning. The very Tuning of the Fiddles alarm'd the Jealousy of the old Husband, and made him quarrel

with his Wife, for being so abandon'd a Jade to give her Gallants such early Notice; to avoid which he had mov'd in such a hurry, that no Body could have discover'd where she was, without her being privy to the Information. All she could say, and all her Protestations were to no manner of Purpose; for now the Violins began to speak aloud, and the Voices were founding of the Praise of the charming *Cloe*, which put the old Man beyond all Patience; he gets out of Bed, takes up the Jourdan, runs to the Window, opens the Shutters, throws up the Sash, and sends out his Urine upon my Lord and the Fiddlers. The singing Master stood directly in his Way; who, as he was warbling out his Notes with open Mouth, receiv'd something in it more unsavory than what he sent out. You may imagine the Company were a little surpriz'd at such a Reception, and mov'd my Lord that they might have leave to break the Windows; whilst they were debating what to do, the Rain being over, the Thunder follow'd, for from the same Window a Pistol was discharg'd, which so frightened the *Crowdero's*, that they immediately run away without regard to their *Cremona's*, which in their Flight receiv'd many a Contusion against the Posts in the Dark. But a worse Misfortune befell 'em, the Watch happen'd to be going their Rounds that Minute, and hearing the Noise of the Pistol, and finding them scamper at that Rate, seiz'd all they could lay Hands on to carry them before Mr. Constable, in order to have them committed to the Round-house, till the Worshipful Mr. Justice should be up to hear their Cause, and so to acquit or send them to a safer Durance. In

the

Round House

the mean time my Lord, who run not with the Scoundrels, met with a Friend of his coming from the Tavern, who soon undeceiv'd his Lordship in his suppos'd Injury receiv'd from *Cloe*, and let him know, that, instead of her, he had address'd his Song and Musick to the most Jealous old Coxcomb in *England*. My Lord perswades his Friend to go with him to the Constable's Stand, where he found his harmonious Myrmidons endeavouring to pacify the Rage of the Midnight Magistrate; by telling him that they were a Company of Fiddlers hir'd by my Lord *Femmechace* to Serenade a young Lady near that Place, but that they had been receiv'd, first, with a Pisspot, and then with a Pistol, the sudden Fear of which had put them into that Confusion in which they were taken. Phoo, Mr. Constable, said one of the Watch, they are a Company of Rogues and in confederacy with Housebreakers, to whom they are as necessary, as a Ballad-singer to a Pick-pocket; why it was but t'other Day, Mr. Constable, when a Band of these Raggamuffins were a Serenading as they call it, and whilst they had drawn all the Family to the fore Windows with their Fiddles, the Housebreakers got in, and gutted the backside of the House most neatly; therefore, I say, Mr. Constable, send them all to the Round-house. My Lord perceiving by the wise Nods of the Constable, that his Company were in some danger of Captivity, approach'd the Constable and made himself and his Friend known unto him, by which, and giving the Watch a Crown to drink, they were all convey'd to the next Tavern.

So that, my Friend, you must have a care never to be ignorant of your Mistress's Lodgings. I expect now every Letter to be fill'd with your Complaints of hard Usage, of Cruelty, Pride, and the Lord knows what; but those will only make me laugh, they being the usual Companions of Lovers. I wish you either in your Mistress's Arms, or free from her Inchantments; I think the latter is the kinder Wish, and therefore 'tis repeated, by Dear Sam,

Thy faithful Friend

and Servant,

ANTHONY EASELOVE.





LETTER VI.

On Poverty.

*Nil habet infelix Paupertas durius in se,
Quam quod ridiculos homines facit.*

To Richard Vainthought Esq; at his House
near Feversham in Kent.

My good Friend,

I just receiv'd yours of the 13th, having not been two Days in Town. Letters from you are always welcome ; but I am sorry you know me so ill, as to think you need an Apology for the Company you brought me into the Night before I left you ; I mean *Jack Truewit*. You say he is a poor unfortunate Fellow, that you sometimes divert yourself with, for want of other Company, but did not know of his coming when you had mine, and a great deal more to this purpose. But, dear *Dick*, I think you have more cause to make an Excuse to me that you did not let me have his Conversation a little sooner. You say he is very poor ; I am sorry for it, I am sure he does not deserve to be so, and I wish he had all the Superfluities of the Fools in your Parts to make him otherwise ; and then you and they would think him a fine Fellow. But is he not the same Man now ? is his Wit really the less because his Pockets are empty ? if not, why is he not as agree-

agreeable Company as if he had all that he wants? But I never form my Opinion of Men by their Appearance, but their Sense, and nauseate a Fool in fine Cloaths, and would shun his Company with the utmost Caution, at the same time that I would court that of a Man of Wit and Learning in Rags.

I was t'other Day taking a Walk in the Mall, and meeting with a Friend of mine of a great deal of Merit, I took a Turn with him; he happen'd to be but in a very mean Dress, and who should we meet but the young Lord *Worthless*? upon whose coming up to me, my Friend took his leave and went away. Dear *Harry*, says my Lord, you are a very pretty Fellow, and dress's as well as any Man, and are as well receiv'd amongst the Ladies; but thou hast a strange unaccountable Whim of picking up odd and scandalous Companions, that a fine Gentleman should be ashamed to be seen with. My Lord, said I, I'm perfectly to seek in your Lordship's Meaning, for I believe there is no Man more cautious of avoiding scandalous Company than myself. Ha, ha, ha, said my Lord, refuse me if thou art not a most incomprehensible Person; why what a strange Creature you parted with just now? He is indeed, reply'd I, my Lord, a very strange Person, if the Uncommonness of a Thing makes it strange; for he is a Man of extraordinary Sense, fine Literature, and honest, Qualities not very easily met with in the same Person in this Age. Extraordinary Sense, fine Literature, and Honesty, said my Lord! hum—— it may be so, but refuse me if he does not make a most ridiculous Figure; what the Devil makes him wear such scurvy Cloaths? My Lord, because he has no better,

better, said I; but I don't converse with a Man's Cloaths, but himself; if your Lordship don't like his Cloaths, it would be very worthy of your Generosity to give him better; his Merit will highly justify your Bounty; and since your Lordship has put me in Mind on't, I must press you to do something handsomely for him. Hum ----- said my Lord, do for him! hum, hum, honest *Harry*, refuse me if I can at this Time; for what with subscribing to Opera's, taking Tickets of the Actresses for their Benefits, and other necessary Expences of this Kind, I have no loose Money to bestow in Charity; why there's Mrs. *Pert* came to me but Yesterday, and got forty Guineas of me for her Benefit-day. Well, *Harry*, she's a charming Creature; what a Bosom is there, fit for a God to lie upon! My Lord, I allow, said I, she's a good pretty sort of a Woman enough, and has Charms enough for a Lady of her Station; but what are a Thousand such as she, in comparison of one Man of Merit? Nay, thou say'st right, interrupted my Lord; but here comes the *Count* with the ugly Face, and I must speak with him, to know *when the next Assembly will be*. With that he started from me, and went directly to him; a Man who by his Impudence, and our Folly, has got Money enough to buy a Principality in his own Country. He immediately join'd him, *Will. Biter* and his Cousin *Jack*, two Fellows more-scandalous than the former; but being well drest, my Lord thought them fit Company to appear in. *Jack* is a Fellow born to a good Estate, but having thrown it foolishly away, now lives upon Women, and in such a

Port

Port and Equipage as gives him Admission to Persons of the first Quality. As for *Will*, he supported himself by downright Gaming; yet these Scoundrels seem'd not scandalous Company to his Lordship, tho' my Friend did. It put me in Mind of what *Juvenal* says,

*Nil habet infelix paupertas durius in se,
Quam quod ridiculos homines facit.*

Unhappy Poverty has nothing more severe and cruel than its rend'ring Men ridiculous; for most Men think but superficially of Things, and are therefore stricken with the first Appearance of a Man, either in his Favour, or in his Prejudice, and a poor Appearance is sure with most Men to do the latter. The Rich hear all that such a one says with Contempt, if not with Laughter, for they can't conceive that what a poor Man says shou'd be of any Consequence, tho' spoke by the Tongue of the finest Orator. *Rochevoucault* says, *That the way to do a Man's Business in the World, is to perswade the World that it is done already.* By a Parity of Reason 'tis a sure way never to do one's Business, to let the World see that we do really want its Assistance; which is confirm'd by a Vulgar Proverb of ours, *To be Poor and seem Poor, is to be Poor indeed*; therefore let our Necessities be what they will, we ought in Prudence to cover 'em and hide 'em from Mens Eyes. Those that have let them grow so far upon them, as not to be able to do this even in their Dress, are indeed in a most deplorable Condition, and almost without hopes of better Days, without some strange unforeseen Accident should surprize them

them with a more agreeable Scene of Life, than they could otherwise expect ; for when a Man is in this Condition, let his Merit be never so great, he will be unable to charm from the Rich any Favour of Consequence sufficient to remove his Misfortunes ; for I know not how it comes to pass, the more a Man wants the less he is sure to receive, which must always keep him under ; while the less a Man wants, the larger is the unequal Bounty of others to him ; but as these Faults in the Rich are very visible, and too well known to want any farther Proof, so have some of the unfortunate their Faults too, which contributes to their Continuance in Want.

Butler the Author of *Hudibras*, tho' he was a Man of extraordinary Wit and Fancy, tho' his Merits deserv'd a much better Fate, is said to have starv'd, which Extremity of Poverty was owing to his own Pride and Folly ; his Necessities were too well known to all his Acquaintance, to leave him a Possibility of concealing them from them ; and yet his Pride was so intolerable, that it was the most difficult Thing in the World to compel him to accept of any Assistance, tho' offer'd in the most friendly and genteel Manner in the World. There was a Gentleman of his Acquaintance, and of a considerable Fortune, who over a Bottle one Night had made a cleanly Conveyance of a Purse of a hundred Guineas into his Pocket, which he did not at all perceive ; the next Morning *Butler* finding it there was extreamly uneasy, and consider'd what Company he was in the Day before, and found that it could be no Body but the very Gentleman that did it ; he dress'd him-
self

self and went to his Chambers, and carried with him the Money, charg'd him with the Affront, and went away in a pet, leaving the Purse behind him.

How could a Person in his Circumstances and of his Temper escape the hard Fate of Starving, since he refus'd all the Means that Fortune offer'd him to avoid it? Tho' few Men in Misfortunes have this unmeasurable Pride, yet many have so much, that it is very prejudicial to their Relief; and this is another Ridiculousness of Poverty, quite out of the View of the Poet in the former Quotation. It is certain, that Poverty is a great Obstacle in our Pursuits of Fortune,

*Haud facile emergunt quorum virtutibus obstat
Res angusta Domi.*

Men seldom arrive at Prosperity, whose Virtues and Merits have not room to exert themselves within the Bounds of their narrow Fortune, and many a noble and useful Design has miscarried by want of Ability in the Proposer. Poverty is indeed an Evil too great to need any Aggravation to heighten it, I wish you nor yours may never find it. But let not your present Prosperity make you overlook Merit in Rags; be not so terrified with this distant Evil, as to make you avoid the Persons oppress'd with it, provided they are Men of real Desert in themselves. My Service to Truewit, and convey a Guinea to him, not as from me, but from yourself; I wish it were in my Power to answer his Merits in a more sensible Manner. But you know that my
For-

Fortune can but just suffice to support me as a Gentleman. I am

Your loving Friend,

HARRY HEARTY.

P O S T S C R I P T.

It was an ill-natur'd Reflection of the witty Lord *Rocheſter* (as he was call'd) in one of his Letters, *That a poor Fellow made but a poor Friend.* Nor is it in reality true, for there may be a great many ways of proving a Man to be a very good Friend, tho' he be not able to lend his Friend Money. Friendship indeed does require a ſort of Equality in the Perſons engag'd in it; but this is not always confin'd to their Equality in Wealth, provided the Ballance be kept even by any other Means. *Ariſtides*, call'd the Juſt, of *Athens*, was a Man of a very low and penurious Fortune, ſo far, that it was thought he wanted even Neceſſaries; he had expreſt a great Friendship for *Callias*, who, by the Favours done him by *Ariſtides* during his Execution of ſeveral Poſts of State, had heapt together conſiderable Riches. The *Athenians* finding *Ariſtides* ſo poor, publickly accus'd *Callias* as falſe to his Friendſhip, in letting ſuch a Friend want whiſt he abounded; and he had certainly been condemn'd,

demn'd, had not *Aristides* come into the Court and assur'd the Judges that *Callias* was not in fault, for that he had frequently prest him to accept a share in his Fortune, which he always refus'd to do, that the *Athenians* might not think the Favours he had done his Friend were for his own sake. This Instance shows us, that in *Athens* Poverty was no Hindrance to Virtue, since that Great Man past thro' all the most considerable Posts of State in the midst of it. But whatever it was in *Athens*, in our Time it has a quite contrary Effect; for now Men are chosen into Posts by their Wealth, not Virtue or Knowledge.





LETTER VII.

The false Zealot.

Tantæne Animis cœlestibus Iræ!

To Mrs. Teazeall near the Abbey in Westminster.

Madam,

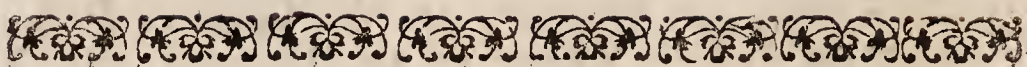
TH O' I did not think of troubling myself with ever Writing to you ; yet upon the Arrival of your Nephew, and on his Account, and the barbarous Usage he met with from you, I shall attempt for once to wash the *Ethiop* white ; for I am sensible it is but to little purpose to talk Reason to a Woman that is wholly a Slave to her Passions, especially the Passions of Anger and Revenge. But when I consider the great Pretensions you make to Religion, your mighty noisy Zeal for the Church, I would conclude that you were a Christian, and that therefore I might have some Hopes to bring my Arguments to bear. Your Quarrel with your Nephew, if I am rightly inform'd of the Matter, is thus : He in his Cups one Night was pleas'd to say that you were not handsome, or to that purpose, and that he wonder'd by what Witchery you held his Uncle's Heart with so despotick a Power ; and this, something magnified by the

malicious Representation of a Chamber-maid, has made you his irreconcilable Enemy. You cannot deny but that upon the Accusation he heartily disavow'd his Knowledge of any such thing, but that if his Drink had really betray'd him into such Words, they were entirely different from his sober Thoughts, and ask'd your Pardon with the utmost Submission. This would have been enough to have pacified one of the Wicked, however it has fail'd with a Lady so religious as yourself. But mistake not, Madam, it is not your going to the Abbey twice a-day to Prayers, it is not your clamorous Invectives against all those that deviate in the least from your Opinion, that make a Person truly religious, at least that make a Person a true Christian; the Doctrines of Christianity are of much another Tenor, they are all Love, Forgiveness, long Suffering, Patience; there is no room for Anger and Revenge, those you renounce in your baptismal Vow. I'm afraid, Madam, you are a downright Atheist; for how is it possible you should believe in God and Jesus Christ, and dare to say, *forgive us our Trespases as we forgive them that Trespase against us*, as often over as it is daily repeated in the Offices of the Church, and at the same time make your Husband turn out of Doors the nearest Relation he has in the World, without any Means of Support, either to Starve or take Ill-Courses, merely out of Revenge for such a Pécadillo, as the not admiring your Beauty, and to refuse all Manner of Acknowledgment and Submission that he can possibly make you? But I am preaching to the Winds, not expecting to move you in the least; for since you fear God so little

little as to dare his Vengeance, and are no more touch'd with the Precepts of the Gospel, I can expect no happy Event of my Endeavours. I intend therefore very speedily to come to Town; and if I prevail not with your Husband in your Nephew's behalf, I will at least have the Satisfaction in pulling off your Vizor, and shew to all your Acquaintance how little you deserve what you so much endeavour to obtain; I mean the Name of a godly and religious Woman. So I bid you adieu.

JOSHUA WELDON.





LETTER VIII.

On the Love of our Country.

Vincit Amor Patriæ.-----

*Nescio, qua Natale Solum Dulcedine cunctos
Mulcet, & Immemores non finit esse sui.*

*To John Modernal Esq; to be left at Man's
Coffee-House, Charing-Cross.*

SIR,

I AM very glad to hear by yours of the 15th, that you are got into a very noble Post in the Government, and I don't question but that you will behave yourself so well in it, that you'll convince all Men you perfectly well deserv'd it. You have impos'd a Task upon me, which I cannot so well discharge, as the Importance of it, in my Opinion, requires; because I am here in the Country entirely without Books, and nothing but a very bad Memory to supply me with those Instances, which seem necessary on this Occasion; however, I shall endeavour to do the best I can.

You say you have heard a mighty Talk of your Country, and of the Duty and Love which every Man owes it, especially those who are in any Post of Trust or Power. I am pleas'd with this Enquiry of yours, because it seems to have
some

some Concern agreeable to the Sentiments of a *Patriot*. Yes, Sir, it is most certain, that there is a Duty and Love due to your Country, that is, to the political Society of which you are a Member. 'Tis true, in these modern Times, this is what is very little known, and much less thought on; every one now views the Publick as a Property, a Dupe of which he is to make the most he can, without regard to the Interest, or, even, Safety of the Publick; not but that we frequently hear a mighty Noise about the publick Good, and have loud Clamours against the Male-administration of the Men in Power. But this is generally made by those who are out of Place, only to get in, that they may do worse than even those who went before them; and prove that the publick Interest is the least thing in question; and that all the Struggle is who shall bubble the Nation. And this, in reality, is the ground of all our political Quarrels: This is the true Rise of those raging Parties of Whig and Tory, which has brought so long a Distraction upon us; and I may say, that all the Alterations that have been made in the Persons who have possess'd our Offices of Trust and Power, has only been to shift Hands, and not to get rid of the Evil: All this Noise and Bustle, I say, is not to deliver us from being rid at all, but who shall ride us, whether Asses or Foxes; the Asses seem the heavier Burthen; and they say that a Horse tires sooner under an ill Rider than under a good one.

There was another Spirit among the antient *Greeks* and *Romans*, they had another Notion of the Love of their Country; it was a Point of their Religion to serve it without private Pro-

spects : Thus Tully says, *Omnibus qui Patriam conservaverint, juverint, auxerint, certus est in cœlo & definitus locus, ubi sempiterno gaudio perfruuntur beati*; that is, *There is in Heaven a certain and fix'd Place, where all those who have either preserv'd, help'd or enlarg'd their Country, enjoy eternal Happiness.* Thus they made eternal Happiness the Reward of being a good Patriot ; and, indeed, upon very good Grounds, upon sovereign Reason ; for since humane Society is the evident Institution of Heaven itself, it seems a natural Consequence, that those who contribute most to the Good and Benefit of that, have the best Claim to the Favour of Heaven ; and as humane Society in general is divided into several particular Societies, and that each particular has its proper Interest to pursue, distinct from that of the general, and incompatible with several of those which make up that General ; it necessarily follows, that the Duty of Particulars to Society is bounded by the Good of that Society, of which each is a Member, and without which particular Societies could not subsist.

I remember that there is, in the Fragments of the divine *Euripides*, a Saying to this purpose, *That he who praises the Manners of another Country, has in that betray'd his own* : And this Saying is grounded on the very Nature of Things ; for we cannot praise the Manners of another Country, without thinking them better than those of our own ; and when we once give that Preference, we are easily drawn in to espouse the Interest of that Country against our own, as of less Value and Esteem in our own Opinions.

But

But to produce this Love of our Country, it is necessary that the Constitution of this Country, by being valuable, should deserve this Love ; that is, it should be calculated so evidently for the Good and Happiness of those who constitute this Society, that not to defend it, would be to act against that Happiness which all Mankind desire. Humane Nature covets Liberty, and where that is establish'd, it will be defended by every Member, as long as they think justly. But Liberty, you'll say, is a Word of a dubious Signification: What therefore I mean by Liberty, is that the Society be govern'd by Laws, made by the Consent of every Particular, either in himself or in his Representative, and not by the arbitrary Will of any one Man, which never can have, or, at least, never had a due and just Regard to the Good and Happiness of the People.

It always has been in States constituted in this Manner, where this Love I speak of has been eminent, and so sacred, that very few have ever dared to go against it, tho' under never so uneasy Circumstances and Sufferings from it. Thus when *Themistocles* was banish'd *Athens* by *Ostracism*, for no other Crime than his Popularity, he fled into *Persia*, and was receiv'd very favourably by the Great King, and the Revenue of three Cities allotted him for his Maintenance; and so an Opportunity was offer'd him of revenging his Disgrace upon his Country. For the Great King having a Mind once more to try the Power of *Persia* against the petty State of *Athens*, which had hitherto still worsted his Armies; he declar'd *Themistocles* his General, under whose Conduct he did not doubt of better Success;

Success; but that brave Hero, unable to refuse the Command, rather chose to poison himself, than lead an Enemy against his Country.

This Love of our Country and Liberty was so settled and sacred a Principle amongst the *Grecians*, that they establish'd publick Rewards for any Man that should kill a Tyrant: Thus we find in *Lucian* a Contest betwixt two who pretended to this Reward.

Among a thousand Instances of eminent *Grecians*, whom History has recorded as wonderful Patriots, I think there is scarce one more remarkable and touching than that of *Timoleon*. His Brother had usurp'd the Sovereignty of *Corinth*; *Timoleon* had a true Brotherly Love for him; yet he not only endeavour'd to hinder him from this Usurpation, but often persuaded him to restore the Liberty of his Country, to no purpose: However, he gave this signal Proof of his natural Kindness for his Brother, that he brought him off when overpower'd by his Enemies in Battle, even with the Hazard of his own Life. But yet, as dear as his Brother was to him, the Liberty of his Country was much dearer; and therefore he headed a Conspiracy to redeem its Freedom with the Loss of his Brother's Life, he being in the Room while the rest dispatch'd him, and which was not forgiven him by his own Mother, and the rest of the Females of his Family, as long as he liv'd. He pass'd twenty Years after this before he was taken notice of by the State; but then Agents coming from *Syracusa*, to solicit the *Corinthians* to send Forces into *Sicily*, to deliver them from the Tyranny of *Dionysius*, they rais'd three Thousand Men, and sent

Timoleon

Timoleon to command them. He arrives in *Sicily* and sets the *Syracusians* free ; and, to prevent any future Usurpation, utterly destroys the Citadel which commanded the City, and was always the Seat of the Tyrant, and kept the City in awe. But the Benefits that *Syracusa* had receiv'd from him, and the general Love of the People for those Benefits, were not sufficient to secure him from the malicious and envious Assaults of two turbulent Fellows of that City, who abusing the Liberty he had given them, brought a publick Accusation against him. The People of *Syracusa* were so enrag'd at their Impudence, that they would have destroy'd them, had not *Timoleon* himself interpos'd. No, Gentlemen, said he, let them proceed in this legal Manner ; for this have I fought, that no Man should be too great to be accus'd. I will answer their Accusation ; and if I clear not myself to the People of this City of the Crimes they lay to my Charge, let me undergo the Penalty of the Law. In short, he was heard, and came off with Applause. This shows the Benefit of Liberty, where all Men are liable to the Law, and no one exempted from Justice.

There is another Instance among the *Romans*, where the Power of natural Affection was too weak to combat with the Love of the Country ; and that was in *Lucius Junius Brutus*, who, to fix the Liberty of *Rome*, put to death two of his own Sons, and several of his near Relations. I shall not mention *Virginus's* stabbing of his Daughter, by which he put an End to the Tyranny of the *Decemviri* ; since that Action may seem to proceed from another Cause, than the immediate Service of his Country, which was to save his Daughter from being vitiated by

by *Appius*, one of the Ten, who out of Lust had brought false Evidence to swear that *Virginia* was his Slave, and not the Daughter of *Virginius*. This, indeed, was the Cause that the *Romans* threw off the Tyrannous Government of the *Decemviri*, and restor'd the *Consuls*. What shall I say of *Fabricius*, who refused the Gold of *Pyrrhus*, because he would not touch a Present from an Enemy, tho' nothing was requir'd on his Part but to accept it?

Curtius sacrificed himself for the Good of *Rome*, where a great Chasm happening to open in the Earth, whence issued unwholsome Vapours, he jump'd into it alive to make it close again, as the Oracle had promis'd. It would be endless to run over all the Instances of this kind, that the *Roman* History affords us before the Corruption of *Rome*, by the Conquests and Effeminacy of *Asia*. I shall content myself only with that of *Regulus*, whose Heroick Constancy is prais'd by *Horace*, in one of his Odes. The Fact was thus: *Regulus*, in the *Carthaginian* War, was taken Prisoner, and carry'd to *Carthage*; that State grew uneasy by the War with the *Romans*, and therefore sent *Regulus* to *Rome* on his Parole, to return again to *Carthage*, provided he could not prevail with the *Roman* People to make Peace: When he came to *Rome*, he was so far from persuading them to Peace, that he exhorted them to continue the War, since the State of their Enemies Affairs was so desperate, that they had no way of securing it, and putting a Stop to the Progress of the *Roman* Arms, but by a Peace. Having effected his Desire he return'd to *Carthage*, contrary to the earnest Importunities of his Friends, and was there put
to

to a very torturing Death, being inclos'd in a Barrel driven full of Nails, or Iron Spikes, and so roll'd down a Hill, which Cruelty the *Romans* afterwards sufficiently reveng'd, by the Destruction of their City.

These are enough to give you a Taste of that Love of their Country which the Antients had, and which is so different from our general Notion of Things at this time a day, that it sounds like Romance. To attempt any thing for the Service of your Country, tho' in the Discovery of the most flagrant Corruptions of any Offices, is call'd a *Don Quixotism*, and laugh'd at as ridiculous; and it is certain, no one ever yet endeavour'd to discover the Abuses of the *Victualling Office*, *Navy Office*, *Custom House*, and the rest, but met with Ruin for his Reward. However, let me recommend to you this old antiquated Virtue, the Love of your Country; let not your Hand be imbrued in its Blood; nor do you joyn to hasten that Ruin which seems to come with too great a Speed without you.

Thus I have given you an extempore Answer to the Question you propos'd; if I have hit your Meaning, I am satisfy'd; if not, upon better Instructions, I shall endeavour to amend my Defects, who am,

Dear Sir,

Your faithful

humble Servant,

WILL ANTIQUE.

P O S T S C R I P T.

I have a Word or two to add by way of Postscript. It is a melancholy Consideration, to reflect at how low an Ebb a Publick Spirit is at this Time, when every one is wholly employ'd in the pursuit of some private End, most commonly very opposite to the Publick Good. But yet I believe we have no more Cause to be Melancholy than the rest of our Neighbours, and all Times since the Loss of the *Roman Liberty*. It must be confess'd, for indeed it cannot be deny'd, that all those noble Examples hinted at in my Letter, were only to be found in Commonwealths, they springing naturally from that sort of Government; and the Reason seems pretty plain, allowing that the best Actions spring from Self-Interest or Self-Love, rightly understood. The Members of a Commonwealth have no way to drive on their own particular Interest, no Way to arrive at Power, but by their Court to the People; nor have they any way of making that Court, but by great and popular Actions, from whence the Good of the Publick must necessarily follow: But in all Monarchies, the Dispensation of Power and Wealth is in the Prince; and therefore those who aim at either, have nothing more to consider, than how to gain his Favour; and that is most generally obtain'd, not by Virtue and Actions beneficial to the Publick, but by a fine Address in Flattering his Vices, and being some way or other useful to them. This has produc'd a Maxim in Religion, quite contrary to that
quoted

quoted from *Cicero*, which is to make the Will of a Prince a Sovereign Principle in Religion itself, a Doctrine that naturally destroys all Thoughts and Aims at any Thing Great and Glorious. And yet it is not all Commonwealths that produce these Wonders: *Venice* may be call'd a Commonwealth, because an Aristocracy; but I cannot remember any extraordinary Hero's that City has given the World. No, it is only those Commonwealths that have a pretty large Mixture of a Democracy in them, as those of *Greece* and *Rome*; and as a Confirmation of this Opinion, we may observe, that neither *Greece* nor *Rome* ever produc'd one Man truly great, a perfect Lover of his Country, after the Loss of their Liberties.





A
DESCRIPTION
 OF
NEW ATHENS
 IN
Terra Australis incognita.

By one who resided many **YEARS** up-
 on the **S P O T.**

L E T T E R I.

Sibi convenientia finge.


To J----- H---- Esq; at his House near
 Holborn, London.

DEAR SIR,



IN my former I gave you an Account
 of our Ship's being cast away on the
 Southern Coast, without the Loss of
 any one Man, or much of its Cargo;
 I let you know the Hardships we underwent in
 an

an uninhabited Country, and how, endeavouring to make Discoveries in our Long Boat, we fell into the Hands of a very hospitable People. I gave you also an Account of the several Cities, the Manners and Customs, through which we pass'd, and which were not very different from our own; the People being actuated by the same Passions of Avarice, Envy and Malice, which are so common in *Europe*, divided by the same Factions and Parties, both in Politicks and Religion; and this, till we arriv'd at the Foot of vast unpassable Mountains, which Nature seems to have made as the Barrier betwixt these wretched People, and those happy Men who inhabit the other Side of it. You must observe, that all those on this Side the Mountain were originally Exiles banish'd from the other Side for Crimes which would not be suffer'd among them; such as Avarice, Ingratitude, unchristian Dealing, Lust, and the like; and they are still the Receptacle of all those who are punish'd for such Offences on the other Side the Mountain, and have Governors in every City sent from them. This was the Substance of my last Letter. Being come to the Foot of these Mountains, which run from North-East to South-West, near fifteen hundred Miles, we were ordered to get ready to pass them; which we did in this very strange Manner: The Place of our Passage was almost a perpendicular Precipice; we enter'd into a sort of a Room or great Coach, which held about fourteen. There when we were seated, with such things as were necessary for us in our Passage, and the little Baggage that each of us had brought with us, we were drawn up by Pullies about threescore Yards to the first land-


 ing Place, which was done by a hollow Wheel, Slaves turning it by walking in it like Turnspits at *Bristol*. Being come to the first landing Place, our Machine was immediately thrust forward into another Pully, and we drawn three-score Yards higher to the next landing Place, and so on, till we came near the Summit of the Mountain; when we left our Machine, and came into a very large fair Plain, from whence we survey'd a most delicious Country, diversify'd with easy Hills, pleasant Vallies, winding Rivers, small Seas, Islands, Towns, Cities and Villages. Two, among the rest, were evidently remarkable for their Largeness; one seem'd to stand in the Sea, which, I was told, was called *Athens*; the other upon the Continent, much larger than the former, upon a very fine River at a little Distance from the Sea; and this was called *Romana*, the Imperial City or Capital of all this Place that we saw; and was full of shining Domes and Spires, which almost dazzled our Eyes at that Distance. About this pleasant Plain, upon the Mountain, were scatter'd several Houses of Entertainment, fit to receive, with all Manner of Convenience, such Passengers as were permitted to come that Way: In the midst was a spacious Hall, or Court of Judicature, where proper Judges were assign'd to examine every particular Person. But before we came to our Examination, we were ordered to refresh ourselves, and wait the Arrival of the rest of our Ship's Crew, who were all brought up by the next Return of the Machine; and who having likewise refresh'd themselves, we were all brought into the Hall, and each Man's Baggage set by him, which, as well as ourselves, were examin'd.

examin'd. Mine consisted chiefly of Books, particularly Poets, such as *Ben Johnson*, *Shakespear*, *Beaumont* and *Fletcher*, *Milton*, and many of the *Classicks*, both *Greek* and *Latin*. I thought I discover'd a particular Satisfaction in the Judge at what he saw; and calling me to him, he told me, that he was pleas'd that Fortune had given him an Opportunity of obliging the curious *Athenians*, by sending them a Person that seem'd so agreeable to their Inclinations, and to oblige me by allotting me an Abode in the most Learned and Polite City in the World: For tho' he did not understand great Part of my Books, they being in a strange Language; yet by those that he saw in *Greek* and *Latin*, he concluded me worthy of the Favour he design'd me. This Speech he made to me in tolerable *Latin*, tho' often mix'd with Words that nothing but the Sense of what he said, could make me understand. The Examination of the rest of our Crew took up some time, and I was fain to play the Interpreter with that little *Latin* I had, to expedite their Dispatch; but this being at last all over, there came in an Officer, who mark'd every one of us in the Face with a most lovely and beautiful Flower, which was so far from being a Mark of Infamy, that it was our Security and Honour; for by that every one was oblig'd, wherever we came, to receive and use us with Respect and Hospitality: But another Use of this Mark was to hinder us from ever going out of their Country, lest by the Discovery we had made, we should bring others to invade it. All the Governors therefore of the Frontiers had express Orders to let no one pass who had that Mark, which was made with so

subtle a Juice, that no Pains or Wash cou'd ever remove it.

Now the Time was come when we were to be separated, and every one sent to such Town or City as the Judge thought was proper for his Inclinations and Capacity. Of all our Crew, I had but one that was permitted to go with me to *Athens*, and he was an extraordinary *Mathe-matician*, and very expert in making Draughts necessary for the forming of Maps. We were allow'd some time for our taking Leave of each other ; which Ceremony being over, I and my Companion being plac'd with one of the Country, in a little *Coach*, or sort of *Chaise*, set forward in the following Manner.

The Declivity of the Mountain, on the other Side, is not near so steep as that by which we came into the Plain, and yet it is more steep than any Hill I ever pass'd in my Life ; tho' I have gone down the *Alps* into *Piedmont*. Tho' this Passage be very swift, yet it is likewise very secure ; the Road is no broader than just to contain the Vehicle into which you are put ; which being plac'd in two Groofs, runs down with great Rapidity to the Foot of the Hill. Parallel to this Road there is another, by which People ascend to the Plain ; for they never ascend and descend by the same Road, and therefore are never in Danger of falling foul upon one another. Being come down the Hill, at an Inn at the Foot of it, we were furnish'd with another Chariot that brought us in a few Hours to a pretty Sea-port, where having refresh'd ourselves for three or four Days, we took Shipping and sail'd directly to *Athens*, and the Wind being fair, we arriv'd there in about eleven or twelve Hours.

This

This City stands upon a small *Peninsula*, the broadest Part of which is not above four Miles over; and it is considerably rais'd above the Sea, and fortify'd by Nature with a Ridge of little Hills from the very Continent to the End of the *Peninsula*, which is near four and twenty Miles. These little Hills have, by an incredible Application and Labour, for ten Miles together, been work'd into a sort of a Wall, broad enough for three or four Coaches to go on a-breast, and all planted with Rows of shady Trees, which supply the Citizens with a Defence, as well as the most agreeable Promenade in the World. The City is about eight Miles long, and near four over, and is divided into four Parts by four Canals, which pass from the Sea through it, to the little Creek of the Sea that divides the *Peninsula* from the Continent for above twenty Miles, and is about a Mile and half over, and makes a most commodious and safe Harbour for all their Shipping.

Every one of these Canals is about fifty Yards in Breadth, and so far from the Surface of the Streets; that the Sides are fill'd with convenient and capacious Store-houses, where all the Goods and Merchandize brought in by the Shipping, are placed without incumbering the Streets with heavy Carriages; and hence they are brought up by Cranes, and dispers'd as Occasion requires. Over these Canals there are several Bridges, all of one Arch, tho' so very wide, that the *Rialto* of *Venice* is but a Bauble to them. The Town is built of a curious white Stone, and with perfect Regularity; the Streets being in an exact Line from one End of the City to the other.

ther. In the Center of the City stands a most noble *Rotondo*, which may be call'd its Cathedral, or Episcopal Church; besides which, there are ten magnificent Churches in each Division of the City, which makes the whole Number one and forty : Each of these Churches stands in the middle of a Square, and has a Coridore supported by fine Pillars, in which the Congregation take a Walk, and pass through them to the Church. All the great Streets are fill'd with the magnificent Houses of the principal Citizens, the *Colleges* and *Schools* of the Students, and *Halls* of Judicature ; all the Shops and Places of Trade are in the lesser Streets ; but those lesser Streets are of a greater Width than *Cheapside*. One thing is remarkable, That there is no Trade that is offensive to the Nose, the Eyes or Ears, that is permitted to be in the City itself : Thus Butchers, Poulterers, Smiths, Washer-women, and the like, are confin'd to little Suburbs divided from the City by a small Canal, whose Streets are every Morning wash'd by Waters from certain Engines, which throw a Stream through every Street, that carries off all the Filth that such Trades produce. There is nothing finer than the High-Street, which, for eight Miles together, leads you up to the Royal Palace, a most magnificent Pile, and worthy so Noble a City. The Gardens and Walks belonging to this Palace, are contriv'd both for Pleasure and Use ; for at the same time that the River, which runs from the Continent over the Neck of Land that joins the *Peninsula* to it, is divided into an hundred Channels to supply the Water-works ; it is thence convey'd into the City,

City, to furnish fresh Water to all the Inhabitants. The Palace is not only for the Residence of the King, but the Reception of the *Areopagus*, or Chief Council of the Nation, and to lodge all such Ambassadors as come from Friends; those who come from the barbarous Nations in the most Southerly Parts of that Tract of Land, are never permitted to lie in the City, but rather forc'd to remain aboard their own Ships, or to be a sort of Prisoners, during their Negotiations, in the Citadel, which stands upon the *Isthmus*.

Thus I have given you a short Description of the City of *New Athens* itself, which, tho' wonderful in all its Parts, is far less valuable for its Structure, than for the Excellence of its Inhabitants; of which I shall treat in the following Part of my Letter, having first inform'd you of my Reception at my Arrival.

We were no sooner landed, but we were conducted to the Hospital of Strangers, a Pile of Building equally admirable for its Magnificence and Convenience. There are no Inns in this City for the Reception of Strangers, they are always the Care of the Publick, and are provided all Necessaries and Conveniencies by Officers, who are answerable for any Indignity or Abuse to any Stranger, either in his Lodging or Diet, which are supplied by the Government at the most easy Rate; but then no one is permitted to stay in this Hospital longer than a Fortnight: So that if their Business require a longer time, they provide themselves with Lodgings in the Houses of some of their Friends or Acquaintance. To this Place my Friend and I were conducted, with all our Baggage, where

we remain'd till the King had receiv'd the Letters sent with us, and ordered such to attend us as he thought most fit and capable of giving him a full Account of our Merits and Abilities. Every Morning we were invited to go to Church, and offer up our Prayers after our own Way ; for that is a Duty which no one of this City of what Degree, Age or Station soever, is permitted to neglect, unless hinder'd by Sickness.

The first Business that we were set about, was to learn their Language ; to the obtaining a Mastery in which, my little Skill in the *Greek* was no small Help ; for tho' their Tongue be very much alter'd from the ancient *Greek*, yet it retains not only the Character, but many of the Radical Words of the *Attick* Dialect. The Care of my Instructor, with my own Diligence and Application, made me such a Proficient, that I could, in two Months time, talk it almost as well as a Native ; and in two Months more, was able to translate any thing out of *English* into it. But I have forgot to tell you, that as soon as I had Instructors ordered me by the King, I was remov'd from the Hospital of the Strangers, into a very pleasant Apartment in the College of the *Muses*, where I enjoy'd all things that were any ways necessary to make my Life easy and pleasant ; and as I grew a greater Master of their Language, my Pleasure was heighten'd by the Conversation of the most Polite, as well as the most Humane of all Mankind ; and which confirm'd me in a Mastery of their Tongue sooner than I could else have accomplish'd it : They omitted no Means of rendring their Instructions agreeable, as well as useful, watching my Inclinations and Humour with that

Care

Care and Nicety, that they would be sure never to make my Lessons tedious or burthensome. But now I was to give some Proof of my Study, by translating some of our *English* Poets into their Language : I chose the *Samson Agonistes* of *Milton* to begin with, as finding his Way of Writing in that, more like their Tragedies than any other of our *English* Poets. They were so pleas'd with this Performance, that it was shew'd to the King, who was a Prince of an admirable Genius himself, and ordered me, upon it, to be admitted into the Number of the *Athenian* Poets, with a handsome Pension for my Maintenance ; and Directions were given for the transcribing and acting the Tragedy of *Samson Agonistes*, as soon as the *Chorus's* could be set to Musick, the Actors taught, and the Copy publish'd ; for it is a Custom here, that no Play is to be acted, till it is publish'd, and in every body's Hand ; that having perus'd it with Sedateness and Judgment in their Closets, they should not be brib'd by the Beauty of Representation, to give an erroneous Judgment of the Poet's Performance ; but I found by the Tedioufness of the Publication, that how ingenious soever they were, they knew nothing of the Art of Printing. I perswaded myself I could not oblige them more, than by giving them what Insight I could into this Invention : Nor was I mistaken, for they heard me with Rapture ; and having acquainted the King with it, I was ordered to discourse the Matter at an Assembly of the *Virtuosi*, where the King himself presided. In order to make my Discourse the clearer, I got several Letters made after my own Model, and a Composing-Stick according to my Directions, and with their Help, made the

Matter

Matter so plain, that the King ordered me to sit down at the Board, and, with his own Hands, plac'd on my Head a Wreath of Golden Laurel, with this Assurance, That I should always have his Protection.

'Tis an amazing thing to think with how much Speed they arriv'd at a Perfection in it; for they now print with much more Correctness and Delicacy than any Part of *Europe*.

I was not alone in the Favours I receiv'd from the *New Athenians*, my Comrade had his Share; he was a Man of admirable Parts, tho' he had found but little Encouragement in *England*; he was a very good *Mathematician*, and had a great Genius for Building of Ships, and was accordingly received by the Intendant of the Marines, and had his Apartment allotted him in the College of the Admiralty. The Naval Force of these Countries consists in a sort of low-built-Gallies and Galliot; for, knowing nothing of the Use of Guns, those were thought sufficient to cope with the barbarous Nations, who liv'd near the Southern Pole, and with whom only they ever had any Wars.

My Comrade first made them a Model of one of our Men of War, with which they were so well pleas'd, that they ordered several to be built according to it. In the mean time my Comrade, to make his Service the more compleat, discours'd with them about the Use of *Guns* and *Gunpowder*; but it being a difficult Matter to make them apprehend what he meant, without an Experiment, the Materials for the Composition of Gunpowder being pretty plentiful in that Country, and he being perfectly well skill'd in the making of it, it was not long e'er he

he had a sufficient Quantity to show them the wonderful Force of it. They were the more pleas'd with this Invention, because there happen'd then to be a Discourse of a new Invasion from the barbarous Natives, who are a hardy martial People, and delight in War.

By that time the Ships were built, my Comrade had got a pretty Quantity of Gunpowder, and great Guns enough to equip his new *Armada*, and likewise to plant several upon the Walls of the City, on that side which was next to the Sea. But the King, that he might not give any Umbrage to the great Emperor of *Romana*, dispatch'd Ambassadors to him to let him know the wonderful Discoveries this Stranger had made, with Assurances of sending him to him, whenever he should command, that he might not want those Advantages against the common Enemy, which seem'd of that Importance to the publick Safety.

But before any Answer could come to this Embassy, the Barbarians, without ever declaring any War, had fill'd those Seas with their Ships, which made up, by their Number, that Terror, which their Bulk could not give ; they were about three hundred Sail, and made directly for *New Athens*, to the great Terror of that City. But my Comrade, in the midst of this Consternation, undertook to fight and disperse all this *Barbarian Armada* with only the Ships that he had built, and five Hulks of old Vessels, of which he had made Fire-ships, a thing unknown in that Country before. I think the Number of our Fleet, besides the Fire-ships, was but seven, the biggest of which came not up to our Third Rates : With these my Comrade sail'd out of
the

the Port, and went to meet the Enemy, who being flush'd with the Success of their sudden Irruption, came up with us, and soon surrounded our little Fleet, but were something surpriz'd at the Largeness of their Make. We soon set our Fireships among them, which they surrounded and grappled with great Expedition, so far, that they could not disengage themselves, when they found them all on Fire, which put them into a very great Confusion ; and this was very much encreas'd when we began to give them Broad-sides, which soon put 'em to flight, thinking that the Gods themselves were come down in Thunder to punish their Treachery.

In short, we took, sunk and dispers'd the whole Fleet, scarce twenty of which got home to their own Country, to the no small Satisfaction of our *Athenian* Masters, who were too generous and grateful, not to give a Reward to the Conqueror equal to his Merits : He was immediately made free of that Nation, had a publick Triumph, and was presented with Royal Gifts, being admitted to the King's own Table, who immediately ordered him to prepare to go with the greater Part of his new Fleet to *Romana*, and sent Deputies with him to present him to the Emperor, and give an Account of all that had pass'd, and the great Deliverance the whole Christian Commonwealth in those Parts had receiv'd from him.

It is out of my way to give an Account of the noble Reception he met with, and the Honours that were paid him on his Arrival at *Romana* ; it is sufficient to let you know that he was treated like a Sovereign Prince, and a particular Instrument sent by Heaven to check the
 Insolence

Insolence of the Barbarians, who by their frequent Irruptions disturb'd that 'Tranquility which all those Nations otherwise enjoy'd; for you must understand, that all the Countries for above fifteen hundred Miles every way are Christians, and tho' consisting of several Governments, they all hold it an unpardonable Crime for one Christian State to make War with another; to avoid which, there is a general Council compos'd of Deputies from the several Nations, who hear and amicably decide all Disputes that may arise betwixt Nation and Nation. This Overthrow of the Barbarians gave long Peace to this Country, during which my Comrade furnish'd *Romana* and all its Dependencies with Arms according to the Manner of *Europe*, and liv'd in great Splendour and Reputation, in which I shall leave him, to return to my Account of *Athens*.

I told you of my Translation of *Milton's Samson Agonistes*, which being now ready to be acted, it was perform'd at four Theatres in one Day; for you must know, every Quarter of *Athens* has a Theatre for the Representation of Tragedies, in which, some Tragedy or other is perform'd every Night; besides which there is a fifth Theatre in the Royal Palace, which is only made use of for the Entertainment of Foreign Princes when they come to that City, as they do once a Year from all Parts of that Continent, of which Number, the Emperor of *Romana* is always one. To describe them all would be superfluous, I shall only make a short Description of that in the Royal Palace, after the Model of which the rest are built: The Stage is one hundred Foot broad, the Place of the Audience

dience is a Segment of a Circle of above two hundred Foot Diameter; it is divided into what we call a Pit and Boxes, with only one Gallery over; but the Boxes are divided in the Middle from each other by a sort of Throne or Royal Seat, where the King and Regal Family sit to behold a Tragedy. This Throne stretches out about a dozen Foot into the Pit, and is supported on each Side by rich and costly Pillars, either of Silver or Gold, or of precious Stone, much more beautiful than Porphyry; over the Canopy are several Figures of Angels, two of which support an Imperial Crown, all whose precious Stones are compos'd of Lights which illuminate the Place; two larger Angels, who stand more forward to the Pit, support a sort of a Sun, whence issue illustrious Beams that enlighten the whole Theatre, without any Sconces as we have, and by Consequence without all that filthy Smoak which our Candles make. This Sun throws his Beams upwards and downwards as well as directly forward, by which you discover the Beauty of the Cieling, which is a fine Cupola, form'd by a Master in the Art of Perspective; for tho' the Ceiling be flat, and descends towards the Stage for the convenience of spreading the Sound, yet you would imagine it a lofty Dome. Besides these Illuminations, there come others from two side Pillars upon the Stage, which make the Place of Action very bright and glorious. The Stage here differs from ours, it being broad and shallow, the Depth being made out, when Occasion requires it, by admirable Paintings in Perspective; and indeed the Painting of the Scenes is so admirable, that I dare believe a *London* Audience,

as whimsical as it is in that Particular, would not want that ridiculous Variety which they now possess by the Change of Scenes; for they never change here any more than they did in old *Athens*, where such vast Expence was made use of for the Adornment of the Stage, without any such shifting of Scenes, as is now in use in *England*. This is a short and imperfect Account of the principal Theatre in *New Athens*: The other Theatres are equally large, and bear some Proportion to the Beauty and Richness. One thing I had forgot, and that is, an Account of the Seats of the Audience, which are not Benches as in our Theatres, but distinct Seats, by which Means, tho' they are plac'd in a sort of a Semicircle, every one of the Audience sets with his Face to the Stage, and so participates equally both in the Sight and the Hearing. This is enough as to the Place of Representation; but as to the Persons who make this Representation, they are likewise very different from what we have among us. There is none admitted to be an Actor or Actress from out of the Dregs of the People, nor who have the least Stain upon their Reputation; and as they are suppos'd to be born of Parents of Credit, so they must be more than commonly Educated, tho' the common Education here would pass for extraordinary elsewhere. The Men, besides their Learning in History and Poetry, are all taught Painting or Designing, by which they learn not only graceful Postures for themselves, and such as are agreeable to the very Passions, but also how to dispose their Supernumeraries or Mute Persons into such Groupes, as may render them agreeable, if not beautiful to the Audience. To this

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purpose likewise they are not a Company of Ragamuffins, Old, Young, Tall and Short, Awkward and Clumsey, and Ill-drest as with us; but all proper young handsome Fellows, about six Foot high, and well Drest, as well as perfect in Dancing and a graceful Motion, by which the whole Representation becomes Solemn and Touching. The Women are likewise taught History and Poetry, and perfectly instructed in the Action and Gesture, Figure and Motion, proper to every Character and Passion; both the Men and the Women are extreamly careful of observing the Decorum of the Representation, a Neglect in which is here unpardonable, and look'd upon as an insufferable Insolence offer'd to the Audience. With such Actors, and on such a Stage, I was infinitely pleas'd to see old *Milton* perform'd; the Chorus's were compos'd with wonderful Art, the Musical Notes being perfectly adapted to express the Words with the greatest Harmony; and they seem indeed to have retain'd that Genius for Musick of which we hear such Wonders in the Authors of Antiquity. I cannot say, that *Samson Agonistes* was a Tragedy equal to many of their own, and yet thro' the Humanity of the People it was receiv'd with the highest Applause. This having pleas'd 'em so well, I was importun'd to give them some more of the Products of our Nation; but I, who perceiv'd their admirable Taste, would fain have been excus'd from a Task whence I expected so little Applause. However, having *Otway's Orphan*, and *Venice Preserv'd*, I translated them, but met not with that Satisfaction which I flatter'd myself they would give my Performance: But at the same
time

time that they acknowledg'd the Poet's Mastery in the Draught of the Passions, especially that of Pity, they assur'd me that his Breach of the Unity of Place had render'd their Stage incapable of representing them.

I thought it was in vain after this, to pretend to give them any thing of *Beaumont* and *Fletcher*, or even of *Shakespear* himself. However, I inform'd *Hermogenes*, one of the Society of Poets, of the Method follow'd by *Shakespear* in all his Plays; and to give him the greater Influence, I translated many of his *Topicks* into their Language, which pleas'd them infinitely; but I told him that this Poet was entirely ignorant of the Rules of the Drama, and therefore that all his Plays were but so many Pieces of History, which by consequence could have no *Moral*, and were of little Use or Importance.

Notwithstanding there are four Theatres in this City, there were no Comedies acted in any of them, upon which I gave them a Version of the *Alchymist* of *Ben Johnson*, expressing my Wonder at their Neglect of that Poem, which yet had its Rise as well as Tragedy in ancient Greece. 'Tis true, said *Hermogenes*, that Greece gave beginning to Comedy as well as Tragedy; but the former was never so much encourag'd by the wise State of *Old Athens*, as the latter. Comedy, indeed, was born in the Villages amongst the meanest sort of People, and always retain'd something of the Licentiousness and Rusticity of its Original, and was even in those Days look'd on, as a lower and less valuable Entertainment, as being more adapted to the Gusto of the Vulgar, whose Lives, Conversations and Adventures were the general Subject.

of that Poem. The old Comedy was but a sort of publick Lampoon, which was made use of to set the very Mob against some of the most eminent Citizens. There is an Example of this in the Fate of the Divine *Socrates*, the Cry against whom was first set on foot by *Aristophanes*, the most eminent of all the old Comick Poets, whose Licentiousness at last grew to that height, that the Government was fain to suppress the Chorus, in which the greatest part of the Abuse was generally contain'd. After this arose the new Comedy, in which the Names of the Dramatick Persons were not real, as in the former, but fictitious; and the Subject generally some Adventure of an old Covetous Father, his Son, and some Whore, with the Humours of *Davus*, *Chremes*, or some other impertinent Servant, who generally manag'd the old Gentleman for the Advantage of the Son and his Mistress: *Menander* was the great Master of this new Comedy, and he was followed among the *Romans* by *Terence*, who, like all other Copiers, fell very much short of his Original.

As for this Author of your Country, whose *Alchymist* you have given us, he seems much more excellent than either *Terence* or *Menander*; and yet with all his Excellence, I am very well assur'd he would not be receiv'd in this Country, for the following Reasons: First, because the *Ridicule*, which is essential to this Poem, is what we have the utmost Aversion to, since it is the Nature of that to divert us from thinking seriously of Things; and is, by consequence, a great Enemy to Reason and just Thinking. In the next Place, I thank Heaven we have none of

of those Vices and Follies among us, which require this sort of Remedy. Beyond the Mountains, indeed, where the irregular Appetites of Mankind prevail too much, Comedy may be of some use, and is therefore allow'd on; while Tragedy is neither desir'd by them, nor permitted to them: It is the finer Spirits only with which this Country is generally blest, that can raise their Souls to so sublime and rational a Pleasure as that of *Tragedy*, and which I am apt to believe we have in the most perfect State of any Nation in the World.

These Reasons were sufficient to satisfy me, that Comedy was a Province not to be attempted in this Place.

One Day *Hermogenes* ask'd me if I had no more Poems of that Author who had written the *Samson Agonistes*. I reply'd, that I had an excellent one call'd *Paradise Lost*, which was in great esteem in our Country, notwithstanding its general ill Taste of good Poetry: I run over the several Arguments of the Books to him extempore, which pleas'd him so well, that he got the King's Order for my applying myself wholly to translate it into their Tongue, and which I had but just finish'd before I lost the Happiness of those fortunate Regions, by an Accident which I shall tell you before I close this Account.

Before I dismiss this Point of Poetry, I must tell you the Method of their accepting or rejecting any Dramatical Piece: The Players, as learned and judicious as they are, have no hand in the determining the Merit of any Tragedy, or whether it shall have the Benefit of a publick Representation or not; that is decided

by the Body of Criticks and Poets, who have their principal Residence in the College of the Muses; and that no Favour or Affection, or any Prejudice to the Author may influence them in their Judgment, no Author is to be known till after the Performance of his Piece, under this Penalty, that it shall not be acted if the Author be not kept entirely secret; for tho' the Judges are Men of eminent Candor, as well as Learning and great Genius, yet to remove all possible Prejudice to Merit, this Caution is inviolably observ'd; and that the Judges may not be teas'd with Plays of little Value, every Author is oblig'd to send in first a Plan of his *Fable*, which if approv'd, publick Notice is given that he may send in the Tragedy itself: And then if the Performance, in the *Manners*, *Sentiment* and *Diction*, be any ways answerable to the Excellence of the *Fable*, the Play is acted without any more trouble to the Author, without any slavish Solicitation of either the Players or Parties. Whereas in *England* there is nothing less consider'd than the Merits of the Piece, if the Author can make an Interest with the Players, and some leading Men of the Town; that is generally enough to furnish him with the Success he desires, let his Piece be never so indifferent in itself.

The same Method is observ'd in *New Athens*, in regard of all other Poems; for the Author is never known till the Fate of what he has written is decided; by which means the Thing, and not the Name, prevails in the publick Applause.

I have mention'd the College of the Muses: It is a large and noble Pile of Building, and its
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Apartments extreamly pleasant and convenient; every Member has, at least, four Rooms, and a pretty little private Garden; for the College standing just by the Walls, the Members for larger Walks ascend the Ramparts, which I have told you are set with Rows of shady Trees. In the College there is a publick Hall, in which the Members are oblig'd to dine together, at least, twice a Week; where, after Dinner, which is generally about two a Clock, they spend two or three Hours in learned Discourse, held up by the Benefit of a Bottle of the finest Wine in the World. Besides the Hall, there is likewise a very pretty Chappel, where Prayers are perform'd every Morning and Evening. And thus much for the Poetical Part of *New Athens*.

There are, besides this College of the Muses, several others of a very magnificent Structure, especially that of the Nobles, where not only the Nobility of all this Country are educated, but all such of Quality who come from the other Parts to Study at *Athens*, the Number of which is very great.

Besides all the Colleges, which are too numerous for me to mention, there are in every Parish publick Schools, in which the Children of every Parishioner are oblig'd, till fifteen Years of Age, to be instructed in all manner of Literature, of which their Age is capable; nor are their Instructors such wretched ignorant Fellows, as teach in your Charity-Schools at *London*, but Men of Probity as well as Learning, who are capable of teaching their Pupils what they ought to learn, both in the Duties of Religion and that of the State; tho' in this

Country, indeed, they are very nearly related, since all the moral Doctrines of the New Testament are incorporated into the municipal Laws, which brings me to a short Consideration of the Religion of these People.

They are here all Christians, and may be truly so call'd, since, as I have observ'd, the Precepts of the Gospel are the Laws of the Land, and a Breach of them is punish'd by the Civil Magistrate: Thus, if a Man be found guilty of a Breach of the Precept of doing as you would be done by, he is certainly fin'd or imprison'd; or, upon a frequent Transgression that way, banish'd beyond the Mountains, which is look'd upon to be the greatest Punishment that can be inflicted upon them. The Scripture is in the vulgar Tongue, and read by every one; and yet there is no Dispute about Opinions in Faith, which is avoided chiefly by this Maxim; that no Word or Term be admitted that is not expressly found in the Gospel itself: Thus, tho' there are several who believe the Substance and Matter of the Trinity, yet the Word, as being the Invention of Man, is not suffer'd to be made use of, but every Man left to his own Judgment, to believe or not believe all manner of Speculations, which have or may be drawn from any Expressions in the New Testament; so that these great Grounds of Quarrel, Dissention and Animosity, which rage so much in other Parts of the Christian World, and turn the Gospel of Peace and Love into Confusion and Hatred, are here utterly unknown; for they believe that the principal Business of the Gospel is to regulate, improve, and perfect our Morals, to render us active in the Duties of Brotherly

Brotherly Love, and the Love of the supreme Being: And this, they say, is the Christian Religion; for they find, when our Saviour comes to Judgment, he does not condemn or reward any Man for his speculative Opinions, tho' never so pompous and magnificent towards himself; but for their not doing or doing the Duties of Charity to one another: And this is so fixt in them, that if any Quarrel happen between two Persons, which is very seldom, one does not reproach the other with being of High-Church or Low-Church, or any other Denomination sprung from the difference of Opinion; but they cry, you have not done as you would be done by, you have done that to another, which you would not have another do to you. And indeed, Oppression of the Poor, is a thing that cannot come into this Country; for all working People, of what Trade soever, have certain Prices and Payments fixt to their Labour, as is sufficient to maintain them, their Families and Dependants. And if a great Dealer employs any under Workman, and abate him of his Price, as with us; or if any Workman can prove that he was employ'd by the greatest Man in the City, he can recover his stated Price of him, notwithstanding any Agreement to the contrary.

Their Ecclesiastical Government is divided into Deacons, Elders and Bishops; for they will not allow of the Name of Priest, as being a Word not justified by Scripture, there being no such Order mention'd in the Gospel; the Deacons are a sort of Helpmeets to the Elders, of which there are three in every Parish Church, who officiate in saying of Prayers twice every

Day, and Preaching twice every *Sunday*; but it is observable, that they are never permitted to take any Text but out of the four Gospels, by which means all their Sermons run upon the active Duties of Christianity, or upon the Passion and Sufferings of *Jesus Christ*, which they express with that Force and Pathos, for they are excellent Orators, that few of the Audience come away without Tears. Their Pulpits are not like ours, just big enough to contain the Preacher, but more like the *Roman Rostra*, which were large enough to allow room to the Speaker to move some Steps, and give that Action to the Discourse which might make it more touching to the Audience. The Bishop, who is supreme in his own Diocese, exercises his Authority chiefly over his Deacons and Elders, and presides in a Court where all Accusations are brought against them, and they heard in their own Defence; but if cast for any Irregularity of Life, either Avarice, Pride, Revenge, want of Charity, or Drunkenness, they are depriv'd of their Places, and banish'd beyond the Mountains: But these Condemnations very seldom happen; for the Clergy are maintain'd in so handsome a manner, that there are no scandalous indigent Fellows admitted into their Number, for it is such as those, in other Countries, that generally bring that Reproach upon the Clergy, which is so frequently in the Mouths of most Men. If the Elders have any Children, they prove no Incumbrance to 'em, for as soon as they are of fit Age, they are taken from them and put into those Schools, which are settled for both Sexes; and when they grow up, they are provided for by the Publick. The Bishop is oblig'd

oblig'd to hospitable Living, in which he expends the greatest Part of his Revenue, his Children being likewise provided for by the Publick. When a Bishop dies, the King names four, that is, one out of every Quarter of the City; and the Elders meeting in the Cathedral, chuse one of them. As they chuse the Bishop, so each Parish chuses his Elder; by which means a Man of Merit always gets in; for there is no being chosen by a Number of People, but by being popular; nor any way of being popular but by eminent Parts, and an unblemish'd Life; at least, in a Place where the Majority of the Electors have a large Share of good Sense and Probity.

One Thing I had forgot, and that is, that tho' they have both Vocal and Instrumental Musick in their Churches, it is all great and solemn, and such as naturally raises the Soul to sublime and heavenly Thoughts, and never mingled with those light Airs, which are too frequent in some of our Cathedrals, and of which some of our greatest Masters of Musick have been so preposterously fond, as to force them upon the most terrible Words. Thus in King *Charles II's* Time, these Words were set to a Jig,

The Pangs of Death have encompassed me about.

Which made that pleasant *Monarch* say, that it was the first Time he had ever heard of Death's dancing a Jig. Of this kind also are our *Voluntaries*, as they call 'em, in which the Congregation are merrily entertain'd with the Volubility of the Fingers of the Organist; but how this can contribute any thing to Devotion I know not;

not ; but I'm sure there's no such thing in *New Athens*. I might say more of the Religion of this People ; but what I have said seems enough to show you their Happiness. However, I cannot omit one thing, which is the Punishment of Adultery ; but that is a Vice not so common there, as in most other Parts of the World ; and, perhaps, the Punishment very much lessens the Number of Offenders, for when it is discover'd, the Man is banish'd beyond the Mountains ; and the Woman has a sort of Composition rub'd over her Face, which immediately infects it with Tumours and Swellings to that degree, that the most beautiful Face is made the most ugly and forbidding, and she herself degraded from her Quality, tho' never so high, and sent into that Quarter of the Town where the Washer-Women are, and under them kept a Slave to hard Work as long as she lives.

It is observable, that there is not in this rich and popular City so much as one Coach ; but all, both Male and Female, are oblig'd to walk when they go out, except Women with Child, or such as are sick or lame, or very old, and these are carry'd in a sort of Chair, not very unlike our Sedans ; but they are not permitted to go where the People walk, but in a Passage peculiar for all things of Burthen, that are carry'd upon Mens Shoulders ; for thus the Streets are divided ; the middle part of the Street is pav'd with a Stone about four or five Inches over, and there on that pass all Carts and other Vehicles of Burthen, which are never permitted to be so heavy loaden as the Cars are in *London* ; for the People here are merciful to their Beasts, as well as one another. Of each side of this
Pave-

Pavement there rises another, about a Foot above the Surface of the Street, six Foot over, and of a broader Stone, and upon this Passage or Pavement, all the Chairs and Men of Burthen pass. Above this again, about a Foot and half, is another Pavement, which reaches to the Houses, and which is about twelve Foot broad, that is, in the High-Streets, but narrower in the narrower Streets, and upon this all Passengers on foot go. The Streets are every where kept perfectly clean, which is done by every House, being oblig'd in the Morning early to sweep before their Doors, whilst the Water comes from the Engines plac'd at the End of every Street, and washes away all the Filth into the Common-Shores, which Common-Shores are so large, that one of our Carts may go in it loaden with Hay, and to which, at High-Tide, the Water comes from the Canals, and so keeps them clean and sweet.

I believe you may, by what I have said, conclude that this is one of the happiest Cities in the World; for their Happiness is secured by the Safety of their Peace and Tranquility, as well as their Health, by these following Means; first, there are no Poor, that is, necessitous, wanting Persons, who are deficient in the necessary Subsistence of Life; for it is the Business of the Deacons of every Parish to visit all Families in it; and find out such as Misfortunes may render unhappy; and immediately, as soon as they are known, the free Contribution of the Brethren of that Parish puts an End to their Unhappiness. Another thing is, that there are no Lawyers here, no Attorneys, Pettifoggers, Solicitors, Bailiffs, and the like, who, in other Countries,

Countries, have a large hand in the Ruin of Families. Here the Elders of the Parish make up and compose all the lesser Disputes; and every one of the four Quarters of the City have two Orators, who plead pro and con the more difficult Causes before the King himself; but they have no Fees from their Client, but are paid by the Publick a certain stated Salary; so that they have no temptation to embarrass the People in litigious Suits, but are willing to make an end of them all with the utmost Expedition.

That which secures their Health, next to the happy Situation of the Place, is that they have no such thing as an Apothecary in all this Country, and not above a dozen Physicians, who are call'd Ghesfers, as knowing very well that the Art of Physick is purely conjectural, the Medicines are few and simple, contriv'd to help Nature, and not to put it upon a double Labour, by Multiplicity of Drugs, when Sicknefs renders it the least capable of combating with the Evils of the Distemper alone, contrary to the Custom of this Part of the World, where the Physician, to gratify the Apothecary, multiplies the nauseous and loathsome Draughts of Physick to the Patient; so that betwixt the Distemper and them, he perishes, to enrich the Apothecary and Doctor. Specificks, which are here thought ridiculous, are there in great esteem, as being confirm'd by an Historical Practice, and the Experience of many Ages; and this comes to pass by the Fewness of Distempers; for Intemperance, the Source of most of ours, is not known in this fortunate Climate.

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I should say something of the King, and several Prerogatives; but it will be sufficient to let you know that this wise People allow him all those Privileges which may render him capable of doing good to his People, without any that may enable him to be injurious to their Liberty and Happiness. Accordingly, there is no Prince in the World, who is attended with greater Pomp, Magnificence and Ceremony, than the King of *New Athens*, and the Territories thereunto belonging; he never is seen in publick, but with the highest Applause and Veneration of the People, who look upon him as the Instrument of God for their Good.

At his Inauguration, the two principal Members of the great Council tell him plainly, that tho' he be greater than any particular one in his Kingdom, yet that all united together are greater than he; that he ought always to remember that that illustrious Office, to which he was now exalted, was instituted for the Good and Happiness of the People he is to reign over, and not to gratify his private Passions and corrupt Inclinations, without regard to the Peace and Quiet of his Subjects; and much more to the same purpose, in which the Encouragement of Virtue, and *Arts and Sciences*, and all manner of useful Knowledge, is recommended with great Efficacy; for these People are of Opinion, that a general Knowledge among the People is the best Security of a general Happiness; and that Ignorance is a dangerous Inlet to Novelty, Commotions, and all other Disturbances whatever.

But tho' by this, and other Circumscriptions of the regal Power, they have arm'd themselves pretty

pretty well against those Encroachments by which the supreme executive Power has, in other Countries, overthrown Liberty, since it was impossible to have a Kingly Government, without confiding very great Trusts to the King; and that there are Men in all Courts who are apt to flatter the Prince, and industrious to find out Ways and Means to enable him to gratify their own private Aims of Avarice or Ambition, it is an establish'd Law, without any Exception, that every Person shall set his Name to the Advice which he gives; which keeps them in awe, and makes them extremely careful to give no Advice that can be injurious to the Publick, being sure, if they did, to meet with an exemplary Punishment, it being out of the King's Power to pardon the Offence.

By this means the Miscarriages of Government never fall upon the Crown, as in other Countries, but on the true Authors of them. And to avoid the Inconveniences that often arise by the long Continuance of any one Set of Men in the Administration of publick Affairs, the King's Council, and all Places of Trust and Profit were establish'd by Law to be annual, by which means all grounds of Parties and Faction were remov'd, since no tricking nor sinister Designs could be of any use to perpetuate their Authority: And thus, every Person, capable to serve the Publick, either in Military or Civil Affairs, had their Turns to make their Merit conspicuous. From hence it came to pass, that the State, instead of depending upon a few, had a perpetual Succession of able Heads to support it; and I'm of Opinion, that this annual

nual Succession of Magistrates gave so many illustrious Hero's to the Commonwealths of *Athens* and *Rome*; however, if we may believe the History of this Country, this Method has for one Thousand Years preserv'd the Happiness of *New Athens*.

But I fear I have been so tedious in the Account I have given you of this Place, tho' very short of what it deserves, that I ought to draw towards a Conclusion, without proceeding to a Description of the other Cities of this *New Attica*. However, I cannot make an end, without informing you how these old *Grecians* came into this Part of the World; and I shall give it you, as near as I can, in the Words of the Learned *Socrates*, a Member of the College of History of this City; for every part of Knowledge here has its peculiar College. This *Socrates* was in nothing inferiour to that Primitive Martyr of the Unity of the Godhead in *Old Athens*, and an equal Lover of Truth and Honesty; yet with this Advantage, that he was enlighten'd with the Doctrine of the Gospel.

One Morning as we were taking a Walk upon the Ramparts, I mov'd this Question to him, which he answer'd in as few Words as the Matter would bear. I shall not need (said he) to give you any Account of the Misfortunes which beset *Old Athens* till its final Destruction, at least, as far as I can tell, by the Inundations of barbarous Nations. Just before the second Approach of those People, a pannick Fear had seiz'd on all the Inhabitants of *Greece*, and the People of *Athens* and *Attica* had a very large share in it, being terrified by the extreme Cruelties and Devastations committed by the Barbarians
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in their former Irruption : In the midst of this Consternation, a Man of great Authority and Esteem with the People, and who had been a great Traveller, prevail'd with them to listen to his Advice. His Name was *Demophilus*; and his Advice was; that since they lay so expos'd to the Barbarians, as frequently to feel the Effects of it; and that the *Roman* Empire was ever too weak or too negligent to afford them Protection, they ought in common Prudence to take care of themselves : But since they had by Experience found, that they were unable to do this in the Country where they liv'd ; he proffer'd himself to be their Conductor to a more fortunate Climate, where they might be secure against all those Evils, with which they were there daily threaten'd. He confess'd, that *Greece* was a very pleasing Country in itself; that Nature had bestow'd upon it so many Blessings, that few Places in the World could equal it; but that all this Happiness vanish'd, if they would but consider that they had no manner of Security of enjoying those Blessings, but must expect either immediate Death upon the Place, or to be transported into insupportable Bondage, by a People that had no Notion of Christianity or Humanity. That it was not the Fertility and Pleasantness of any Soil, that made a Country dear to its Inhabitants, or indeed, that deserv'd the Name of our Country, which was only due to the Laws and Liberties which the People enjoy'd ; that those were of such a Nature, that they might transport them with 'em wherever they went. He concluded his Speech, with assuring them, that he was commission'd by Heaven itself to conduct such as would follow him to a

Place,

Place, where they might enjoy those Laws and Liberties without Fear or Danger: That, indeed, it would cost some Time, and a great deal of Labour and Fatigue to Travel to this happy Climate; but certainly, that no Pains or Labour could be thought too great to purchase Security and Happiness to themselves and Posterity.

This Speech, and the other Applications of himself and Friends, join'd with a fresh Rumour of the Approach of the Barbarians, made about one hundred thousand follow him in this Expedition; carrying with them all that was valuable and useful to them, either in their Journey or future Settlement.

It would be to no purpose to give you the Particulars of his Voyage, the many Difficulties he met with, or the Murmurings of his Followers, in a Journey of three Years Continuance, thro' strange Countries, vast Desarts and the like; having vanquish'd all which, and having pass'd a very large Tract of uninhabited Land, he at last brought his People to a large and deep River, to which he gave the Name of the River of *Hope*; and here they made their last Stand; *Demophilus* assuring them, that they had nothing to do towards the possessing that noble and beautiful Country he told them of, but to set all Hands to work, and cut down Trees, of which there were there a very great Plenty, to build Boats to carry them down that River. The first that were built, *Demophilus* desir'd might be dispatch'd with him and the rest of the Heads of his People, to go and bring them further Assistance. Accordingly they departed, with a Promise to return in a Week's Time; rowing with
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the Stream, they arriv'd in this Continent of *Attica*, and landed in a Harbour, which we now call *Bizantium*, then only a little Village, containing about twenty Houses.

The *Greeks* that came with *Demophilus*, were infinitely pleas'd with the Beauty of the Land; but much more so, when they found the Humanity of the Inhabitants. For this Country was inhabited by about one hundred and fifty thousand Men, Women and Children, before the Arrival of the *Greeks*, and may properly be call'd the Aborigines of the Place; for we have nothing in History that gives us the least Account of their coming hither from any other Part of the World. They were *not* Idolaters, but believ'd only in one God; they were Affable, Courteous and Docile; in short, they were very much pleas'd with this new Accession of People to their little State: Not to dwell upon Trifles, or every minute Circumstance, Care was taken to convey all the rest from the Desert to this Continent, to the infinite Satisfaction of the weary Travellers, to find this happy Retreat after all their Pains and Fatigue. In short, they soon made the old Inhabitants Christians; and by marrying and intermarrying among them, grew together into one People; and this was the Occasion of the Corrupting, if I may so call it, of the old *Greek* Language, into that which you now find us speak.

We easily prevail'd with our new Brethren, to chuse *Demophilus*, and *Aristus* the Head of the old Inhabitants, joint Kings of the united People, under whose Government all Things seem'd to prosper; wholesome Laws were made, and
Liberty

Liberty every way secur'd, Towns and Cities were founded, and Arts and Arms improv'd; but this City of *Athens* was not built till some Ages afterwards, when the Country was grown Populous, and wanted as it were a sort of Elbow Room; when *Theophilus*, one of the Successors of the two first Kings, whose Families had been united some time before, look'd upon this Spot of Ground, as a fit Place to build *New Athens* upon; the *Isthmus* and *Peninsula* seeming to be a proper Barrier or Bulwark against the Invasions of the Southern Barbarians, who then began to infest these Coasts. From small Beginnings this City is arriv'd at length to that Magnificence in which you find it; and in which, I believe, scarce any City in the World excels it, except the great City of *Romana*, the Capital of this Part of the Christian World: But to give you an Account of that, its Rise, Progress and History, requires more Time than is now upon our Hands; for now our Hours of Lecture are come, and we must each repair to the Performance of our Duty, leaving the Enquiries of Curiosity to those vacant Times, when we are not employ'd on more important Business. Having said this, we each return'd to our several Colleges; but I shall defer not only my Account of *Romana*, but of all the several Cities of *Attica*. I shall only conclude this Discourse, with a short Account of my unwilling Return to these Parts of the World.

After the Barbarians had receiv'd that great Defeat, which I mention'd before; they lay still for many Years, till the Terror of that Defeat, and the Memory of it were both vanish'd; and new Desire of Plunder, with their Native

Hardiness and unquiet Temper, put them again in Arms. I was at that Time in the City of *Romana* with my old Comrade, who was declar'd General in this Expedition against the Barbarians: At his Desire I attended him to the War; which was soon brought pretty near to a Conclusion, by the Force of our Artillery and small Fire-Arms, against which the Enemy could by no means think of standing; so that we having penetrated a great way into their Country, a Treaty was propos'd and agreed to, during which, I and some more ventur'd, out of Curiosity, to go up to the Top of a vast high Mountain, from whence we might discover to the Northward vast Seas, and great Tracts of Lands; but as we came down again, mistaking the Path which led to our Camp, we pursu'd one which brought us into that of the Enemy, where we were soon made Prisoners, notwithstanding the Treaty, for they have little regard to Faith or Honour. There happen'd to be among them one who had been a Prisoner in *New Athens*, and there had seen me frequently; his Knowledge of me, with the Mark in my Face, which I mention'd formerly, convinc'd the Chiefs that I was no Native of those Parts; but one of those from whom the Christians had learn'd those terrible Engines of War; and therefore they assur'd me I should not give myself any Fears of ill Treatment from them, since by letting them into the Knowledge of the same Advantages, I might hope for all the Honour and Respect their Country could pay me: Whatever I could say of this Breach of Faith was to no manner of Purpose, for we were all hur-

ried away far into their Country, without any Hopes of Deliverance. In short, I was detain'd there some Months, till I found an Opportunity of making my Escape from my Keepers, by the Help of a young Woman, who furnish'd me with the Habit of the Country, and with sufficient Disguises to pass from Place to Place, if I had known whither to direct my Flight; but wandering Northward as much as I could, I came at last to an Arm of the Sea, with my Female Companion, which forbid us going any further. We had not been long considering there, but we discover'd a small Ship making to the Shore, who manning their Boat, soon seiz'd us and carry'd us on Board. For my Part, I did not much care into whose Hands I fell, so that I could escape the Natives of that Country; but I was as pleas'd as I could be in that Circumstance, to find it a *French* Ship, who being driven into those Parts by stress of Weather, seiz'd us in hopes of knowing what Country it was, and what the Nature of its Inhabitants. I let them know that it was a most barbarous and inhospitable Coast; and that they could not do better than to make all the haste they could from it, begging them to take me with them, which they consented to do; and the Wind coming to the South-East, we sail'd North-West with a brisk Gale. But ill Fortune had not yet forsaken me; for after we had sail'd some Days prosperously enough, a new Storm arose, and toss'd us with such Violence, for two or three Days, that at last we despair'd of escaping; but the Storm passing over, the Master assur'd us that we were not very far from Land; and,

as he thought, from *Carolina*, whither he would make, because his Ship was very leaky, so that all we could do was to keep her above Water till we made the Shore, at least, so near that none of us perish'd when the Ship sunk. When we got ashore, I was very well pleas'd to find that it was *Carolina* indeed; for since I could find no way of returning to *New Athens*, I was at least pretty secure of finding a Passage to *Old England*, which I did in about two Months time, having buried my Southern Deliveress in *Carolina*.

Thus, Sir, I have given you a short Account of part of my Adventures, during my Absence from *England*. If this find your Acceptance, I don't know but that I may, some time or other, give you the rest; I shall only now add, that I am

Your faithful

humble Servant,

MAURICE WILLIAMS.





LETTER II.

ALBERONI: *or, A Vindication of that Cardinal.*

A POLITICAL PARADOX.

Multis Utile Bellum.

To Adam Jubbs Esq; at his House near
Coventry-street, Piccadilly.

DEAR SIR,

I Know you have always been averse to enter far into any Party, lest they should expect you to sacrifice the Freedom of your Sentiments to whatever they should think fit to do for their present Interest, in perpetuating their Power, without regard to the Publick Good; by which means we generally find you in the Number of the Grumblers; for I never knew in my Life, which has been for near threescore Years, any Party, when they got into Power, that did not give just Occasion, by a Conduct unequal to their Professions, of Discontent to all true Patriots. I except the present Ministry from this Reflection; for I have been too much out of the World since their Accession to Power, to know enough of their Transactions to form a certain Judgment of them; you who live in the Town, and frequent the politick Assemblies

blies of Coffee-Houses, Chocolate-Houses, and the other Resorts of the Talkative, know better what to determine, in this Particular, than I do. I think I have known you, since my Acquaintance with you, four or five times *Whig* and *Tory*, according as the Powers in being either pleas'd or disgusted you. How honest this Conduct may show you to be to the unbiass'd Considerer, I know not; but I'm sure that the cunning Part of the World will not think you very politick or prudent; for the cunning Men endeavour to turn the publick Divisions of the Nation to their own particular Advantage, some by violently espousing one Party, and some by as violently setting up for the other; and some fortunate Fellows by carrying Matters with so even a Hand, that they make an easy Transition from the falling Party to that which is rising: But these are Men, generally speaking, whose Aim is Riches, not Power; and who are in Posts of great Profit, tho' not of Dignity, in which they make themselves thought so necessary to the new Comers to Power, of either Party, as to continue them in their Posts. I could name several, who by this means have got good Estates by holding their Places in all Turns, as Men who were necessary for the Discharge of those Posts, by their long Continuance in them.

But in reality there is nothing in this, but the Fear and Ignorance of the Men in Power of both Parties; for there are always Men of Capacity and Ability enough, in each Party, to perform any Place in the Revenue, which is the Stage that affords most of the Parts that bring in considerable Profits, either to the Principals or
under

under Officers ; for, my Friend *Adam*, the Publick is the Dupe or Bubble, which every Side endeavours to get into their own Management, not for the Love they bear it, but for the Profit it affords them.

Tho' this happens to some few, after they are once got into Posts, yet scarce one these forty Years have made the first Step in Preferment, without appearing to be of some Party or other.

Multis Utile Bellum is a Maxim that was often preach'd to me by a Friend of mine, when he found that I was something of your Mind, and not fix'd firmly in any one of the Parties. These publick Divisions, said he, are a sort of Warfare, where each Side is drawn up in Battle-Array, to struggle for Riches and Preferment ; each one that comes into the Fight, on one Side or the other, has a Lot to get some of the Plunder, while he who never comes into the Field cannot hope for any Share of it.

This holds good, not only in the domestick Divisions of Nations, but in the Wars betwixt Kingdom and Kingdom ; for here likewise *Multis Utile Bellum* is certainly true ; for tho' few Nations, as political Governments, get much by War, unless they happen to make considerable Conquests ; yet Multitudes of the People of those Nations, which compose the Soldiery, or those who supply the Soldiery with Arms, Ammunition, Cloathing and Food, get Wealth to themselves and their Families : And War is likewise beneficial to some Nations, by disciplining their People, and using them to Arms, by which they are deliver'd from a destructive Sloth, and enabled

abled to defend their Country against any foreign Invader.

The *Spaniards* have, for many Years, that is, from the Time of *Philip II*, been very remiss in keeping their People up to Arms, which, join'd with their native Pride and Sloth, expos'd them either to the Insults of their Neighbours the *French*, or to depend upon foreign Alliances with those States, whose Security, indeed, depended on their Safety. What little help they ever gave to the Confederacies form'd in *Europe*, for their Defence, these last forty Years sufficiently show; which makes me wonder that Cardinal *Alberoni* has been so much ridicul'd and laugh'd at, as a mad and whimsical Undertaker; whereas he appears to me a Man of great Politics, and one who judges too nicely of Things, to have a favourable Judgment pass on his Actions by a vulgar Considerer: As he is an Enemy to my Country, I wish all his Designs against it may be confounded, that is, meet with the same Event they have hitherto done; yet it would not be just to rob him of his due Merit, tho' an Enemy. As a *Spaniard* he has acted both like a Patriot and a great Statesman; he has begun to rouse that Nation which has been so many Years unactive, and benumb'd with a sort of a general Lethargy and supine Neglect of Arms; he has, I say, rous'd them to martial Exploits, and sent them upon such Expeditions, and at such a Juncture of Affairs, as would give them Success enough to flush them to greater Attempts. Thus they carry'd *Sardinia*, and bid fair for the Kingdom of *Sicily*, from which they are not yet totally dislodg'd.

I can-

I cannot believe that *Alberoni* ever imagin'd that he should put his Master, the *Spanish* King, in a quiet and safe Possession of such Acquisitions as he should make on that Side ; but he by this has furnish'd him with a disciplin'd Army, us'd to Action, which in time may be of more use to him nearer Home. He had great Hopes from the Divisions in *France*, and the strong Parties there supported by the Jesuits against the Regent, in the Minority of a King, of not above six or seven Years of Age ; and the Interest of *Philip V*, and his Claim, notwithstanding his former Renunciation, to the Crown of *France* ; and in case he could bring the Gallick Male-contents to a Resolution of declaring for his Master, either as Regent or King of *France*, he would then have a disciplin'd Army of some Force, to support his numerous Friends among them. His Diligence and Application, both in the Naval and Land Preparations, cannot be sufficiently admir'd, that in so short a Time could furnish out so many Ships, and so many Men, in a Nation almost destitute of both, on his coming to the Administration. And this Application of his is lately made more wonderful, by the taking *Fort Passage*, where they burnt six Men of War already built, and Materials for twenty more, which were to be built with all Expedition ; and this only in one Port of *Spain*. How great the same Preparations are in other Parts of that Country I know not ; but can never believe that all their Naval Preparations were confin'd to *Fort Passage*, a Place so near to *France* ; and, by consequence, so liable to be taken by them. However, this is a plain
Proof

Proof that *Spain* is not so despicable, or incapable of making great Efforts, when actuated by a brisk and masterly Genius. But you will say, to what Purpose all this Bustle, Trouble and Expence, since he could not be so mad, as to imagine *Spain* capable of contending with all the rest of *Europe*, on this Occasion confederated against it, when it could scarce keep its Head above Water against *France* alone, tho' join'd with all the other Powers of *Europe*?

To this I reply, *First*, That he was very well acquainted with the Divisions in *France* and *England*; and that if he could bring them to bear, he effectually dissolv'd that Confederacy, whose Support and Cement were *France* and *England*. *Secondly*, That if both these Designs fail'd him, that his Master was secure of a Peace upon reasonable Terms; since it was not consistent with the Safety of *Europe*, that *Spain* should fall into the Hands of *France*, to hinder which, such long, such bloody, and such expensive Wars had been undertaken. And I do further suppose, that he does believe that *France* itself would never consent that *Spain* should again fall into the Hands of the House of *Austria*, especially, since if *Philip* were compell'd to quit *Spain*, he would be oblig'd to return into *France* as a Prince of the Blood; and by consequence, by Right, become Regent during the Minority of the King, as being the nearest of kin, which would likewise put an effectual End to his Renunciation, which was enter'd into in consideration of having the Crown of *Spain*; but by taking that from him, they put him in the State he was in before he accepted of it; and leave him

him an undoubted Right to succeed *Lewis XV*; in case he should die without Heirs lawfully begotten by his own Body.

Upon these Views, I fancy *Alberoni* is not so whimsical a Person as some may think him. How far I am in the right on't I know not, nor do I much care; I have only eas'd myself by putting down my Thoughts of this Matter; which, if they amuse but a quarter of an Hour of your Time, will be sufficient Satisfaction to

Your Friend

and Servant,

ANTHONY EASY.





LETTER III.

Against Delay.

Cras nimis sero est, vive hodie.

Principiis obsta: sero medicina paratur,

Cum mala per longas invaluere moras.

To Jonathan Tardy Esq; at Idle-Hall near
Canterbury, Kent.

Dilatory JONATHAN,

I Thought before this time I should have seen you in Town, to join with me in soliciting for your honest Nephew Jack, as well as to look after your own Affairs here, which suffer extremely by your Absence. I think it is now about six Weeks since you sent me word that you would be in Town in three or four Days at farthest; but I do not expect you now in six Weeks longer; nor indeed then, unless you will fairly give over what you have fought with so much Earnestness; Earnestness did I say? why if your Words were to be understood like other Peoples, I should think that Word proper enough for what you writ; but considering, that when a thing comes into your Head, that may afford you either Pleasure or Profit in your Opinion, you are presently all on fire for the Accomplishment of it; the first Day you are
eager,

eager, the second something warm, the third more cool, and so on, till you quite forget the first Heat with which you espous'd it; and by delaying the Chace generally lose the Quarry; however, it serves you to talk of over a Bottle of *October*, and to amuse your Friends with the wonderful Designs you are going upon, at which they generally laugh, till you are almost angry that they should doubt your Diligence and Application, tho' they know that the fairest Prospects could never get you yet, by all their Promises, from *Idle-Hall* to *London*. I have known you, I think, these Thirty Years, and I verily believe not one of those Years but furnish'd you with at least four or five new Designs or Projects, every one of them the most charming in its Turn, and to be pursu'd with the utmost Diligence, if I might have given any Credit to your Words; and yet all vanish'd like a Dream, and ended in your Words only; not that they were all really to be neglected by a wise Man, or the idle Tricks and Designs of cunning Projectors, but many of them might have been very useful to your Country and yourself; and neglected merely by your dilatory Temper, which makes you grow cool on the scent of the best Designs in a few Days. You put me in mind of an old Friend that is now dead, who was not easily remov'd from the Thing that was before him; when he was at the Tavern, tho' he lov'd his Bottle as well as any Man, yet by delaying to drink in his Turn, by telling some whimsical Story, he often lost his Glass, and so paid a double Club to every Reckoning. When twelve a-Clock came, and the Company put him in mind that it was time to go home, he
would

would say by and by, Here Drawer bring the other Bottle and to pay; and thus on till Day-light; from whence he got the Name of *Break-a-Day*; and he would curse the blessed Sun for intruding into the Room, and robbing him of his Company, by informing them that it was high time to go home: But he generally took care to avoid that Evil, by chusing a Room which was naturally dark, and artificially confirm'd so by close Shutters, by which he join'd two Nights in one, lengthen'd by excluding the intervening Day; and this merely to put off that that must come to pass, his going home, tho' he most commonly took care to save his Legs that Labour, by being carry'd home drunk.

But this, perhaps, may look as if it proceeded from his Love of the Bottle, and not his procrastinating Temper; but it is plain it was the latter; for when he was at home he was equally putting off his going abroad, tho' he promis'd his Friends, perhaps, every Night to go with them, and every Night put them off to the next, till his Desire of the Tavern grew too strong for his Laziness. And this was the constant Course of his Life, still putting off the Hour of his going abroad, and delaying that of his Return home.

Whoever is troubled with this Folly of Delay, will never make his Fortune in the World, since he will certainly lose every Opportunity of doing it, which seldom returns when once lost; nor, indeed, would it be to much purpose to return to Men of this Temper, who would be sure to lose it, let it come never so often.

*The lucky have whole Days, and those they use;
The unlucky have but Hours, and those they lose.*

And by that means make themselves unhappy. Your Case, indeed, is something different, you are possess'd of a plentiful Fortune, and therefore have no need of that Activity in the pursuit of Business, which Men of narrow Circumstances are oblig'd to. They should always bear in their Mind that wise Maxim of our Ancestors, *Never to defer that till to Morrow which you can do to Day.*

But tho' you are not oblig'd to this Activity which I mention, in regard of the Goods of Fortune, yet you have been a Man of Pleasure and a Lover. Delays are as dangerous in Love as in War or in Courts, which makes me believe that you were never very fortunate in your Intrigues with the Fair, for they are full as fickle as the blind Goddess; and if you miss the Opportunity, 'tis ten to one but there's an End of your Amour. For my Part, I always consider'd that I was not sure of to Morrow, and therefore I perpetually made use of the present Day; I consider'd that the Distempers of Fortune were like those of the Body, the longer you let them prevail without applying a Remedy, the more difficult was the Cure. But laying aside all these Speculations, I advise you to come away immediately to Town, for your Nephew's sake, for your own sake, and for the sake of

Your faithful Friend,

and humble Servant,

PHILIP FORELOCK.



LETTER IV.

The Fop.

Pastillos Rufillus olet, Gorgonius Hircum.

*To Mr. Plaindrefs, at his House in Watling-
street, London.*

Dear Friend,

I Have spent my Time very agreeably in the Country, till the beginning of last Week, when there came down two Monsters from London, of a much different kind, tho' they are perpetually together, *Rufillus* and *Gorgonius*. *Rufillus* is a perfect Sir Courtly; or, indeed, Sir Courtly would be look'd on as a very faint Copy of *Rufillus*, he is so exquisite a Fop. *Gorgonius*, on the other side, is the errantest Sloven, the most negligent of Dress, and fond of every thing that is not admir'd by *Rufillus*. This always stinks of Perfumes, that of his own gross and filthy Vapours,

His frousy Pores taint the ambient Air.

Rufillus says he always keeps him company to be a Foil to his Perfections, as a handsome young Whore generally goes Arm in Arm, in all the publick Places, with a Doudy
would

would almost frighten you. Thus, while *Rufillus* displays his Fopperies, and by stirring himself gives fresh Motion to his Perfumes, *Gorgonius* qualifies the uneasy Scents, by Eructations from above or below. And while *Rufillus* minces the *English* to give it a Fop's Nicety to the Ear, *Gorgonius* bursts out into Language as broad as a *Scotchman*, and as rude as a *Bully*. This is the wretched Variety under which I have been confin'd now almost a Week, and which will make me quit this charming Place, were I not assur'd we should be deliver'd from their Company in two Days.

Why the Devil does not your great Hive of *London* keep all her Monsters to herself, and not detach them abroad to disturb the Quiet of us Country Folks? There *Rufillus* might pass among the Ladies for a fine Gentleman, and *Gorgonius* among the Sots for an honest blunt Fellow; there *Rufillus* might spend all his Morning with his Taylor, Peruke-maker, Sempstres and Shoemaker, to say nothing of his Hosier and Valet de Chambre, his Bubble-boy and Perfumer, to equip himself by five or six a Clock in the Evening, to make a ridiculous Figure among the Men, and an agreeable one among the Ladies: They tell us that the Spice-Islands are smelt many Leagues at Sea before they come in view; and *Rufillus* sends his aking Odors almost a quarter of a Mile before him. *Gorgonius* seldom gets so early abroad; the Tavern Hour is generally his Levee; and 'tis very well it is so, else the noxious Smells that come from him would be very offensive to the Passengers in the Street, and frighten them with the Apprehension that some Plague was near, by the unwholsome Va-

pour that from him assaulted their Nostrils ; but passing only from his Lodgings to the Tavern, the good Liquor and the Tobacco fortify the Company's Stomach against him.

What strange Animals are these? *Rufillus* seems made only for the Benefit of his Taylor, and the other Trades that club to set him out a most accomplish'd Coxcomb ; he's more ignorant and more impertinent than the silliest of the silliest Sex ; but he has a good Estate left him by a rich Relation, which took him from *Furnival's-Inn* and the eighteen-penny Gallery, to place him in fine Lodgings in the *Pall-mall*, or in the Front-Box, or the Stage in the Theatres, where he sets himself as a Mark for the Ladies Eyes to admire, and the rest of the Audience to laugh at. But enough of this Coxcomb, we shall be rid of him in two or three Days ; and then I hope we shall have your good Company, which will soon banish the Thoughts of this Fatigue from

Your faithful Friend

and Servant,

WILLIAM NAIVE.





LETTER V.

That the Unfortunate have no Friends.

*Dñec eris felix multos numerabis amicos,
Nullus ad amissas venit amicus opes.*

*To Alexander Friendly Esq; at his House
near Maidston in Kent.*

SIR,

I Received your obliging Letter of the fifth Instant, by which you are pleas'd to invite me into the Country, with the Promise of a hearty Welcome, and so pleasant an Apartment, that I cannot miss of frequent Visits in it from the Muses, assuring me I shall enjoy it as long as I please. This is an Argument of that friendly Temper which is fix'd in your Nature, and discover'd by all your Actions; and gives me the Satisfaction of finding, that I have not yet lost all my Friends by my Misfortunes; but it happens so that the Indisposition of my Body deprives me of that Happiness which you generously offer me, being not able to go out of my Room.

But, my good Friend, how comes it to pass that you are not like the rest of my Friends, but continue your Kindness when they have all forsaken me at a Time when their Friendship was most necessary to me? As for the common Herd,

the general Acquaintance which one meets with in this World, I am not at all concern'd for their Loss ; but I confess I am not so indifferent for the Desertion of two Gentlemen, from whom I expected other Things, because of their excellent Sense ; I shall distinguish them here by the Names of *Hugo* and *Addo*, both Men of admirable Parts.

Hugo is a Gentleman of uncommon Qualifications ; he's a very good Poet, especially in the Lyrick way, he draws very finely, and is an excellent Judge in Painting. He is, besides, a considerable Proficient in the Art of Musick, he's a very good Critick, and a general Scholar ; but whilst Nature has been so bountiful to him, in such fine Qualities of Mind, she has been extremely penurious in her Favours to his Body ; not but that he is very agreeable in his Person, very amiable in his Countenance, which discovers all the Marks of good Sense and good Temper, but his Constitution is so weak that he seldom enjoys the Blessing of Health.

Immodicis brevis est Ætas & rara senectus.

Men of such Accomplishments seldom arrive at old Age ; and this, I believe, will be the Fate of my Friend *Hugo* ; I mean of *Hugo* who was once my Friend, and has forsaken me I know not why. All the Cause that I can guess at I shall tell you as soon as I have given you the Character of *Addo*.

Addo is a Gentleman who has equal Obligations to Fortune and Nature. Nature laid the Foundation of those considerable Benefits he afterwards receiv'd from Fortune, by giving him

him a Genius and Parts capable of recommending him to the Great. These he improv'd by Study at the University, and brought to Perfection by Travel and Conversation: Nature smil'd upon him at his Birth, and Fortune in every Step of his Life. It is very rare and uncommon for Nature and Fortune to go thus Hand in Hand, in the forming the Happiness of any one Person; and yet without this Union of Nature and Fortune, it is impossible for any one Person to mount the arduous Steps, which lead to Power and Wealth, with that Esteem which makes every one applaud the Success to which such a Person arrives. *Addo* has had this Happiness, to gain the several Posts he has pass'd thro', without the Envy of any one, and with the Approbation of all: As to the Qualities of his Mind they are very uncommon, for he has at once a Genius for Poetry and Business; he is a perfect Master of all the Classics, and at the same time of all those political Maxims, which are necessary to conduct him to the Aim of his Desires, thro' a sort of People, who have, in their own Natures, very little Knowledge of, and much less Regard to those Arts, and that Learning which makes *Addo* so considerable in the Eyes of the Polite. Tho' he has all the Genius of a great Poet, yet he has scarce any of the Vanity; he is so little fond of the Praises due to his Writings, that bestowing them upon others, he has rais'd Men of very despicable Parts to the Reputation of being Writers of the first Class. You know the Persons I mean, I shall not need therefore to name 'em. There is one Quality in *Addo* as an Author, which is as uncommon as admirable; and that is, a

wonderful Modesty and Diffidence in what he does, tho' he has such a Mastery in Learning of all sorts, as might justify a more dogmatick Proceedure : I know he has been accus'd, by a Person who has infinite Obligations to him, that he is extreamly averse to make use of his Interest for the Service of his Friend ; and that if a Word speaking in that Friend's Behalf would make him happy, he would not go over the Threshold to do it. But, dear Sir, this Character comes from a Man, who, thro' the whole Course of his Life, has been particularly remarkable for a heinous degree of that very Guilt of which he accuses *Addo*, and from which my particular Experience can vindicate him.

These being the Characters of *Hugo* and *Addo*, I shall now tell you my Conjecture of the Cause of the Loss of them. You know the Malice of my Fortune has oblig'd me sometimes to scribble, even for my Subsistence. In a Book I lately publish'd, I had a mind to give the World a Taste of the Violence of Love, in a few Letters from a fair deserted Lady to her royal Lover. To make the Characters the more considerable, I rais'd them to the first Rank of Fortune ; and gave the Hero certain royal Virtues, which should make him the more distinguish'd and considerable : But it seems, that in drawing so perfect a Hero, I hit upon Virtues which were remarkable in an illustrious Character of the present Age. But how was it possible to dress up my Hero in any extraordinary Virtues, without having some of those to be found in that illustrious Character that is full of every Excellence in Nature ? Yet this it is that has given Offence to these two worthy Gentlemen,

not, I hope, out of the Dictates of their own Sense and Judgment, but in Complaisance to the capricious Niceness of some great Men, who are willing to have their Zeal taken notice on, for stretching of it beyond the Bounds of Justice and Reason; for *Hugo* and *Addo* are both acquainted with my Devotion to that illustrious Character, and the Sufferings I have undergone, and still do undergo, for my Attachment to him, when many, that are now clamorous on this Account, were asham'd or afraid to appear in his Cause: This would be enough, one would think, to convince them that I could not be criminal in my Intentions; and therefore, that whatever Judgment might be made of the Writing, I do not deserve to suffer so grievous a Punishment as the loss of their Favour.

Besides, there is nothing in the Fact itself that will bare a Parallel. My *Heroine* is Young, Beautiful, passionately Fond, and yet Unfortunate; Qualities necessary to produce those passionate Letters which I propose to write: The Lady whom my Enemies would suppose to be meant, is neither Young, Passionate nor Unfortunate, and therefore could never be in my Thought when I drew the former.

But such is the Tyranny that rules all Men, who either have, or expect to have, any great Post, that they must reject even the most Innocent, if his Misfortune make him obnoxious to the Surmises of the Men in Power. This, in short, is my Fate with *Hugo* and *Addo*, unless there be at the Bottom another Cause, which I am very unwilling to lay at the Door of Men of their acknowledg'd good Qualities; and that is, that they grow weary of a Person, whose
Neces-

Necessities compel him too frequently to seek their Assistance, without any Prospect of that Interest of their Services, which the Cunning of this World lay out all their Favours in; Age, Sicknes, Lameness, and Blindness, are too forbidding to engage Men of so servile a Principle. But whatever be the Cause, unless that which I formerly mention'd, I am confident this is not so with *Addo* and *Hugo*; they are Men of too much Sense and Goodness to be guided by these mean Considerations; and tho' I'm extreamly troubl'd at the unhappy Event, I am still entirely ignorant of that which produc'd it: But I must do with this, as with all other Misfortunes I cannot help, endeavour to forget a Loss that I cannot retrieve. The only Comfort I have in this Juncture, is, to find that I am not indifferent to you, which hinders me from being entirely unhappy, since I can write myself

Your sincere Friend,

And Servant,

CARLO AMONTESOCIO.





LETTER VI.

Against Avarice.

*Quid non mortalia pectora cogis
Auri sacra fames? ———*

To the most Honourable ----- of -----

My LORD,

YOU do me too much Honour, in requiring my Advice on a Subject so publick and political as your Letter mentions. 'Tis true, I have been a sort of an Underling in publick Affairs, during a late Administration: But, my Lord, we mov'd by Principles so very different from those which now obtain, that my Advice, in this Particular, would be to no manner of purpose; yet I cannot lose this Opportunity of giving your Lordship some Advice, which more particularly regards yourself. I know that Noblemen, as well as Kings, are not fond of hearing Truth, especially when it attacks their Inclinations; and every Man has such a Reserve of Pride and Self-opinion, that he cannot easily bear to hear his Conduct censur'd, as if that brought his Understanding in question, or rather condemn'd his favourite Actions, with so evident a Justice, that his Understanding could not complain of the Verdict.

I am

I am sensible that your Lordship's Understanding is perfectly good, that your fine Taste in the politer Arts is very uncommon, which makes me the more willing to remove that Blemish, which alone does fully your Character; I mean, that *Auri sacra fames*, which is but too visibly the Canker that eats up your Reputation, tho' I look upon Avarice to be to the Mind what the Gout is to the Body, a Malady that the Physicians and the Philosophers have not yet been able to find out any Remedy for, at least, so far as to work a perfect Cure; yet there have been Medicines that have render'd the Fits more tolerable, and less frequent and lasting. This, I am sure, has been true in the Gout; and I think I have known some Instances where it has not been less so in Avarice; that is, I have known some Men, whose Minds have been sufficiently infected with this Distemper, struggle up, upon Occasion, to Actions truly generous; but whether this has been the Effect of some short Prevalence of a contrary Virtue, or the more to gratify that Vice by some future Prospect, which that short Deviation into Generosity drew more near, and gave them a better Opportunity of gratifying their darling Vice; let the Motive be which it will, it is certain, that the Action is always beneficial to the Reputation of him that does it; and therefore, tho' the Person may not deserve the Name of a generous Man, he will certainly merit that of a prudent Man. Avarice is like Envy, odious to all Mankind, and deny'd even by those who are the greatest Slaves to it; yet whilst they are asham'd to avow the Folly, that Shame is not strong enough to prevail with them to avoid it.

Avarice,

Avarice, tho' it proposes to those who are guilty of it their Advantage and Interest, yet in publick Characters there is nothing more injurious to them; for when such a Man is known to be avaricious, every one is upon his Guard against him; nor will any one apply to him, but such as his immediate Post obliges to it. If your Lordship be a Person who value your Reputation, and the Esteem of Mankind, you must avoid this Vice with your utmost Care; or, at least, disguise it so artfully as to hide the visible Tokens of it. I cannot but think that your Lordship has a Desire of being distinguish'd from the common bulk of Mankind; whence else those Titles of Dignity, with which the Crown has adorn'd you? But, my Lord, Titles are of very little Consequence to the Person who possesses them, and makes a very small Advance in the Esteem of the World, unless the Virtue and Perfections of that Person be as exalted as his Titles: But it would be a hard Matter to persuade the World, that a Person, by what Title soever dignify'd, can merit our Esteem when guilty of Avarice; for that Vice obliges its Slaves to such little and mean Attempts, as must render them contemptible; and wherever there is Contempt, it is impossible there should be Respect and Honour. Your Lordship is a Man of Reason, and therefore should be suppos'd to have some regard to that in the Conduct of your Life; but Reason is the greatest Enemy that can be to Avarice, that always proposes some Aim or End that brings, or contributes to, a real Happiness; but Avarice is not only accompanied with a perpetual Care and Pain, and inexpressible Fear and Solitude,

but

but never arrives at any End, but is always pursuing, with a fruitless Anxiety, what it is sure never to enjoy. I confess that Happiness consists in Opinion, and that its Object is not the same in all Men; but then you must allow me, that every Man who pursues a Happiness, pursues, at least, the Enjoyment of some particular Object, the Possession of which makes amends for all the Pains and Fatigues he has gone through to obtain it; but the avaricious Man seeks Riches, not to enjoy them, that is, not to make use of those Pleasures, and that Satisfaction, for which their Possession is only valuable; for a mere Heap of Gold and Silver is of no more consequence, than as much Lead or Iron. I do not forget the Answer made by a Miser, to one who told him, that he took all that Pains to rake his Riches together, only to enable his Son to squander them away. *Let him* (said he) *but I defy him to spend them with half the Pleasure that I got them.* But, my Lord, this was a false Boast of the wretched Miser; for it was plain, by his whole Life and Conversation, that he never knew what Pleasure was; and that the only Benefit he could reap by all his Gain, was only to give a transitory Ease to his Pain, a short Relief or flaking of his Thirst, which immediately returns upon him more violently, or a poor penurious Meal to the most voracious Appetite; and you might as well tell me, that the Man who feels a perpetual Hunger and Thirst enjoys Pleasure and Happiness, as that a Miser, who perpetually covets more, finds a Felicity in unsatisfy'd Desire. All our Passions, which are the Source of our Pleasure as well as our Pain, propose some End, some Object,

Object, which obtain'd, they rest from Pursuit,
 and possess it with Pleasure ; but Avarice is a
 sort of Fox-Chace for Life, where you are sure
 never to come at the Quarry-----But, my Lord,
 I begin to reflect that I am talking against the
 acute Pains of the Gout, to a Person labouring
 under the Violence of that Distemper ; all I can
 say will not lessen the Anguish ; and all my Re-
 flections are of little Consequence to that Gout
 of the Mind Avarice, which Heaven alone can
 cure, and a wise Man allay ; and your Lordship's
 Wisdom gives me hopes, that if you cannot
 work a perfect Cure on yourself, you will, at
 least, make the Evil tolerable by your prudent
 Conduct, and the intermixing such Acts of Ge-
 nerosity, as may conceal your Distemper from
 the Publick. However, I hope your Lordship
 will be so candid as to believe, that all I have
 said in this Letter has been the Effect of my
 Desires to serve you, and to prove that I am,

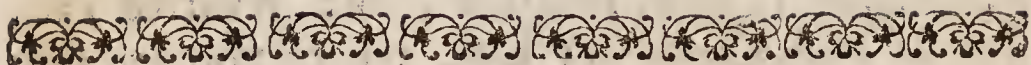
My Lord,

Your Lordship's

most humble Servant,

J. MILTON.





L E T T E R VII.

The reciting Poetaster.

*Ibam forte via sacra, sicut meus est mos,
Nescio quid meditans nugarum & totus in illis:
Accurrit quidam notus mihi nomine tantum, &c.*

*To Spondee Dactyl Esq; at his Chambers
in the Inner Temple, London.*

Dear Cousin,

I AM glad to hear by your last, that you are in perfect Health, and follow your Studies with the utmost Application; that is the way, indeed, to arrive at Power and Wealth; for the Study of the Law is the most beneficial of any that employ the Mind of Man; it stands upon a Bottom that can never fail, as long as Mankind are directed and set at work by that litigious Temper, which is not likely to cease in our Days. But give me leave to tell you, that you seem possess'd with another Inclination, which appears incompatible with your Study of the Law, I mean your Inclination to Poetry, for I have seen many of your Verses; and must, with the Freedom of a Friend and Kinsman, tell you, you had better stick to Cook upon *Littleton*, than throw away your Time on *Virgil* and *Horace*, and *Cowley* and *Spencer*, *Milton*, *Waller* and

and *Dryden*. You may be capable of making a very good Lawyer, and raising yourself and Family at the Bar, when you may possibly make but a scurvy Figure in the Province of Verse, from whence there is but little to be got to balance the Risk which you run of being thought a mere Poetaster; or which is next to it, a bare Versifier. I own your Numbers are smooth, and your Diction correct and forcible; but in all those Essays of yours, which I have seen, I can find little of Design or Fable, which distinguish'd the antient Poets from the mere Dabblers in Verse: I own you may please the injudicious Town by a Smoothness of Numbers, and a Pomp of Expression; but these are the

Versus inopes rerum nugæque canoræ.

There is another Folly, I am told, you are extremely guilty of, and which shows you to be far gone in this Distemper; and that is, your Fondness and Vanity of reciting your Verses in all Companies; and this, indeed, gives me some Doubts of your Genius, none having been eminent Reciters of their own Works, that ever writ things worthy reciting. *Virgil*, who had the most graceful way of reading his own Verses in the World, never read them in publick, but with the utmost Reluctance, tho' always certain of Applause when he did it; whereas *Fannius*, a Scribbler, despis'd by all the Men of Sense in that Time, was the most diligent Man in the World in forming of Assemblies to read his Performances to; and yet it was then a Custom for the Poets to recite what they had written in publick; but I believe that Custom was soon

worn out ; for we find *Petronius Arbiter* giving us an Account, that his Poet *Eumolpus* was pelted with Stones by the very Boys, to make him leave off reciting in publick. I have wish'd before now for the same Relief, against a reciting Poetaster of my Acquaintance.

Retteau was a Fellow bred to Business, tho' not without some little *Latin*, which he learn'd when he was a School-Boy. This, and reading Romances, and keeping Company with some of the under Poets of the Age, had possess'd him with the Spirit of Rhiming, so that it made him as great a Plague to others as Satisfaction to himself. If you call'd upon him at his Office, you would find on one side of his Desk, the *Waste-Book*, *Cash-Book*, *Journal*, *Leidger*, &c. and on the other a Song to *Phillis*, *Damon's* Complaint, and many more of that kind ; and let the Business require never so much Expedition, if any one came in who would hear him, it was all laid aside till he had recited the Verses he had by him ; and you were never secure by any Place or Company from his repeating Humour ; the Streets and the very Churches were not Defence enough against it. Coming down *Cheapside* one Sunday, just as Church was done, and the Streets crouded with People, I met *Retteau* ; and thinking myself pretty secure, both by the Place and the Time, I bid him good-morrow, which was enough to give him a handle for his plaguing me for at least half an Hour with his Verses, whip his Hand was in his Pocket, and out comes the Letter-Case, replenish'd with a Cargo of Crambos. Oh, *I am glad*, said he, *I have met you*, *I have a Curiosity or two to show you*, *which yet have bless'd the Eyes of very few ; the Pro-*
duct,

duct, I can assure you, of the top *Genius's* of the Age: By which he hop'd to engage my Attention; but if I happen'd to praise them, he took care, before we parted, to let me know they were his own. With much ado I got rid of him for this time; and when next I met him it was at a Musick-Meeting, where, as soon as the Performance was over, he started from me, much to my Satisfaction, to find that the Plague was design'd for others and not myself; for *Retteau* being, among other useful Qualities, endow'd with an incomparable Assurance, seiz'd upon some of the first Quality, and lugs out his Poetry upon them, not that he had the Honour of being known to them, but the good Luck to know them. The Persons of Quality were pleas'd with his odd Impertinence, and diverted themselves with his fantastick Behaviour; and tho' they plainly laugh'd at all he said and show'd them, yet *Retteau* imagin'd that he had obtain'd his End, by making them laugh, tho' on the most serious Subject, went off in Triumph, and overtook me in Transport, for I had left the Place before him, for fear of being taken by those noble Persons for a Fool of the same Magnitude.

Tho' all those Gentlemen who love to read their own Verses, are not equally troublesome and impertinent, yet they all are capable of making a Man very uneasy in Company, since they read not to submit their Poem to you for Correction, but to bribe your Applause, by the Deference they seem to pay to you in admitting you to the hearing of it: Some of them have so good a Memory, that while you think they are reading they are only repeating, and employ their Eyes

to watch your Countenance, thence to gather your Approbation or Dislike, with a greater Certainty than from your Words: So that all the while one of these Poets reads, you must set a strict Guard upon your Looks, or you will be sure to disoblige him in spite of all you can say in his Favour.

I would not have you think, by what I have said, that I am against your showing your Verses to a Friend; on the contrary, I would never have you part with any, till you have had the Opinion and Correction of the most judicious of your Acquaintance; but then leave the Perusal of them to themselves in their own Closets, when they may weigh them with Sedateness, for few or none can make right Judgment of things of this Nature, by a bare Recital; for the Reciter either gives them a Grace in the Repetition, which they have not in themselves; or else, on the other side, they make so bad and awkward a Recital, that the Verses suffer, and seem worse than really they are.

These are some of the ridiculous Circumstances which the Affectation of writing often exposes a young Man to. *Ben Johnson* very well observes, that he had known many a Man make his Fortune by using Poetry as a Mistress, but never any one who took it for better and for worse, and made it his Wife. I am not therefore against your writing now and then a Copy of Verses; because, let their Merit be what they will among the Judicious, they may happen to recommend you to some Man of Power, who would be thought a Patron of that Art, tho' a fine Taste and a good Judgment in it is scarce to be found in Men of that high Station,
and

and therefore we see they generally direct their Favours by the Applause of the Town, than which there is nothing more false and uncertain, as the learned and judicious *Ben Johnson* long ago observ'd, when he tells us that the applauded Poetry of the Age was in reality so despicably bad, that a Man would not wrap up a wholesome Drug in it. Write therefore Poetry seldom, recite it never, give your whole Mind to the Study of the Law; and by that you may raise yourself without cringing to any great Man of them all. This is the hearty, sincere, and friendly Advice of

Your loving Kinsman,

WILLIAM WILEY.





THE
LOVES
OF
DON ALONSO
Duke of *LERMA*,
AND
Donna Olympia Dibianchi.

Amata Relinquere pernix.



IN the Time of *Philip III* of *Spain*,
Don Alonzo Duke of *Lerma* was sent
Ambassador to *Rome*. He was very
young for that Post, having yet not
seen his 30th Year; but the Great-
ness of his Quality and the Brightness of his
Parts,

Parts, join'd with the Favour of his King, easily supply'd that Defect. He was in his Person very graceful, in his Countenance there shone a lovely Manliness, his Eyes were quick and piercing, his Stature tall, and his Inclinations amorous; all which together made him very successful with the Fair Sex.

Donna Olympia was about eighteen Years of Age, very beautiful, and married to an old Husband; yet behav'd herself with that Conduct and Virtue, till she saw *Don Alonzo*, that she gave entire Satisfaction to her Husband, and secur'd herself against all the Censures of the Malicious. The only Places where the Women have any tolerable liberty in these Countries are the Churches, which makes them more frequented by the Ladies than otherwise they would be, being the Scenes where the beginning of most of their Amours are acted. There happen'd about this Time to be a great Solemnity perform'd at the Church of *Santa Maria Maggiore*, to which a plenary Indulgence had invited a great Concourse of People, among whom was *Don Alonzo* and *Donna Olympia*: The Spaniard came not so much out of Devotion to the Holy Virgin, as out of hopes of finding some new Adventure with some fair Votary of hers. *Donna Olympia*, indeed, if we may judge by her past Actions, came not with any Earthly Intentions, but was drawn thither by the cogent Superstition of the Day and of the Place. As she pass'd by *Don Alonzo*, he was extreamly taken with the fine Mien and Shape of her Person, but her Face was hid with her Veil: However, he order'd one of his Attendants to watch her Home when she went out, and that the more eagerly, because as she pass'd

by his Stand, she took care artfully to throw aside her Veil so far, as to give him a Sample of the Beauties conceal'd by it ; for when she came in, the Charms of *Don Alonzo* had so fir'd her Breast, that she hop'd by this Discovery to engage his Pursuit.

The Messenger *Don Alonzo* sent to follow her Home, brought him Word, that she was the Wife of one *Signior Dibianchi* a Rich and Miserly Roman Banker, and that her Name was *Donna Olympia*; adding, that he thought she was one of the most beautiful Women that ever he beheld in his Life, which he discover'd by an Accident as she past along ; for the Wind being pretty strong, at the sudden turning of a Street, blew her Veil quite off from her Face. This new Description of the Beauty of *Olympia* by his Servant added to the Eagerness of the Duke, to begin an Amour from which he promis'd himself so much Pleasure. He was not negligent of improving every Moment to the advantage of his Passion ; he therefore, upon enquiry of his Agents, found that the Family was entirely govern'd by an old ill-natur'd, covetous *Governante*, to whose Conduct the old Gentleman entirely confided the Guardianship of his Spouse's Honour ; so that *Don Alonzo* believ'd, that if he could gain the *Governante* to his Interest, he should not miss that Success which he desir'd in his Amour ; and the only way to do this, he knew, was to gratify her predominant Passion of Avarice ; and this was manag'd by his Agent with that Address, that what by some ready Gold, and Promises of Mountains upon the Success, he entirely gain'd the *Governante* into his Master's Interest ; with a Promise to deliver a Letter to her,

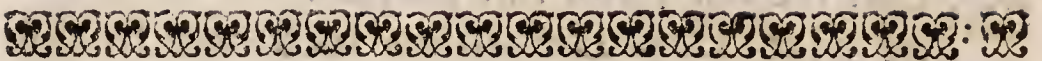
her, and plead so heartily for *Don Alonzo* with her, that she could not but prevail.

The next Day *Don Alonzo* took care to ride out of *Rome*, attended by a noble Train of Servants; he took *Dibianchi's* House in his Way both coming and going. The *Governante* being inform'd of his Design of passing that Way, took care to place *Olympia* in one of the Windows, where she might see and be seen. *Don Alonzo* made one of the most graceful Figures on Horseback in the World; and *Olympia*, if she was smitten before, was now entirely enslav'd by this second View; nor was *Alonzo* less in Love with her, by having so full a Sight of her Face and Person.

The *Governante* took care to praise the *Spaniard* to a Degree above what any Mortal Man could deserve, and to try all the Ways that a cunning old Woman could contrive, to insinuate a Passion into the Breast of so tender and young a Creature. *Olympia* was secretly pleas'd, to find her an Advocate for her Lover, whom she before apprehended would prove the greatest Obstacle to their Happiness; but how agreeable soever this Discovery was to her, she took care to conceal her Satisfaction, and to put on an Air of Coldness or Indifference to all the *Governante* said to her on this Subject.

As soon as *Don Alonzo* came Home, all transported with what he had seen; he set himself down to his Scrutore, and wrote the following Letter.

L E T-



L E T T E R I.

Alonzo to the Charming Olympia.

THE Excess of your Beauties, which have so entirely vanquish'd the stubborn Heart of *Alonzo*, and made me of the coldest of Mankind, the warmest and most passionate Lover in the World, is the only thing which comforts me in my Distress; for surely she who excels all other Women in Beauty, must likewise transcend them in Compassion; for Nature would have given you these Charms, of which you are Mistress, to no manner of purpose, unless she also supply'd a Will to cure those Wounds they make; unless she taught you the Justice of rewarding a faithful Lover, why should she give you the Power of making one? That I am such a one you may easily believe, from consulting your own Charms in your Glass; they will tell you, that it is impossible to see them without the highest Love and Desire: But *Olympia's* Power over me began even before I was blest with a Sight of her Eyes; her very Person was sufficient to alarm my Heart, and breed that Disquiet, which has never left me since I first saw you pass by me in the Church: Yes, fair *Olympia*, your Empire o'er me began by rivaling Heaven itself, and turning all my Prayers to the blessed Virgin, and the Angels and Saints, into Wishes, directed all to the Earthly Angel before me.

me. But when I had a full View of your Perfections in my Cavalcade, I was entirely lost in a Passion, destin'd by my Stars, either for my excessive Happiness or Misery. Yes, bright *Olympia*, my Love is too strong to admit any middle State; Happiness or Misery is my Lot, and that dear tender Bosom must decide which is to be my Portion. I know, alas! too well, that you are another's; but I know at the same time, that it was not your Choice which made him Master of a Treasure, which he can neither know nor enjoy; for to know and enjoy such a Treasure as *Olympia* is, a Man must be Young, Generous and Brave, and have a good Portion of Sense: But *Dibianchi* is Old, Avaricious and Base, without Sense enough to season him from a Fool; sure these are Qualities that can never render him dear to *Olympia*. Your Relations made no scruple to sacrifice you to the Wealth of a Miser, and by that Means to cut you off from all the Pleasures that Youth and Gaiety require; and will you contribute to the Curse they impos'd on you, and not listen to a Lover, who is ready to venture every thing to enlarge you from so unworthy an Imprisonment, and bring you acquainted with those Raptures of Love, which you only can inspire and receive? this Justice requires of you, both as to you and me. If you hear not my Prayer, you make me the most miserable of Men; so miserable, that to bear it would be a Proof both of my want of Love and Resolution: No, *Olympia*, you may assure yourself, that without your Pity *Alonzo* is no more.

This

This Letter was sent to the *Governante*, and by her deliver'd to *Olympia*; who, tho' she desir'd to read it with the utmost Impatience, yet she suffer'd the *Governante* to press her with abundance of Earnestness, before she would consent to peruse it; and yet more Arguments to get her to return an Answer. At last she took Pen and Ink, and made this Reply.



LETTER II.

Olympia to Alonzo.

My LORD,

IT is with some Reluctance, and a great deal of Importunity from your Advocate, that I prevail with myself to make any Answer to your Letter. It is a sort of Crime in a Married Woman, to read any Letter from a Stranger; but I fear it is making myself a Partner in your Guilt, by taking so much Notice of a Declaration of Love, as to send any Answer at all to it, tho' it be a Denial. However, perhaps so much may be due to your Quality, as to let you know, that your criminal Suit is here to no manner of purpose; for tho' my Husband be Old, and perhaps not entirely free from those Defects you imagine in him; yet my Virtue, I hope, is sufficient to secure his Repose. You tell me I am Young
and

and Charming, and would you therefore endeavour to rob me of my principal Charm, Virtue? without the Guard of which, all those Beauties, which you are pleas'd to tell me I have, would be no more than the Charms of a Prostitute; a thing, which I am confident could never move a Man of so fine a Taste as *Don Alonzo*; and there is but little Hopes of your Constancy, when you would rob me of that very thing which is the chief Cause of your Love: Trouble me, therefore, with no more Letters on so hateful a Subject; not that I am angry at the Passion that a Man of *Alonzo's* Parts and Qualities tells me he has for me, for we all take Pleasure in being belov'd, at least, in thinking that we are so, even in an Age, when Mens Professions are not to be weigh'd by their Words. But if your Love be more than Words, prove it by your Silence; and not seek by my Unhappiness to ease your own Disquiet.

OLYMPIA.

Alonzo was very well pleas'd that he had obtain'd any Answer at all; for tho' she seem'd to reject his Passion, he perswaded himself that she could not have done more than she did on his first Address. He therefore wrote her this following Letter.

LET-



L E T T E R III.

Fair OLYMPIA,

YOUR Answer to my last gave me a great deal of Pleasure, as well as a great deal of Pain. A Letter coming from those dear charming Hands, could not but afford an infinite Satisfaction to a Man that loves like *Alonzo*. I gave it ten thousand Kisses, and plac'd it in my Bosom near my Heart, where it lay all the past Night, and enrich'd my Slumbers with such Dreams, such transporting Visions, whose Raptures can be equal'd with nothing but *Olympia* herself. But then, when the Morning Sun had made my Room light enough to return to the Perusal of your Letter, my past Joys found a severe Check from your Resentment of my past Conduct, and those Obstacles which you rais'd against my future Happiness, by making it incompatible with your own: No, fair *Olympia*, could I be satisfied, that my Love could be any ways injurious to your Felicity, I would sooner undergo ten thousand Deaths, than to attempt the Satisfaction of my Love any farther; but why must my Passion be so fatal to you? or how, indeed, can it be so? You say it is to rob you of your principal Beauty, your Virtue; but is it impossible that two can Love, and yet be innocent? and if that can be, what should make mine more criminal than any others? I
fear

fear you take Virtue in too rigorous a Sense; sure you might admit both my Letters and my Visits without any detriment to it. I only desire to tell you of my Love, to convince you that I am entirely your Slave, and therefore absolutely under your Command in all my Actions; so that you can never be unsafe in the Company of that Man, who only lives and moves just as you shall order it. If, after all, you persist in this unmerited Cruelty; I shall soon convince you by my Death, that none ever lov'd so well as

ALONZO.

His Agent took care, as soon as Opportunity offer'd, to deliver this Letter to the *Governante*, who had brought *Olympia* by this time to own that *Alonzo* was not indifferent to her; but she could not prevail with her to write him any more Letters, because she did not by any Means think it proper, to give a Confession of her Love under her own Hand; so that for the future all was manag'd by Messages, till *Olympia* gave her Consent that he should come and pay her a Visit, which by *Dibianchi's* Absence at *Frescati*, they had a lucky Opportunity of effecting. All People at *Rome* are like their Leaders, Mercenary, and will do any thing for Money; accordingly, *Alonzo's* Agent had brib'd a Carter, who generally brought Meal and Corn to *Dibianchi's* Granaries, to convey *Alonzo* in like a Miller; and from the Granaries, with some Difficulties and some Danger too, he mounted up into *Olympia's* Apartment, who was not a little pleas'd

pleas'd and diverted at the Sight. But she soon furnish'd him with a rich Night-Gown ; which he, having cast aside his Miller's Habit, clapt about him. Whether these young Lovers talk'd only of Platonick Love, and were as careful of their Virtue, when together, as when asunder, I shall not pretend to determine ; I shall only say this, that they found out several Ways and Means of Meeting together, as often as possibly they could, till the Time was now come, that *Alonzo* was preparing for his Departure for *Spain*, which gave *Donna Olympia* no small Concern for the approaching Loss of a Lover, who she valued more then her Honour or her Life. For she prest *Don Alonzo* very earnestly to take her with him ; but he, whose Passion was not quite so mad as hers, did all he could to perswade her against so wild a Resolution, but could not prevail ; but on solemn Promise, either to return again to *Rome*, or make such Provision for her Reception in *Spain*, as might render her Journey thither less dangerous than now it would be. But whether *Alonzo* ever intended any such thing or not, or whether he grew tir'd of an Amour which promis'd him nothing new ; or lastly, whether the new Grandeur and great Post, to which he arriv'd soon after his Return to *Spain*, banish'd all the lighter Thoughts of Love, I know not. But *Olympia's* Impatience being proportion'd to her Love, made her write him the following Letter into *Spain*.

L E T-



LETTER IV.

Donna Olympia to Don Alonzo Duke of Lernia.

IT is now three Months, *Alonzo*, since you left *Rome*, full of Vows and Protestations of eternal Constancy; and Oaths, that as I was entirely Mistress of your Heart, you would omit no Opportunity of Writing to me, and of preparing all Things ready for my Journey to your Arms. Oh! *Alonzo*, are all these Vows, all these Oaths already forgotten? do you remember no more the Pains and Agonies, in which you left the unhappy *Olympia*? you sure once did Love me, for it was impossible that Man could be so exquisite a Dissembler, to feign all that Love, which every Action and Word of yours seem'd full of. If there had been no real Passion in all you said and did, remember our last Parting; it seems present to me even now, the Tears gush afresh from my Eyes, and the Agonies of my Heart are too strong to suffer me to go on without a Pause——— When I fell on the Floor, and swoon'd so often away that you despair'd even of my Life then; yes, even then I was not without some Comfort, for when ever I lifted up my Eyes, I had the Pleasure to find the visible Symptoms of all my Agonies in dear *Alonzo's* Countenance, and which promis'd a sincere Partner in my Fate if I had then expir'd.

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Oh!

Oh! that I had, then had I not suffer'd more dismal Pangs in my Doubts of *Alonzo's* Constancy; then I had only felt the Pangs of Death, and scarce those, whilst I was breathing my Soul into *Alonzo's* Arms; but now I feel the Pangs of the Death of Love, which can never be known in their full Height by any one who Loves with less Ardour than *Olympia*. But is it possible that *Alonzo* can be false? is it possible that he should think no more of *Olympia*? forgive my Fears, I would not be unjust to *Alonzo*; perhaps he may have written to *Olympia*, tho' the dear Letter never came to my Hand. *Spain* is a great Way off, and a thousand Accidents might intercept the wish'd for Blessing without his Fault; and yet three Months are gone, and not one Word have I heard from him. Were he that true, that constant *Alonzo* I once thought him, he would let no Day pass without Writing something to me, nor any Hour slip by him, without thinking of me; and sure one of all those Letters might have come to my Hands; but none, none, not one, not a Line, not a Word, proves beyond Controversy, that my *Alonzo* is false or dead. Oh! that it were the latter; for such is the Extravagance of my Passion, that I had rather he were dead than false; Death should soon unite us, but Falshood separates us for ever. You will find by my Letter the Distraction of my Mind; if you have any Compassion left for me, whose Compassion for you has undone me, send me a Letter of your Truth; pretend at least to Constancy, and form some Excuse for your Silence and long Neglect of all your Vows and Oaths, that I may not curse my Credulity, in a Man without Faith

and

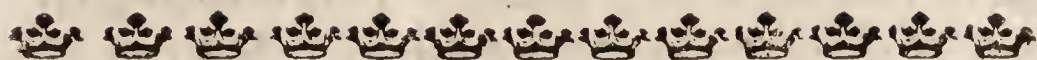
and Honour: Cruel Reflection, difficult Task, to think ill of the Man whom I once have lov'd. Remove my Doubts and confirm my Pain, by telling me that you Love no more; for even that terrible Certainty would be less tormenting than the State of Suspence; and it would be shorter, for it would immediately put an end to the Life of

OLYMPIA.

Olympia took care to have this Letter convey'd by a particular Friend, who was then going to *Madrid*, and promis'd to take care that it should certainly be deliver'd into the Duke's own Hands. In a few Days after, it was all the News of *Rome*, that the Duke of *Lerma* was in very great Favour and Power with the King his Master; which, added to his Silence, made *Olympia* conclude, that she was entirely banish'd from his Thoughts, which was confirm'd in about a Month's Time, by a Letter from the very Person who carried hers. Which inform'd her, that immediately upon his Arrival at *Madrid*, he had found Means to present the Letter to the Duke himself; but that all the Reply he had, was, Ah poor foolish Woman; which News threw *Olympia* into a Fever, in which she was in imminent danger of losing her Life. Her Husband, old *Dibianchi*, omitted no Charge in the best Physicians to procure her some Relief.

It is the Custom in *Rome* and all over *Italy*, that the elder Physician always takes some young Student in Physick with him to his Patients; and there, by showing him the real

Symptoms of Nature in every Distemper, reconciles the Practice and the Speculation, explaining the latter, which Books only teach by the former; which a just Observation of the Distemper can only instruct them in. The old Physician, whose Patient *Olympia* was, to this End brought constantly with him a young Student, who was every way Beautiful: His Hair was a delicate Yellow, and hung in Ringlets upon his Shoulders, the Down was but just come on his Chin, his Eyes were a sprightly Blue, his Stature inclining to Tall, his Shape fine, and his Mien agreeable. The Charms of this under Graduate were more effectual in the Cure of *Olympia*, than all the Prescriptions of the old Physician; she mended apace, but the ill Effect of that was, that the lovely Student came no more. Now she, in her turn, apply'd herself to the *Governante*, and beg'd her Assistance in the Satisfaction of a Passion much more violent than that she had entertain'd for the Duke of *Lerma*: The *Governante* had been too active in the former Amour, to think herself secure any other way, than by a perfect Compliance with all *Olympia's* Desires; by which Means you may be sure it was not long before they brought this Affair to its desir'd End. And *Olympia*, in the Arms of her new Lover, soon forgot the Infidelity of her old one; so easily can a Woman pass from the Violence of one Passion to that of another.



LETTER V.

A Defence of MAHOMET.

A PARADOX.

*Nil tam difficile, tamque occultum, quod non dicendo
fiat Probabile.*

Abdulla Mahumed Omar to Eben Mecca, *Health,*
the 15th of the Month Moharram, in the Year of
the Hegera 1094.

IT was a just Observation of the sage *Muly*
Ishmael ben Solomon, that the Prudent and
Wise read little and think much; for indeed as
there is no end of writing of Books, so that
Man who gives himself up to the reading all
that comes out, squanders away his Time in the
idle Amusement of other Men's Thoughts,
which would be much better employ'd in grow-
ing familiar with himself, and weighing his own
Reflections as he ought; or in taking care of
his Affairs; and I can't but think that our *Ara-*
bians have done wisely in not translating the
Books of other Nations into our Language, at
least, that what they have done in this kind, is
contain'd in a very small Compass. The Book
which you sent me by the faithful *Caleb*, against
our great Prophet, confirms me in this Opi-
nion; and I must needs tell thee, that you

might have better employ'd your Hours, than in translating it into *Arabick*. It is no new Matter to find a christian Author railing at the great Prophet, and heaping together a company of false and scandalous Reflections, to render him and his Religion odious to their own People. The Author you send me, indeed, seems much the most fair and candid Enemy that I have met with among them; he has, to my Hands, confuted the lying Narrations of most of those who before him have written on the Life of *Mahomet*; but yet there remains so much Rancour drest up in abundance of Falshood, that I can't help sending you a few cursory Reflections upon what he has advanc'd; for a full Answer to every Particular of his two Tracts would take up too much Time.

If ever you fall into Company with the Author, who you tell me is still alive, I would have you, as far as you dare venture in that Country, to urge to him what I shall here offer.

That Author is very much to be suspected of Falsehood, who lays his Foundation on such Facts, the Truth of which it was impossible for him ever to come at a certain Knowledge of; but when such an Author becomes very particular in the most minute Circumstances of Things not capable of being known, it is an evident Demonstration, that Truth is the least of his Care. The Author you send me is of this kind, and makes it his Business to pick up a company of Stories, equally foolish and scandalous, from the ignorant Enemies of the great *Mahomet*, whom he represents as a most sagacious and cunning Person, and not therefore likely to expose either his Design or his Defects to
such

such as could or would make use of them to prejudice that illustrious Character, which, as this Author contends, was his Aim to establish of himself in the World: Nay, this very Writer tells you, that he never so much as own'd the Cheat to *Cadigha* his Wife, whose Interest would have oblig'd her to Secrecy, but that by his frequent inculcating to her his Visions, she was, at last, convinc'd of their Reality. But how this Author came to know the private Conversation betwixt *Mahomet* and his Wife; and that his Slave *Zayd Ebn Hareth* embrac'd his Revelation merely to get his Liberty, would be worthy this Author's declaring to the World, lest at the same time that he is endeavouring to fix an Imposture upon *Mahomet*, he gives undeniable Proof of Forgery himself; or, at least, that he is a Retailer of Forgery; for this Information must either come from Friends or from Enemies; I mean this, not only of what I have mention'd, but of all that Stuff which he has heap'd together about the private Transactions of *Mahomet*, before he got that Power to which he afterwards arriv'd. This Information, I say, must come either from a Friend or Enemy; not from a Friend, for Friends never deliver Informations to the prejudice of a Friend; if from an Enemy, he would do well to show how an Enemy could be admitted into Secrets, which could not, in common Sense, be confided to any but the surest of Friends: Next, this Information must come either from a *Musselman* or a *Renegado* (for such a one he somewhere quotes) not from a *Musselman*, for the faithful Believer could never give information of things injurious to the Prophet, whom he believ'd deputed by

God; if from a *Renegado*, I do believe this Gentleman will not, in his own Case, think such a one a sufficient Evidence against the Faith which he professes; and if he will not allow the Evidence of one who has forsaken his Religion, and embrac'd *Mahometism*, we have no Reason to allow the Accounts of one, who has left us to embrace the Faith of the *Christians*; such Men generally endeavour to make themselves agreeable to those to whose Religion they are Converts, by blackning those whose Religion they have forsaken.

The same may be said of the Account this Author gives of *Mahomet's* making the *Alcoran*, by the help of *Bahira*, a Christian Monk, and *Abdollah Ebn Salem*, a Persian Jew; for tho' he quotes from the *Alcoran* itself, that *Mahomet* complains of his being accus'd by his Enemies at *Mecca*, that he had receiv'd Assistance in the forming the *Alcoran* from others; yet that is far from proving that those were the Men whom he mention'd, for it is not very likely that the Excellence of the *Arabick* Language should be derived from two Foreigners, a *Syrian* and a *Persian*: But he says this was well known at *Mecca*, which is an Affirmation without Proof; and, by consequence, sufficiently confuted by a Denial.

It is certain and obvious to every Man, that knows any thing of the World, that eminent Merit can never appear in the World, without raising Enemies; and therefore it was no Wonder that *Mahomet* had his Share of them in this City of his Nativity, *Prophets seldom meeting with Honour in their own Country*; and therefore, tho' I should grant that these things were the Tittle Tattle of the great City of *Mecca*; yet I can
see

see no great Advantage this Concession will be to this Author, since the Tittle Tattle of a Town is but a very fallacious Foundation for an Historian to build his Accounts on. There were found in *Jerusalem* (according to the Accounts which the Christians themselves give us) Miscreants who call'd even *Jesus* himself a Wine-Bibber, and said that he cast out Devils by the Power of *Belzebub* the Prince of Devils; yet sure this Author will not allow those Blasphemies against that holy One, to be sufficient Fact for an Enemy to insert as Truth, in any History he should think fit to write of the Life of that Prophet of the Christians. Thus I might go thro' most, if not all the Facts related by this Author; but I think this is sufficient to prove, that little Regard is to be had to whatever he delivers, since there's little Reason to suppose that he has taken more care of Truth in them, than in what I have made my Remarks upon; I shall therefore turn my Considerations to remove the Load laid upon *Mahomet* by this Author, as a Venter of an Imposture; that is, of delivering a new Religion prejudicial to Mankind, as the Revelation of God, which was yet his own Invention, to promote and gratify his Ambition and Lust; for this is the Sum of the Charge brought against him by this Author. Before I come close to this Point, I must beg the Author's Leave to endeavour to set him right in his Notions of some Particulars, in which he is certainly very erroneous or very ignorant; I mean, his Notion of his Ambition and his Lust: As for his mounting up to Power, by advancing of his Doctrine, that was absolutely necessary for the promoting of that Doctrine, and so was, justly speaking, the Means and not the

End

End of his Aim and Desire. Thus *Moses* could not effect the Deliverance of the Children of *Israel*, but by assuming the Power of their Leader and Head, the Maker and the Dispenser of their Laws; yet sure no Man ever yet upbraided him with Ambition, as the End and Design of his carrying the Children of *Israel* out of *Egypt*, since without that Power he could not fullfill that Mission upon which *God* had sent him. And thus it was in the Case of *Arabia*, which being divided into many Tribes, who had frequently War with each other, *Mahomet* had no way of uniting them into one Body, and of fixing his Religion among them, but by making himself their Head or Leader, which Necessity sufficiently clears him from the Imputation of Ambition.

As for his Lust, which this Author makes another Motive of his stirring and promoting his new Religion, I cannot see the least Ground in Reason for it; and all that the Author gives, is because he had one and twenty Wives; or, at least, fifteen. This Author is born in a cold Country, and because the Laws and Customs of that Place oblige the Husband to have but one Wife, he attributes the having more to a sinful Lust, tho' it has always been a Use in most of the hotter Countries, to have a Plurality of Wives; and Nature itself seems to have establisht this; for whereas there are more Males than Females born in a colder Climate, there are more Females than Males born in those Regions nearer the Sun, as is plain from this, that there is no want of Females, tho' every Man have more than one. Whatever this Gentleman may make a Sin, it is plain that *Poligamy* was
never

never thought one in the purer Ages of the World, even according to that Account which we find in the Bible of the Christians, for to that I all along refer, and not to the Alcoran, because I know the latter is of no Authority with my Adversary. *Jacob* had not only two Sisters to his Wives at the same time, but also went in to his Maid Servants, and begot Children upon them, without any Imputation of Lust. What does this good Author think of *David*? a Prophet confess'd, and a King according to God's own Heart; besides *Michal* and *Merab*, he had, before his coming to be King, *Abigail*, the very recent Widow of old *Nabal*; and after he was King, three hundred Wives and Concubines, without being upbraided and reproach'd with Lust; nor was he ever found fault with on account of Women, save only in the Business of *Uriah*, where both Lust and Murder met together. Nor did the Christian Dispensation put an End to the Lawfulness of *Poligamy*, or deliver any Laws or Precepts against it; nay, it may be deduc'd from the Christian Bible, that the primitive Christians had the same Custom, else this Injunction had been very superfluous, *Let a Bishop be the Husband but of one Wife*. But, in truth, the confining of Men to one Wife came from the Pagan Romans, whose Custom being to marry but one Woman at a time, and they having conquer'd so vast a Part of the then known World, fix'd their Laws and Customs among all the Nations which they subdued to their Empire.

Had this Author prov'd that *Mahomet* gratify'd his Lust by a promiscuous Copulation, that he did, upon all Occasions, indifferently go in
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to, and possess whatever Woman came in his Way, and allow'd the same in his Followers, he had done something towards making good his Charge of Lust against him; but to condemn him for a limited *Poligamy*, only because it was the Custom of a northerly People to have no more than one Wife, is a Proceeding as whimsical as unjust; and it is still more unjust to draw this Consequence from it, that his first and chief Aim and Design, in his great Undertaking, was to gratify that Lust; from which, and from the Charge of Ambition, having so evidently deliver'd him, I shall proceed to put his real Design in a just and fair Light.

Whether *Mahomet* were really a Prophet or not, I shall not in this Place examine; that will best appear by the great End of his Undertaking, and the wonderful Accomplishments thereof; for it will be a difficult Matter to conceive how a Man, from a private Station, in spite of all the Opposition he met with, should arrive at that great and indisputable Power of uniting a divided Nation, compos'd of distinct Governments, into one Body; and of overturning and extirpating that false idolatrous Religion, which prevail'd in all the East Parts, at his Appearance, without allowing that his Actions were conducted by a particular Indulgence and Care of Providence itself.

In the midst of that Darkness of Idolatry, which was spread all over his Country, *Mahomet* was the first, who, either by the extraordinary Strength of his Reason, or a particular Inspiration from Heaven, arriv'd at the Knowledge of one eternal God the Creator of all Things, and to whom only our Adoration was due; and it could

could not be without a great deal of Pain, that he saw his Countrymen all lost, in a Way that must be so displeasing to that God, who has every where, and in all times, declar'd himself a Hater of the Worshipers of Idols. What should he do to put an end to this Wickedness? Experience had shewn him that there was little Hope of a Remedy to this Evil from the Christians either of *Ethiopia*, or those few *Arabian* Christians, who were settled among them. The most that had ever been attempted by the *Ethiopians*, was now and then to assist the latter with their Armies, against their Pagan Neighbours; but no Endeavours had ever been us'd by either, to convert them from their Idolatry; and, indeed, their Lives and Conversations, and those Pagan Corruptions and Superstitions, which they had receiv'd into their Faith, together with the Divisions that reign'd among them, and render'd their Religion so uncertain, and often contradictory, made them the most unfit People in the World for such an Undertaking, and had drawn upon them the Contempt of the Idolaters; and where there is Contempt, there can never be an Influence strong enough to produce or bring about so great a Work. All Hopes therefore being cut off from their neighbouring Christians, *Mahomet* must either have given over his strong Desire of rescuing his beloved People and Countrymen, or be oblig'd to seek among the remoter Christians for Relief. During this time, he made it his Business to enquire seriously into the original Principles of the Christians; and was therefore instructed by *Bahira* in the Doctrines of *Jesus Christ*, which he always admir'd as most divine Speculations.

But

But when he came to consider, that for, at least, two or three hundred Years, those who call'd themselves Christians, had entirely forsaken those Doctrines, and mingled so much of Heathenism in their present Religion, that to have follow'd any of them, would have been only to change one Idolatry for another; he found that the original Book of the Christians, which they call the *New Testament*, consisted of the most exalted Morals in Nature, and several other Particulars, whence the succeeding Christians had deduc'd many Articles of Faith, which they had made more essential to believe, and of greater Consequence to be maintain'd, than the moral Institutions that were given them in the same Book for their Practice; and that in the End, these Credenda, or Articles of Faith, had engross'd the Minds of all the Christians, and so divided them into Parties and Factions, that each Side gave the contrary to the Devil. So that had he had an Inclination to have apply'd himself to the Christians, it would have been impossible for him to have known which Party to have chosen, with that Certainty, which seem'd necessary on such an Occasion; the only means he had left, was to make choice of the moral Doctrines of Jesus Christ; and recommend them to his People, in such a manner as might make them agreeable unto them. And this leads me to the Doctrines of *Mahomet*.

In the setting forth which, I shall make use of the Words of this very Author, which are these:

“ After he had gotten these nine Disciples,
 “ some of which were the Principal Men of the
 City, he began openly to publish his Impos-
 ture

" ture to the People of *Mecca*, in the 44th
 " Year of his Age; and publickly to declare
 " himself a *Prophet* sent by God, to reduce
 " them from the Error of *Paganism*, and to
 " teach them the true Religion. The first
 " Doctrine that he propagated among them,
 " was, That there was but *one God*, and that
 " he only is to be worship'd; and that *all Idols*
 " were to be taken away, and their Worship
 " utterly abolish'd; and that those that say
 " *God* hath Sons or Daughters, or that there
 " are any other *Gods* associated with him, are
 " impious, and ought to be abhor'd."

Before I come to this first Doctrine itself, I
 can't but take Notice of the Word *Imposture*;
 by which, I suppose, he means a Falshood or
 Forgery, which *Mahomet* advanc'd for Truth.
 But he very oddly gives this for an Instance of
 the Forgery, that the great *Prophet* establish'd
 for his first Principle the *Unity of the Godhead*.
 And does this Christian Declaimer against *Ma-*
hometism really think this Principle a Forgery?
 if so, he is rather an Advocate for *Polytheism*,
 and not for *Jesus Christ*, who preach'd, that
 there was but one *God* as well as *Mahomet*; so
 blind has his Zeal against us made him. But
 perhaps he may say, that the Word *Imposture*
 relates to his Pretensions of being a Prophet
 sent from *God* to abolish *Idolatry*; but whether
Mahomet was a Prophet, I shall not in this
 Place dispute; yet sure I am, that the abolish-
 ing *Idolatry*, and the setting up the Worship of
 the one true God, among a People lost in the
 first, and unknowing of the latter, was an Er-
 rand worthy of a Mission from Heaven. I am
 likewise sure, that *Mahomet* did establish the
 Wor-

Worship of one *God* amongst us, and so effectually abolish'd *Idolatry* in these Parts, that it has never risen again in any Shape amongst us for above one thousand Years ; whereas *Idolatry* so soon got footing again among the Christians, that the prevailing Part of them condemn'd the *Iconoclasts* as *Hereticks*, only for breaking or destroying the Idols that were crept into the Christian Churches.

Well, we have gain'd this Fundamental Point of all Religion, even by the Concession of an Enemy ; so that whatever Falsities are built upon this Foundation, our very Enemies do allow that the Foundation itself is an eternal Truth ; but the other Parts of the Doctrine of *Mahomet*, (excepting those Injunctions of extirpating *Idolatry*, where-ever his Religion prevail'd) consists of the Moral Duties that are to regulate our Actions towards one another ; and that these are recommended and enforc'd with a wonderful Warmth thro' the whole *Alcoran*, is what has been acknowledg'd by the greatest of our Enemies, tho' oftentimes wrapt up in Parables and Allegories, according to the Manners of our People, who delight in that Way of Speaking ; nor would have been touch'd with any other, as this Author might have known, if he had understood our Customs and Manners, as well as some of his Neighbours have done, in one of whom I find this Account.

As for the Arabians, if you enquire into their Books, you'll find nothing but unnatural Metaphors, Similitudes and Fictions. Their *Alcoran* is of this Kind ; and *Mahomet* declares that he made it so, that it might be understood with less difficulty, and leave a more lasting Impression. If this Author had known

known this, he would not have made such a Stir about *Mahomet's Journey to Heaven*, which is one of these Allegories here mention'd. *Alborack*, which signifies Lightning, is only *Thought*, which moves as swift as Lightning; and the Ladder of Light, by which he and *Gabriel* ascended up to Heaven, was *Contemplation*, by which we pass thro' all the Heavens up to the Throne of *God*; and the wonderful Cock, whose Crowing *God* took delight to hear, and which Man never heard or regarded, was the Prayers of the Just; and so on to all the rest, which have full as easy an Explication.

I know, that he urges that one *Persian* Author will have the whole *Alcoran* to be understood literally; but can see no Reason why he should deliver that Author's Opinion as a general Tenet of the *Mahometans*; or why he should deprive us of the Benefit of *Metaphor* and *Allegory*, to which both he and most of the Christian Authors are fain to have recourse, to solve many Things in their own System from that Absurdity, which else they would lie under: As in the Story of the Prophet, who brings in the God of Truth, consulting with his Spirits or Angels, who should go forth and be a lying Spirit in the Mouths of the Prophets of *Ahab*. And thus in the *New-Testament* they must plead the same Excuse, when *Christ* says, he is a *Door*, a *Way*, and a *Vine*, as well as when he says, that the Bread and the Wine are *his Body and Blood*, since from the rejecting the Metaphor in this last Case, has sprung up a most notorious Piece of Idolatry among the Christians, as is acknowledg'd by this very Author; so that it seems but an equitable Request, that we should

make use of the same Advantage of the Allegory and Metaphor to solve the Difficulties and seeming Absurdities, which otherwise our System might be charg'd with, none of which are either so great, or near so dangerous as that which establishes a Doctrine that teaches a Piece of Bread or Wafer to be chang'd by the Words of a Priest, tho' never so foolish, ignorant or wicked, into the God that made Heaven and Earth. This Author objects to *Mahomet*, that he pretended not to deliver any new Religion unto the *Arabians*, but only to revive that old one which God had revealed to *Abraham*, and *Abraham* deliver'd to *Ismael*, the Founder of their Nation ; and which had continued among them, till corrupted by the Wickedness of Men into that *Idolatry* which he was now come to abolish. This Author would imply, That this Assurance of *Mahomet* was a Falshood, and that he did deliver a new Religion, otherwise he would have been obliged to have cleared *Mahomet* of his Accusation of his being an *Impostor*, and only made him guilty of using some pious Frauds to establish a Religion beneficial to his People, as he has done with *Numa* and *Minos* in *Rome* and in *Crete*, whom he makes good and great Men, notwithstanding their false Pretensions to have received their Laws and religious Precepts from some heavenly Being ; since by those Pretensions they made their Laws and Precepts go down with their several People, so as to civilize them from that Barbarity with which each of them was infected. But tho' this Christian Author be so favourable to these Heathen Legislators, he will not allow *Mahomet* to be as meritorious, tho' the former establish'd *Idolatry* by their Laws, and

and the latter abolish'd it, and fix'd on its Ruins the Adoration of the one true and eternal *God*; Creator of Heaven and Earth; a Benefit greater to the *Arabians*, without all manner of doubt, than that which *Minos* and *Numa* could bestow on the *Cretans* and *Romans*, even in respect of this World, raising his Countrymen to a greater Empire in a few Years, than even *Rome* itself ever obtain'd, as this very Author confesses.

But this Gentleman's bare Assertion, without any Proof, will never be able to pass with Men of Reason. I would fain ask him what he calls Religion? Whether he confines that Word only to particular Modes and Ceremonies of Worship, or will extend it to the Worship itself, and those Duties which are dependant upon it? If he says the former, he will not only make the Religion of *Moses* new, as well as that of *Jesus Christ*, but even those several Divisions or Distinctions among the present Professors of Christianity, who differ in the Ceremonial Part of Religion very much from one another; and so may be call'd, according to him, each in its Turn, a new Religion; nay even the *Romish* Part of the Christians would be split into more than two Religions, since the Ceremonies that belong, even to the *Mass*, are different among the *Dominicans*, from what they are among the rest of the *Romish* Clergy. And thus, if the first Christians made use of any Ceremonies, they were, in Probability, those mentioned in the *Apostolical Constitutions*; and those we may allow to be so different from those instituted by *Moses*, as to deserve the Name of *New*: But if that only be a new Religion which differs from the former in the Object of Worship, and the Moral Duties impos'd by it,

then certainly neither that of *Moses*, nor that of *Jesus Christ*, nor that of *Mahomet*, were new Religions : That of *Moses* was no more than the Revival and enforcing by Laws that Religion, which *Adam*, *Noah*, *Abraham*, *Isaac*, *Jacob* and *Ismael* profess'd, which was to adore one only *God*, and him to love and obey with their whole Heart, and whole Soul, and to perform those Moral Duties, which the Necessity of Humane Society, and in that the Will of *God* impos'd upon Mankind. Thus *Jesus Christ*, if this Author will allow his Authority, tells us, that to love *God* above all things, and our Neighbour as ourselves, was the whole Law and the Prophets ; that is, that *Moses* and the *Prophets* taught the *Israelites* a Religion which entirely consisted in the Love and Adoration of one *Eternal God*, and an extensive Love of one another. And thus the Doctrine of *Jesus* himself was not new, but the same that *Moses* had taught before, with this only Difference, that our Moral Duties to our Neighbours were commanded with more Force than before ; and this admirable and divine Rule set down, by which the meanest and most ignorant Capacity might know with the utmost Certainty when he offended against these Moral Duties, and when not, as this Precept plainly shows ; *Do not thou that to another, which thou wouldst not have another do unto thee.* Idolatry, that formerly had been so common a Vice amongst the *Jews*, was, at the Appearance of *Jesus*, entirely abolished in *Judea* ; but that People were extremely corrupted in their Morals, and a criminal Self-Love having been long spread among both Priests and People, there was nothing to be found but *Avarice*, *Rapine*, *Injustice* and *Oppression* ; for plac-

cing their Righteousness in the rigid Observation of some Ceremonials and Circumstantial in Religion, they had entirely lost its real Substance. To restore this seems the whole Aim, Drift and Design of the Mission of *Christ*; for to that all his divine Doctrines plainly tend, which is sufficient to show, that the Christian Religion, in its Foundation, was only the Reviving of that of *Moses*.

The Business of *Mahomet* was not only to enforce the Moral Doctrines, but also to establish the Adoration of one *God*; for the People, among whom it was his Lot to be thrown, were gone vastly astray in both; it was therefore his Intent to revive the Religion of *Ismael* the Founder of his Nation, and which he had learn'd from his Father *Abraham*, which was the Adoration of one God, &c. And this is enough to prove, that *Mahomet* said nothing but Truth, when he told the *Arabians* that he did not preach to them a new Religion, but only that old one, which their Father *Ismael* profess'd many Ages before.

By what I have said, you will find, that I am not for recriminating upon the Author, or for following his Method in blackning his Law and its Founder; no, -I am really of Opinion, that not only *Mahomet*, but *Jesus Christ* and *Moses* also were sent from God for the Benefit of Mankind. It is pretty plain, that the Mission of *Moses* was to the *Israelites* alone, and so far from being intended for any other Nation, that the Law about Proselytes made it difficult for a Stranger to be admitted into the Congregation of the Sons of *Jacob*. And it is plain from the Christians own Book, that the Apostles had some

Doubts, whether any but the *Jews* were to be admitted into the Benefit of their new Dispensation; tho' upon a Consult it was determin'd, That the Gentiles should also have the Gospel preached unto them. What Progress it made during the first three hundred Years, I have no Occasion to enquire. The Christians have taken Care to publish large Accounts of that Particular, but how true they are, I know not, nor is it much to my Purpose; but from the Christian Authors themselves it is very evident, that as soon as the Christian Religion became establish'd at Court, and was the Prince's Religion, it retain'd very little of that Simplicity and Purity, which is so visible in the Gospels. *Pride, Ambition, Avarice, Feuds and Factions*, divided the Teachers of it, and immortal Wars were commenc'd by the Pens of the Writers of all Sides, that true Religion was soon forgot; and the Propagation of it remain'd chiefly in the Emperors, by excluding all from Places of Profit or Trust thro' their vast Dominions, but such as were Christians. Thus for two hundred Years longer their Confusions and Divisions increased, and will never be ended, till some other great Prophet appear among 'em, who may put an End to their Disputes, and unite all Parties.

In the mean time, that is, in the sixth Century of the Christians *Hegera, Mahomet* appear'd in our Part of the World, and settled his Religion, extirpating Idolatry out of great Part of *Asia, Africa and Europe*; in all which Parts the Worship of the one true God remains establish'd to this Day. And I am of Opinion, that there will other Prophets arise in other Parts of the World,

World, who shall destroy what remains of Idolatry upon the Face of the Earth.

Here I must observe one thing, as to our Author's Proof of his own Religion in its Foundation, which is, That he observes, that the Christian Religion began not in a private unknown Part of the World, like *Arabia*, where *Mahomet's* Doctrine first appear'd, but in *Judea*, a noted Country, and then a Province of the *Roman Empire*. This Argument is built on a childish Folly and Falsity. *First*, What can be more childishly ridiculous than this Distinction of his of *Judea* from the rest of the World? As if every Nation in the World were not as much known to its neighbouring Nations as *Judea* could be to these Nations about it. He is pleas'd to say in one Place of his Book, That the *Arabians* were a cunning and acute People ; tho', indeed, he at last makes them very stupid, and extremely credulous. But after all that this Gentleman has said, *Judea* was that unknown Corner of the then known World, as he would have *Arabia* to have been. The *Jews* were so much the Contempt of Mankind, that no body ever minded what they said, or what they did : And tho' we should grant that the *Romans* had a *Prator* in *Jerusalem*, yet that does not salve the Falsity of this Author, when he tells us, that it was a *Roman* Province, since it had at that very time a King of its own, *Herod* by Name ; but no *Roman* Province ever had a King at the same time it was a Province, as is plain from all the *Roman* History ; nor did the Residence of a *Roman* Magistrate in *Jerusalem* make the Affairs of that Nation any more notorious to the World, than hitherto they had been, else it had been

impossible that so many great and wonderful Miracles could be done in that manner, without being taken Notice of by any one Historian of that time, whether *Jew* or *Gentile*. I urge not this to bring into doubt the Miracles that are said to be done in that publick Manner, but to show that the *Jews* were so insignificant a People in the Eye both of the *Romans* and *Greeks*, that whatever Transactions might happen among them, they were not thought of Importance enough to be taken Notice of by any one else. This is evident from a *Roman* Author that is yet extant; I mean *Justin*, who gives a quite different Account of the Departure of the *Israelites* from *Egypt*, from that which we find in the *Hebrew History*; for *Justin* makes them to be expell'd and driven out of *Egypt* by the *Egyptians* themselves, because they were generally infected with the Leprosy, which they apprehended might spread to their own Countrymen, if they permitted that scabby Race to continue among them. For my part, I am far from giving Credit to the Scandal of *Justin*; I only urge it to show that the *Roman* Authors either did not know the true History of that Affair, or knowing it, condemn'd it; either Way it shows that *Judea* was not that conspicuous Country, which this Author contends it was.

To this weak Proof of his Cause, I shall add one fully as weak to prove the Badness of ours. He says, That the People of *Mecca* were prepar'd to receive any Imposture by their being fallen into a State of Atheism, or a total Renunciation of all Religion; but by what Sort of Ratiocination he makes this out, I cannot guess: For to us poor Mortals of the Torrid Zone, it appears

appears a flat Contradiction to common Sense ; and is as much as to say, That those who are most against us, are most for us ; that those who have no Faith at all, should be the most likely to be credulous ; and that those should believe the Rewards and Punishments hereafter, who did not believe any Hereafter at all ; that those should credit *Mahomet's* Assurance of his being sent by *God*, who did not so much as believe a *God*. I would fain have this Learned Gentleman inform us how many of the *Sadducees* there were among the Disciples of *Christ* ; or some other Way make out this difficult Paradox. One Argument more against us I shall take Notice of, and then conclude.

He brings it as an Objection against the Doctrine of the *Alcoran*, that, contrary to the Doctrine of the *Gospel of Christ*, it enjoins War, and the Destruction of our Enemies, for the Propagation of our Religion, and for that only. I might ask him indeed for what it might be done with greater Justice ? I suppose he does not contend, that all Manner of War betwixt Princes is unlawful, and against the *Gospel* ; if that be his Opinion, let him convince his Christians of it first, who are almost always at War with one another. But not to defer my Answer, till he has done that great Task, I shall try to vindicate *Mahomet* in this Particular.

What God has once commanded, can never be unjust at any time : Now 'tis plain, that God commanded the *Israelites* to extirpate the Nations of the Land of *Canaan* for their Idolatry, and work'd a very great Miracle in the Execution of this Command, when he made the Sun and Moon stand still to yield *Joshua* Light

to compleat that Slaughter of the *Canaanites*, which his victorious Arms had begun.

Was not *Saul* rejected from the Crown of *Israel* for his sparing *Agag*? Was Idolatry more hateful to God then, than it is now? Was it less odious to him in the time of *Mahomet*, than in the time of *Moses*, or of the Kings of *Israel*, whose Nation, with themselves, were destroy'd for this Offence alone?

I grant, that there is nothing of this in the *Gospel*, nor was there any Occasion for it, because Power was not committed to the Hearers of it; nothing but Prayers and Persuasions were their Weapons. Man was invited into the *Gospel*, but he refus'd the Invitation; and therefore *Mahomet* came with Power to force Men into his Religion, which seems to be foretold in the Parable of the Marriage-Feast, to which the invited Guests did not come; and therefore the Master of the Feast orders his Servants to go out, and force in the Passengers, the Blind and the Lame, till his Table was full. *Mahomet* was in this foretold, and was one of the Servants sent out to force in the Blind and the Lame; that is, the Idolaters, into the House of God, the heavenly Bridegroom.

But then he will say, This shows, that the Morals of the *Gospel* are much more pure and heavenly than those of the *Alcoran*. Suppose I should grant this, I cannot see what Advantage that would be to any of the present Christians; for what is it to the Purpose, that they have amongst them a Book containing the most admirable Precepts of Moral Actions, calculated to make even a Heaven here on Earth, if truly observ'd; and yet which are never reduced into Practice?

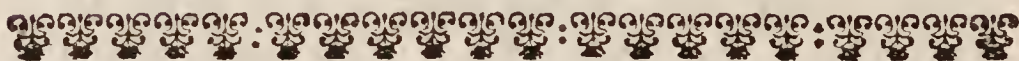
Practice? It must be said, either they cannot reduce them into Practice, or they will not; if they cannot, then they declare they are meer Speculations, and incapable of Practice, which indeed is accusing God of Injustice in prescribing such Laws to his People, that he knew their Nature was not capable of performing; but on the other hand, if they can, and will not, that is a plain rejecting of that *Gospel* that they own was sent to them by *God* himself. An Impiety that, I hope, no true *Musselman* will ever be guilty of. That the present Christians are not the Disciples of Christ, tho' they usurp his Name, is plain from the Mark that Christ gives of his Disciples; *By this shall all Men know that ye are my Disciples, if ye love one another.* Now, in all the twenty Years that I formerly spent among the Infidels in *Europe*, I never could find this Mark, even in any one of the Teachers of the Christians; *Pride, Ambition, Avarice, Revenge, Calumny, Detraction, Envy and Malice*, run thro' the whole Sect: They are all warm and hot about speculative Points in which they will never agree, but all remiss and cold in the Duties of Action, tho' they all agree in them. And here I take my Leave of this Author, notwithstanding there are many things remaining, which are very disputable, tho' he pronounces all certain and undoubted.

I have not quoted my Authors, because having them not by me, I am forc'd to depend upon my Memory; and yet I dare believe, that I am never out in their Sense; tho' I may perhaps have err'd sometimes in their Words. I long for your Return to the happy Climate of *Arabia*, where Nature smiles in her odoriferous Products, and
Heaven

Heaven is indulgent in the Continuance of his Truth among us. The *God of Abraham*, the *God of Ismael*, and the *God of Mahomet* conduct thee safe home.



T O
C E L I N D A.



I.

DO not, *Celinda*, fear my Flame,
Nor dread my guiltless Passion;
It is, I swear, as free from Blame,
As 'tis from Alteration.

II.

It does no solid Favours want
To feed the constant Flame;
Tho' not one Look, or Smile you grant,
It will be still the same.

III.

The Sun, you see, without Supply,
Is always bright and glowing,
Whilst Earth-born Fires consume and die,
Fresh Fuel none bestowing.

IV.

IV.

This just the Difference is betwixt
Me and a vulgar Lover,
Self-Interest with his Flames is mixt,
I yours alone endeavour.

V.

Think how your Guardian-Angel loves,
Whose hovering Wings protect you ;
Who by his gentle Care removes
All Ills that would afflict you.

VI.

Nightly defends your soft Repose,
Makes Cares and Dangers fly it ;
Your balmy Bosom guards from Woes,
That would disturb your Quiet.

VII.

Yet for this Care no equal Hire
He ever bids you give him,
All the kind Genius does require,
Is only to believe him.





A
B A L L A D
T O

Mrs. CATHARINE FLEMING

A T T H E

Lord DIGBY's in WARWICKSHIRE.

The Tune : *To all you Ladies now at Land.*

I.

TO Coles-Hill Seat of Noble Peer
My Verse I will convey ;
For what shou'd Wit or Verse do here
Now *Fleming* is away ?
Whilst *Scud'more* in the Country lies,
We've here no Use of Hearts or Eyes.
With a *fa, la, la, la, la, &c.*

II.

At *Comat* round an ample Board,
Our Gallants pass their Time ;
Content or not *Content's* the Word,
A Language most sublime !
But great Expence we save of Parts,
By Hearts and Clubs, and Clubs and Hearts.
With a *fa, la, la, la, la, &c.*

III.

III.

Our Theatre of useful Joys,
 (Through *Ben's* and *Shakespear's* Wit)
 Breeds now but one continu'd Noise
 Of Laugh from Box and Pit.
 Whilst in the Air light Tumblers fly
 O'er Man and Boy two Stories high.
 With a *fa, la, la, la, la, &c.*

IV.

The Masquerades by Show divert,
 But no more Humour know,
 No more engage the Head or Heart,
 Or more enliven'd grow,
 Than if from all the Signs in Town,
 Nuns, Turks and Saracens, came down.
 With a *fa, la, la, la, la, &c.*

V.

Leone's wafted o'er the Seas,
 Alas ! why went he hence ?
 Beneath whose Roof we met at Ease,
 And softly whisper'd Sense.
 But there's a Plot divulg'd from *Spain*,
 And *Cellamare's* a Fool in Grain.
 With a *fa, la, la, la, la, &c.*

VI.

That *English* Opera's are sung,
 Is owing to your Flight ;
 And that each Instrument's set wrong,
 Which us'd to give Delight.

Then

Then come and our low Genius raise,
Who fight for you in moving Keys.
With a *fa, la, la, la, la, &c.*

VII.

Our Officers (of old refin'd,
And courtly to the Fair,
In whom both Love and Spirit join'd
To form the double Snare)
Now only show what they'd be at,
By fierce Cockade and Bully-Hat.
With a *fa, la, la, la, la, &c.*

VIII.

Our Senators upon the Sacks,
As Party guides, debate ;
And if they one another vex,
No matter for the State ;
Whilst Peace or War is not the Doubt,
But who's in Place, or who's kept out.
With a *fa, la, la, la, la, &c.*

IX.

The Commons all their Work have done,
And now will soon be gone ;
To Shillings two they've added one,
Which lay their Land upon.
But whilst th'unwilling Grant they fix,
They growl out three, and drink out six.
With a *fa, la, la, la, la, &c.*

X. Your

X.

Your Antiquary still proceeds
 To spy through Ages past ;
 And if it too your Fancy feeds,
 To know what's found at last,
 We've eight-square Keys to *Saxon Locks*;
 And *Alfred's Apoplectick Box*.
 With a *fa, la, la, la, la, &c.*

XI.

In Street of *Arlington* I spend
 Each Week one pleasing Day ;
 And in the Evening with my Friend
 At serious *Ombre* play.
 But when I should be mindful, still
 I think of you, and lose *Codille*.
 With a *fa, la, la, la, la, &c.*

XII.

Thus whatsoe'er we do or say
 This Ballad does rehearse :
 How dull we are, how oddly gay,
 I've told you all in Verse ;
 Unless I to the Court shou'd come.
 But of the Court no more but *Mum*.
 With a *fa, la, la, la, la.*



THE
F A B L E
O F
AUMILLUS,

AND
The S T A T U E of V E N U S.

By T. KILLIGREW.

BY *Phidia's* Hand the *Cyprian* Queen was rais'd,
And in *Apollo's* sacred Temple prais'd;
Next to the Dame, for whom the Piece was done,
Divinely bright the *Parian* Statue shone :
The wondring Multitude around it throng,
And reverend Worship pay in pious Song.
Whilst thus the Crowd the beauteous Form ador'd,
Whose little Souls some trifling Boon implor'd,
Sublimer Thoughts *Aumillus's* Breast inspir'd,
He saw, then lov'd, and more than Heav'n desir'd,
The Gods wou'd breath into that Marble Frame
Celestial Warmth to meet his fiercer Flame.
Wild was his Wish, as vain were all his Prayers,
The Gods were deaf to Sighs, & Vows & Tears,
As are the Great to the Unhappy's Cares :

His

His Frenzy rag'd, as his fond Hope grew less, }
 I must, ye Powers, or die, or else possess! }
 And since, too cruel, ye've refus'd to bless,
 Almighty Love shall ease my dying Moan,
 And ardent Kisses animate the Stone.

This said, he wing'd with eager Passion flew, }
 And round her Neck his Arms impatient threw, }
 There kiss'd and press'd, and to the Image grew, }
 Till all intranc'd, he dreamt the Marble warm,
 Then bath'd it o'er with Love's luxurious Balm ;
 Nature exhausted by delusive Joy,

Sunk at her Feet was found the panting Boy.
 The envious Priests, who first the Scene disclos'd,
 Ten thousand Deaths in various Shapes propos'd,
 Till one more wise, not merciful, there was,
 Said, As his Crimes did e'en the Damn'd surpass,
 The unerring Oracle shou'd be explor'd
 To learn the Will of Heaven's offended Lord.

Approv'd his Counsel, and his Person chose,
 As their Ambassador with speed he goes ;
 And all the Charmer in his Looks he wears,
 Whilst to the Shrine he the black Deed declares:
 Then waits an Answer with sad down-cast Eyes ;
 When to him thus the *Delphian* God replies ;
 His Crimes severest Vengeance has deserv'd,
 And therefore 'tis his Life must be preserv'd,
 Doom'd for this Statue evermore to burn,
 To doat, and sue, and sigh, without Return,
 No Tortures equal he in Hell can prove.

This is the Sentence of All-knowing *Jove*.

If then, fair Maid, the Angry Pow'rs above
 Cou'd find no Thunder for presumptuous Love,
 By half so hot a Passion, fond and vain,
 Ah ! think, with Heaven, my Sin sufficient Pain.
 And since for Love, you say, I must not live,
 At least permit a Wretch to wish and grieve.



THE
GARDEN
OF
ADONIS:
OR,
LOVE to no Purpose.

Omnia Vincit Amor-----

LETTER I.

To the false Boaster.

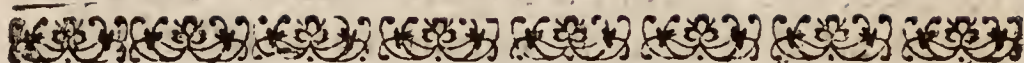
Ungenerous Youth,



BECAUSE you are deny'd my Arms,
you proudly would pretend you
never lov'd, and will own a Fals-
hood rather than the Force of my
Charms. The Address, on any
score, was highly criminal; but if 'twas bare
Pretence,

Pretence, the Affront's unpardonable. Had you still pleaded Love, it would have lessen'd my Resentments, for Love will force his Vassals on to do a thousand indiscreet indecent things, fills the Imagination with Desires and Hopes equally extravagant and vain; in these wild Transports Reason is condemn'd, as the impertinent Allayer of our Joys. Love's brighter Rays gild all the spacious Way, he places before the raptur'd Lover's Eyes soft Languishments, tender Amusements and exalted Pleasures; till dazled with the shining Scene, he sees not the Snare beneath, tho' Guilt and Shame lie ready to involve him; but soon as awaken'd from the fond glittering Dream by full Possession, or severe Despair, he sees the Folly of enthusiastick Dotage, thinks he's grown wise, and vows to love no more; nay, vainly would evade what once he glory'd in. Had Love, infatuating, irresistible Love, been urg'd in your Defence, when you was so justly repuls'd; I might have pardon'd so kind a Mistake, and laid the Blame on Fate; but since you say 'twas only Curiosity, know I can no more believe you than forgive you.



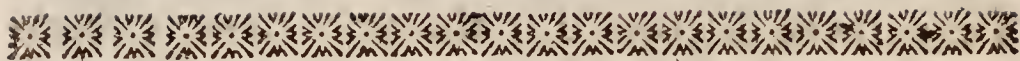


LETTER II.

To the same.

WH Y am I again forced to tell you, that I see those that would make a Virtue of Necessity, and have the Results of Despair pass for those of Prudence, have as little Success in the Attempt, as Truth in the Pretence? And to intimate your Passion was not real, argues your Manners in the Retreat, as little as your Modesty in the Address; and is the only Way you could have took to make yourself eternally odious. But the Evasion has no Force with me: Too well I'm skill'd in Love to be deceived, too conscious of my own Charms to think they wanted Force to conquer your easy Breast. Yes, yes, you loved, and would at first, in vain, have hid your Weakness; but watchful I spy'd the new Dawn of infant Passion glow on your Cheeks, and sparkle in your Eyes: I saw you struggling with the growing Flame, as if your better Genius urged you to suppress it, telling you 'twas guilty Madness, and unpitied Ruin: But maugre all the threatening Dangers, you would still love on, doated on my Shape, my Mien, my Voice, while every thing I said and did, gave you unequall'd Pleasure. In your kind faithful Eyes I read the silent Secrets of your Soul; whene'er *Philander* kiss'd or press'd my Hand, your very Looks pronounced you thought him bless'd, and wish'd yourself the dear accepted Man. The Business
of

of your Life was to oblige me, and make your self beloved ; and every Art you used to veil your Tenderneſs, diſcover'd it the more to my diſcerning Eyes ; for ſtifled Sighs, too frequent Bluſhes, and diſorder'd Looks, confeſs'd your Paſſion. Thus many harmleſs ſoothing Months were paſt, before your baſhful Tongue, or trembling Hand, durſt boldly own the Lover. Theſe nicer Bounds once broke, you talk'd of nought but Joys and Raptures, with ſuch kind Ardour preſs'd me in your Arms, and promiſed ſuch transporting Pleaſures, as might have melted any Breſt but mine ; and when repulſ'd, you'd urge your Suit as Lovers do, and only Lovers can, ſnatch me again into your eager Arms, preſs me to your panting wiſhing Boſom, and ſwear I ſhould not leave you till I had made you bleſs'd. No common Paſſion could excite ſuch a wild Fondneſs of forbidden Joys, one calm Reflection on my Fate had damp'd a moderate Flame for ever ; but yours was Frenzy all, and now Deſpair has ſummon'd back your wandring Reaſon, you would diſown your former Follies. But why ſhould you evade the Truth to me, to me, the unhappy Witneſs of your tender Faults, and almoſt guilty Transports ? Impoſe upon the World what Faith you pleaſe, but do not grate my Ears with cold Excuſes, and unmanly Falſhoods, in denying that Love which could be your only Hope for Pardon ; for know our Sex forgives no Faults ſo eaſily as thoſe which Love commits.

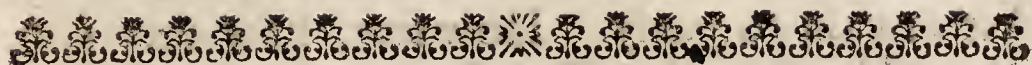


L E T T E R I I I .

T o A M I N T A S .

I Wonder, my *Amintas*, what Construction you put on my Fondness for your Company; it is not, I assure you, to indulge my Love, but design'd as a Remedy to suppress it; that by frequent Conversation the Intimacy may take off the Novelty, and, by a natural Result, weaken the Charm: But I find this Conduct don't conduce to my Cure, so you may stay away as long as you please; and assure yourself, when ever I send for you, it won't be in order to hate you; for I find, do what I will, that Time is not yet come; and pray, when you see me next, tell me you hope it never will; and if I could really believe you, 'twould be the greatest Inducement in the World for me to release you. But don't let this negligent Railery be thought a Design to put you on your Guard, or to heighten your Passion, for I assure you, I am not so indifferent as I make for.





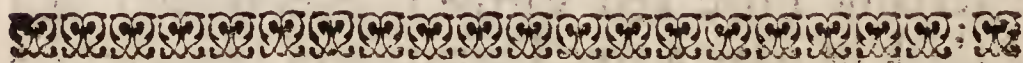
L E T T E R IV.

To a Lady upon Female Virtue.

Madam,

SOME Reflection on what we discours'd last Night, convinces me there is not in the Universe a more amazing Prodigy than an Excess of Love and Virtue in one Breast; and I think he gave a true Definition of humane Nature, who said Coldness of Constitution, and, consequently, of Desires, was the Source of all Virtue. Yet we flatter ourselves into an Opinion of our own Prudence; and Dullness or Aversion passes with us for that, which upon a strong Assault we should not be able to maintain. Defect of Temper, some Disgust to the Person, or too frequent or near Approaches, which lessen Curiosity, or too great Difficulty of possessing: Any one of these weaken the Force of Passion, and abate the Eagerness of Pursuit. While we, as if Reason were a Stranger to Nature, persuade ourselves these Circumstances have no Influence on us, and our Conduct is the Effect of pure Virtue, Temperance, Fortitude, and I know not what. But tell me where is that Prude who can boast of Conquest, where there is Strength of Inclination, Warmth of Constitution, and the favourable Minute of powerful Temptation from the per-

persuasive adored Object? one all desires, the other all desirable, here we must yield or fly, 'tis in vain to parly. How few, how very few, charm'd with the Transports of approaching Bliss, can leave unfinish'd all their eager Wishes, if no Allay mix with this Height of Passion? Then let our Sex be cautious, if there can be such a thing in Love; and where there is no Love, 'tis needless. So I may as well be silent; else methinks I could recommend a world of Discretion and Prudry to them. Pray don't let my Lady T----- see this Letter, you know she's so censorious.



LETTER V.

To the too cautious Lover.

AH, cruel Youth, you may be sure I want your Pity, since of one who too surely hates me I'm compell'd to ask it. But, oh, you'd have your barbarous Usage pass for Discretion, and sacrifice me to your inhumane Prudence. Where is the Tenderness you once express'd, the kindest, dearest Youth that ever talk'd of Love, that now you can thus unconcernedly see me perish? Oh, your Cruelty distracts me; I beg you, by all your Hopes of future Happiness, shew some Pity, and prevent my Ruin; not thus exasperate my Soul, till an ungovern'd Fury expose my Folly to the World.

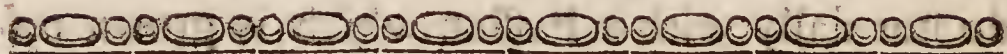
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The most extravagant Fondness, and exalted Raptures of fictitious Lovers, with which Poets have adorn'd Romances, are but faint Emblems of my mightier Passion: And by that Heaven which awes my desperate Hand with a religious Guard, did not Piety forbid, I'd fall, this Moment, a Victim to your Cruelty, rather than live to bear the Curse of your Neglect, for 'tis better not to be, than to be miserable. Oh, do not dally with a Passion which is grown too powerful for Reason; but by some auspicious Care, haste and sooth this Frenzy of my tortur'd Soul, lest, if provok'd too far (spite of virtuous Ties) I may do a Deed, which, if not more than Humane, will move your Pity, startle that stubborn Breast, which now no Prayers, no Tears can move, make all my sighing Friends curse the dear Man I love, whom with my latest Breath I bless, and recommend to Heaven with my expiring Sighs. Oh think you see me weeping, sighing, dying at your Feet, and take me to your Mercy: Heaven will reward your pious Care, and I with a thousand endless Thanks acknowledge you the dear Preserver of my Life; and tho' the Favour is extorted from you, and an unwilling Pity saves me; yet I'll esteem it, as if with the Hazard of your own dearest Life you had ransom'd mine. I have try'd a thousand Ways, but nothing will afford one Moment's Ease, 'tis you alone that can compose these sad Distractions of my fond suffering Breast. Let not my wild Resentments be expos'd to the World by my Impatience at your Absence, but let me see you this Night, for till I do I cannot rest. I do not ask your Love,
that

that is not in your Power, Humanity is. I only beg you would do any thing that may make me think you do not hate

The wretched

MUSIDORA.



LETTER VI.

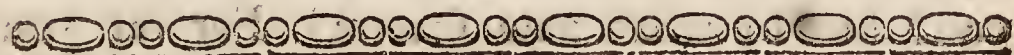
The ANSWER.

MADAM,

I Have not only Humanity, but so particular a Regard for you, that I read your Letter with the greatest Surprize and Concern. I think you'll make me mad too. What would you have me do? Was I ever wanting in my Devoir and constant Attendance, till you commanded my Absence without any Fault or Inclination in me? And when even again I have been admitted by your own Orders, and you confess'd I was belov'd; yet, in a Rage, if I but kiss'd your Hand, tho' with an Awe due to a Monarch only, strait you'd forbid me the Room, pursue me with a Billet never to approach you more: What Man on Earth can bear your damn'd Platonick Humours, to own you love to Distraction, yet I must not kiss you, touch you, nor scarcely look at you? I wish *Nicolini* were in my Place, for faith I know not how to acquit myself in such a fantastical
Amour;

Amour ; nor can I for my Life help desiring to please you. There is something entertaining in your novel Conduct ; and since you, who was never in an Error before, own your Reason is now grown useless, and I command your Fate, send but the Messenger back this Moment, with an Assurance that I shall be received with common Civility, and I'll the next Moment fly to you, with all the Tendernefs due to your Complainings : But for Heaven's sake, Madam, don't make yourself and me thus uneasy by your own Caprice. But why do I delay, and expostulate here, when I think the Moments Years till I see you, and see you easy ?

Who am whatever you command me.



LETTER VII.

To LORENZO.

THOU loveliest, dearest, and, I hope, faithfullest of thy Sex, haste to your *Calista*, and calm the Tumults your Absence has rais'd in her long peaceful Breast ; for if you can live two tedious Days and not see her, what has she not cause to fear ? Two Days, ye Gods ! a Century in Love, like mine ; how have I wept, and sigh'd, and wish'd in vain, to see my adored *Lorenzo* ? Could you behold me in this gentle Scene of Sorrow, hear my soft Murmurings and kind Complainings, you'd pity your poor *Calista*, fly to her Relief, sooth her Distress, and hush her Griefs

Griefs on your dear tender Bosom; for I know you cannot bear I should be in Pain; and to recompence what you make me suffer, swear a thousand times I have endear'd you by my kind Distress; and that, if possible, you love me more than ever. Thus, sure, will my dear *Lorenzo* talk to his mourning *Calista*, till he see her easy, see her bless'd; for while he speaks to her, she is so. But tell me, thou all that's dear to me, how cou'd you live two Days, and never see me? How cou'd you employ yourself without me? Those lovely Eyes, that melting Voice, were only made for me. What! did you gaze upon the Crowd, talk Politicks, or read Philosophy? I thought long since we had lost all Taste of these dull Amusements, and could relish nothing but each other. Or did the envious Groves detain you? but by what new Charm? For oft you have sworn, the pleasing Shades, the native Harmony of tuneful Birds, the fragrant Odours of delicious Flowers, and all the Beauties of the whole Creation, were centred in your beloved *Calista*; and I believe you thought so. Oh, never undeceive me! your Absence shocks me; and as you are Man, avert it Heaven, your Ardour may decline, and I may be abandon'd. But if, oh, I tremble at the Thought, it ever should be so, for Pity sake do it; oh, do it gently, else your poor *Calista* dies that Moment. Soften the Rigour of my Doom, and slowly bring my Ruin on; be Months and Years in taking your Farewel; glide, like Life, insensibly away, till Immortality o'ertake the Ceremony; for to less lasting Bliss I can't resign you; I cannot yield you to anothers Arms; to have her murmur Love and soft Desire on your bewitching Bosom,

son, snatch my warm Kisses from your lovely Lips, and taste the Pleasure only due to me; Oh, stabbing Thought! Then haste my Love, suppress my Fears, sooth my Sorrows, and with your soft Voice charm me to Peace, to Life, to Love, to you, more dear than all.

I know you think I love you, therefore can any thing on Earth be worse natur'd than not to let me see you all this tedious time? In vain you swear you love me more than ever, while every Action shows you too careless, or too discreet. But oh, ye happy Men! your softer Passions seldom discompose your Quiet; Business and Diversions make your easy Hours glide unheeded on, while we with painful Sighs find every heavy Minute hang like Ages on our anxious Souls. Love's but your Sport, the Pastime of your leisure Hours, only a Start of Passion reviv'd by Dreams or Drink, and lost as soon as those light Vapours vanish; the weak Impression touches only on the Senses; your Souls know nothing of the constant Languishments, and delicate Movements which our soft Sex indulge; The tender Sighs, endearing Wishes, the pleasing Pains, and sad Amusements, that wait on Love, like mine: For 'tis a Passion so powerful, refin'd and unmix'd, as if my very Soul was Love, or Love my Soul; and, like its immortal self, rolls on in endless Transports of surprizing Tenderness. Each Day, and all the Day you fill my Soul, where every rising Thought's so soft, so very soothing, as my evil Genius urged me on to Love and Ruin. But my better Angel keeps you there, whispers you are unkind, and I at last shall conquer and forget you. But why do I flatter myself thus, unless I could owe
my

my Freedom more to my Reason, and less to my Resentment? For now should you return, sigh on my trembling Bosom, and whisper soft Tales of Love, I strait should melt, spite of my best Resolves, and be again a sighing fond Believer. Ah! too well I know you will soon be here, talk again of Love, and I be pleased to hear you. For, ah! 'tis Heaven when you speak kindly to me, and I could listen to eternal Ages. But let's both be wiser, since we know the fatal Consequence. Then let me conjure you, as you value my Repose; nay, I charge you by my Love, or if any thing, even the Duty that struggles in my labouring Soul, is greater; if e'er we meet again, dare not for your Life give me one kind Word or Look, but pass unheeded by; and let us both, if possible, forget that e'er we lov'd. For 'tis Madness to indulge a Passion that must make us miserable--- You see how I can talk now you are absent. I know you smile now, and so may you ever

On your impatient

CALISTA.



LETTER VIII.

The ANSWER.

WH Y, lovely Charmer, do you upbraid me with an Absence, which gives me so much Pain? You know I am obliged to move as
the

the Court directs; and why so much Talk of being miserable? Is it Misery to fold thee in my eager Arms, press thee to my panting Bosom, gaze on thy thousand Beauties, and hear thee speak with Eloquence of Angels? Oh! Why am I bar'd one Moment from thee, and lose an Age of Love? While in each others Arms we should be bless'd, taste all the Dearnesses of mutual Passion, which only those who love like us can know; nor even thyself can utter, unless in murmuring Sighs, gentle Touches, and tender Languishments. Oh, Extasy of Thought! my Soul is on the Wing, I fly this Moment to the silent *Grotto* where last we met, there clasp, embrace thee, feel all the killing Transports which thou alone canst give, and Love and Imagination, great as mine, inspire; yet cannot really see thee these three Days. But haste, ye envious Hours, bring me to my Love, and let her not receive me with the sad Sounds of Duty, Ruin, and those Foes of Love; but with Joy take me to her Arms, for to part can only make us miserable. I shall set out to morrow Morning; live only on thy dear Letter, till I breath on thy enchanting Bosom. Till then, thou dearer to me than Life,

Farewel.



L E T T E R IX.

To CLARONA.

YOU tell me in your last, you fancy I cannot pass a Moment without thinking on the Duke of---- I am pleas'd you should know how agreeable my Soul is to your Sentiments ; for where his lovely Idea is once fix'd, not Worlds nor Ages can e'er remove it : He's still as charming as when first sighing on my tender Bosom ; he lov'd, and hop'd, like me ; you know too well why we parted ; but to one so truly sensible of his Endearments and Beauties, nothing can make him less amiable ; he has still the same Harmony in his moving Voice, tho' he talks not Love to me, the same enchanting Smile, bewitching Look, tho' squander'd away at random, or fix'd on some happy Fair, who is now lov'd and charm'd as I was once ; Oh that *once* ! a Word our Sex too often hates, and I for ever deplore. You see, dear *Clarona*, I am so far from condemning your Suspicion of my continued Passion, that I desire to confirm it by the following Lines, writ about two Months ago. To you my Soul would make known every Thought ; and forgive me, if you find you can't have one entire.

SOME gentle Power, that pities Love,
 Suppress this fond Extream ;
 Why must *Amintor* fill each Thought,
 And torture every Dream ?

To

To Business, Fashions, Wit and Play,
 I like Attention give,
 The painful Sighs that breath his Name,
 The only Sign I live.

Observ'd by all, perceiving none,
 Like stupid Clock-work move,
 I have no Thought or Action free,
 Feel no Impulse but Love.

As Angels are absorpt in Bliss,
 So I'm of Love possess'd ;
 But, oh, with it entirely curs'd !
 As they supremely blest'd.

Days, Months and Years go rolling on,
 I no Distinction find ;
 Or think on aught, but that sad Hour,
 When he first grew unkind.

Why did my Joys immortal seem,
 As if they'd ever last ?
 Why now one fix'd eternal Pang
 Of Grief for what is past ?

After this you can't expect I should subscribe

Yours.





The HUMOUR.

TIS dull to live without Design,
Or Hopes of coming Joy ;
Though we are sure we must resign
The dear delusive Toy.

Let me be still with Wishes blest,
It wakes our vital Fire ;
Altho' the God be ne'er possest,
There's Pleasure in Desire.

The Nature of Delight is such,
We're either cloy'd or cross'd ;
We've still too little, or too much,
And either Way 'tis lost.

Then, dear Desire, thy Power employ,
Let me be sooth'd by you ;
I ask no other constant Joy,
But wishing something new.

I'll take the fleeting World as 'tis,
We're fickle both and vain ;
For some dear Loss I'll die with Grief,
Then live and hope again.

Transporting Expectation can
With Raptures fill the Breast,
The chief Delight of Life is Hope
To be hereafter blest.



LETTER X.

To ALPHONSO.

I Blush to think with what Earnestness I importuned your Stay, Ill-natur'd and Uncivil, why would you not hear my Request? 'Twas what your Generosity could not have deny'd; for 'twas not to visit often, be good humour'd when you came, return Letters, or the like. What! was you angry to find me better than you expected? Was it possible for me to see you, and feel no Change? Surely was I at the Point of Death, tho' my weak Pulse had lost its Motion, and my chill Blood was stagnate in my Veins, sinking Nature at its lowest Ebb, but one allotted Respiration more; yet shou'd you approach, 'twould animate my vital Heat, my enliven'd Blood would make one Sally more, and the gay Flourish look like Health and Ease. Such is the sacred Influence of my *Alphonso*; and when I feel no Pain (but for his Absence) what Joys, what Pleasures then must wait upon his coming? Think you my Illness only feigned to supersede your dull Pretence of Business? But was it so, surely so kind a Fraud might be forgiven. You know I would purchase your Company at any Rate, but making you uneasy. For Heaven-fake let me know what made you post away so: I believe you are in Fee with my Physicians; you know how these Caprices of yours

disorder me. Write by the Bearer, for I am in double Pain, till I know what could make you so out of humour with

CALISTA.



LETTER XI.

To *ASTREA*.

CAreful *Astrea*, to you the Force of Love is so well known, that you seem anxious for my Safety ; but the Lines you receiv'd last Post, I hope, will make you easy ; where I have assured you, I dare be innocently wretched. Oh ! blame not my Indulgence of the lovely Youth, but applaud, and wonder at my more than Woman's Resolution to leave the dear transporting and transported Charmer in height of all our Raptures ; I can only say, my Guardian-Angel snatch'd me from his blissful Arms, and still secures me ; But I don't think him so beautiful as my *Amintas*. Pity, oh, pity, dear *Astrea* ! the wretchedst Sufferer that ever Love made miserable. Could you, or any one but you, have resign'd such a glorious tender Lover ? Was it not barbarous to us both ? And yet such is humane Fate ; we must thank Heaven, if 'tis so favourable as to give us Courage to starve, lest we should surfeit : But fly every repining Thought. In vain you do assault me ; I must, I will be wretched ; in silent Anguish waste a tedious Life : for my Tortures are above Complaint, no
Term

Term of Horror expressive enough of what I feel. But with *Trapp's Pyrrhus*---

Bear me, oh, bear me to the Rack for Ease!



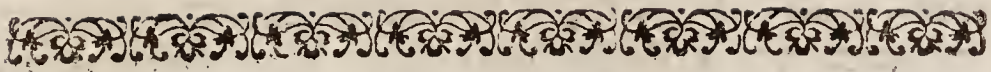
L E T T E R X I I .

To AURELIO.

ME thinks, Counsellor *Aurelio*, you take a preposterous Way of asking Pardon for last Night's Rudeness, and confess one Fault to excuse another, by pretending you don't know what you said, because you was in a Passion. Am I a fit Object for any Rage but Love? But now I think on't, you went to *Holland* for Education, and I expect e'er long to be challeng'd to *Snick* or *Snee*, while you cherish the Heroical Thoughts of making your Part good with a weak Fro. But I desire no Reply to this, till you have made your Tour to *Paris*, and have learn'd to make *Amende Honourable*; then, I am persuaded, I shall be no more troubled with you; for I fancy 'twill not be easy fashioning a Thing into a *Beau Esprit*, or even into Humanity, that is already possess'd with so much of a *Hogen* Brute. Oh, how I despise thee! and hate myself for ever having been indulgent to your Addresses. What was it that infatuated me, that I could not penetrate thy sullen Soul, and see the morose Temper that involved it, but mistook thy gloomy Silence oft for noble Thoughtfulness, and awful Reserve? But now, with a malicious Joy, I smile to think

with what Pain you smother'd the rancorous Ardour in your conscious Breast so long e'er you durst give it Vent. Thus, like a Meteor, big with the congregated Vapours of a Lady's Raillery, you blaze and burst; surprize the Orb from whence you drew them, and are, by the malignant Effort, lost for ever. Poor despised *Aurelio*! dare no more approach me; for I'll make no second Trial of your Infolence. What! contradict and reprimand me! Were you a Pedagogue or a Lover? Good God, a Lover! You should have suspended your Spleen, till you had better Authority, and taken a lawful Licence for ill Manners; yet with a *Non obstante* you might have been obliged to resign your pragmatick Charter; so 'twould not have been much to your Advantage: For I should have superseded your arrogant Pretensions, and you would perhaps have been engag'd in worse than a Chancery Suit *durante vita*; for you must know, I am very vindictive, and no great Friend to Domestick Passive Obedience: We should have divided the *English* Darling; you should have had your Property, and I Liberty: So let us both thank Heaven for this early Discovery, which wisely warns us to remain *in statu quo*.





LETTER XIII.

To CLARONA.

Dear CLARONA,

WONDER not (for I do own it) that I doat on the Duke of ----- nor so often teaze me that a Woman of my Taste can entertain him. To me he has ten thousand Charms, not only in his Person, but Mind, I am sure he has; and I can see the remoter Beauties of his Soul sparkle in the beamy Fluid of his lovely Eyes; and in his Smiles more Rhetorick than all *Tully's* Orations: Then pray let me alone to love this finish'd Hero, this Master-piece of the Creation: Even Truth itself is more engaging when express'd with Elegance; so the Faculties of the Soul display'd by so fine, so beautiful a Form, must have irresistible Force; tho' by you, who only gaze on the visible Charms of his Person, his Intellects are censur'd; 'tis because you dwell only on his lovely Face, his Eyes, his Smiles, fine Shape and Godlike Mein, till dazled with their Splendor you see no farther. But I view him as I do the Sun, admire his exterior Beams, convinced by that Eclat of Refulgency, there must be a more immense Brightness center'd in that glorious Orb; but was there no more, there's enough in our Sight to claim even our Adoration. You'll never, dear,

wife

wife *Clarona*, dissuade me from this Parallel. What would you have him, a Philosopher, to pall our Pleasures with dull Maxims, and instead of sighing on my tender Bosom, entertain me with a Dissertation on humane Passions, and Vanity of sublunary Enjoyments? I wish *Diogenes* or *Heracitus* were here, they should be at your Service for me; I had rather have the Sight of him, than hear all their sententious Morality; one View of his lovely Person can inspire my Soul with ten Thousand beautiful Ideas and Reflections, and give it sufficient Entertainment, were he to be ever silent. But oh, *Clarona*, he can speak the dearest tenderest Things, and every Thing I wish to hear; nay, could he possibly talk Nonsense, yet there is such Harmony in his melodious Voice, I could, with Raptures, ever listen to him, as to the Accents of Angels unintelligibly ravishing, I'm sure he looks like one. Do you envy my Anticipation of future Bliss? for they say our Joys above consist in Vision. Who but you durst find one Fault with my adorable Hero? he has the Beauty and Softness of *Adonis*, with the undaunted Valour of the God of War, exactly finish'd for the Camp or the Alcove. What Ball or bright Assembly is secure when he appears? What Pleasure do I take to see the Fate he scatters round? With Love the Ladies die, the Men with Envy; while I triumphant smile secure he lives for me, and only me, and you alone escape his Power, because you are resolv'd to see nothing valuable but in the judicious awful Earl ----- who, I am sure, makes Love in Mood and Figure, and talks more Politicks than Passion: But I'll not retort, but beg you'll let me alone to love and be loved;

loved; call my Fondness Weakness if you please, laugh at my Platonick Notions, sunk, as you think, into a vulgar Love: But spare, oh spare your Raillery on that dear heavenly Man, for when you touch on him, you wound me in the tenderest Part; for he must, he shall, he will be ever mine: And remember, tho' this is not the first, 'tis the last time I must forgive you.



L E T T E R X I V .

To A N T E N O R .

NOW I have Leisure to reflect on my late dear Indiscretions, I know not which gives me most Pain, the irresistible Passion that betray'd me to it, or the secret Reproaches of my nicer Soul, unused to such fond Freedoms; to the strict Rules of severer Virtue 'twas too much, but to Love 'twas little, to Love like mine, that, stifled tedious Years within my cautious Breast, at your Return breaks forth with a redoubled Ardour. When from my Lips you snatch'd the first dear hasty Kiss, alarm'd and surpriz'd, I felt the fatal Influence, the latent Flame reviv'd, glow'd in my Cheeks, danc'd in my Eyes, and wantoning thro' all my Frame, inspir'd eager Wishes and exquisite Desires. Love urg'd me on, bid me be bless'd with every Joy that my fond Heart could wish, and Charms like you could give, adorn'd you with every Grace, and made you lovelier than when you first

first taught me to sigh and languish for your
 dawning Sweetness; but stricter Virtue, at
 every thoughtful Hour, upbraids me for these
 looser Starts of Passion, and I resolve never to
 entertain the tempting Charmer more. But
 who, that doats like me, could fly those dear
 inviting Arms, and not return the enchanting
 Pressure? Or, when snatch'd to that snowy
 Bosom, would not recline to the unequal White-
 ness, and on it sigh and murmur Love and soft
 Desire? Oh, there's Magick in your lightest
 Touch, the melting Poison runs thro' all my
 Veins quick to my conscious Heart, and gives
 a pleasing Pain and wild tumultuous Joy: Then,
 in this hurry of my Senses, I follow kind delu-
 ding Love thro' all his dear delicious Maze,
 soothing delightful Paths, even to the Brink of
 Ruin, then stop, and with reluctant Fear fly
 the threatening Danger, yet still languish for the
 Charms that tempt me to my undoing. Oh,
 why was you mark'd out, of all Mankind, to
 give me all this Love and Pain? Why did you
 confess your Passion, and with your artful soft
 Endearments win my unguarded Heart at first?
 for little did I distrust the fatal Consequence; the
 lambent Fire long glimmer'd in my Breast, till
 your repeated Ardours encreas'd the Blaze, and
 thence arose a never dying Flame, nor Time
 nor Absence can subdue its Power; then, if 'tis
 possible, forbear to please, be less lovely; for
 while you look and speak such soft bewitching
 Things, I must be delighted with you, and still
 love on; nothing you see can destroy it, tho'
 Absence had a while suppress'd it. Why would
 you say you lov'd me more than ever? will that
 cure me? will that dear Sound damp the Ex-
 tacies

rasies of a fond devoted Soul, and recal my wandering Reason? No, my eager Heart leaps up with Joy to meet the enchanting Accents; and I am, if possible, more entirely yours; and yet, yet I must resign you.

Unkind *Antenor*, must I be for ever persecuted with your Importunities? How can you thus incessantly, with your Petitions, disturb that Repose, which I was hoping quickly to enjoy? Your Silence or Unconcern had, perhaps, soon sooth'd me to a Calm; but every Moment you alarm my Soul with Pity, that first Essay of sup-plicated Love; oh spare me in this sad Pressure of my Fate, since to be kind or blest, or make you so, I must be perjur'd; you heard my hasty Vow, but solemn as the Gods by *Stix*. I must not, dare not see you, you are too submis-sive; and, I fear, I too tender; for should the penitent *Antenor* kneel and languish at my Feet for Pardon, I soon should snatch the dear Sup-pliant to my Arms, and on his Breast sigh a kind Forgiveness: Too well I know the Magick of your Looks to trust you here, know my own Weakness, your irresistible Power of pleading, and the Tortures of a Breast, where Resolution opposes dearer Inclination. Oh for some subtle Casuist, whose minute Distinctions could solve the Scruples of my tender Breast; teach me to evade my torturing Vow, and to my struggling Soul restore both Peace and Pleasure. Hence all ye soothing Sophisters, in vain's your Aid, for if I myself, urg'd by the strongest Ties, all that's dear in Life, can find no way to prevari-cate, nor in my partial Breast one mental Reser-vation in this painful Exigence, there is no
Help,

Help, but I am lost for ever ; ask my Pardon
then no more, you see it must be fruitless. But
take it, oh take it kindly, that from my Soul
I wish I could forgive you.



LETTER XV.

MADAM,

A Friend of ours being at the Assembly last
Night, saw the Lady ----- to his great
Surprize, in all her flaunting Airs : the dimi-
nutive Creature made such an Impression on him,
that he was inspir'd to reverse the celebrated
Girdle of *Waller's* ador'd *Sacharissa*, and sent it
me this Minute ; and 'tis as freely at your Ser-
vice as things of this Nature are maliciously at
every Body's. I expect you at the unintelligent
Opera to Night,

Am yours.

*Waller's GIRDLE revers'd, on the Sight of Lady
----- at the Assembly at St. James's.*

WHAT her Colossus Waste entwin'd,
Some sturdy falling Oak shall bind :
No strolling Beggar, for a Crown,
Would care to do what this has done.

'Twas

'Twas of all Plagues the ample Sphere,
The Mound which held the pamper'd Deer;
Envy, Fraud, Noise, licentious Love,
Did all within this Circle move.

Vast was the Compass, and yet there
Dwelt neither what was Good or Fair:
Unhappy Ribband, thou hast bound
The vilest Lump the Sun goes round.



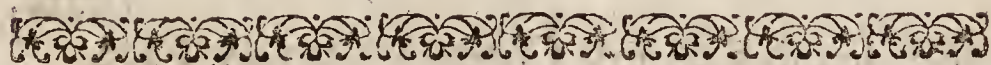
LETTER XVI.

To ALMANO.

OH, *Almano*, you are still more charming,
and I am lost for ever; I bid you slight
and hate me; but oh disguise those Inclinations
of your Soul, those Corrosives are too sharp for
my tender Breast, and will not cure, but exas-
perate the Pain. Think of some gentler Method
to reclaim my wandring Reason; venture, *Almano*,
to speak kindly to me, I'll not hold you to your
Word: Sigh, swear, flatter, any thing to sooth
the present raging Passion, which now will bless
that Pity it so lately scorn'd. Curse on those
sighing Fools, that in soft Numbers celebrate
my Wit, and tell me 'tis a Spring of perpetual
Charms to conquer and secure Hearts, since
'twill not purchase one kind Word or Look from
the dear, regardless Man I love, to whom each
Moment of my Life's address'd, while Diver-
sion,

sion, Business, nay Devotion, all's neglected for
 him; I have no use of Thought but to admire
 his Charms, think how he looks, and smiles,
 and speaks, then blush and sigh, and bless the
 lovely Author of my Ruin, in whose dear Arms
 I had rather be kindly clasp'd, than grasp in my
 own Hand the Scepter of the World. When
 e'er indulgent Slumber brings him to my Arms,
 I fondly press him to my sighing Breast, whisper
 soft Tales of Love, and sooth him to my Wish,
 hear and swear eternal Vows of Truth and
 Tenderness; then wake with all the Raptures of
 Delight, as if my Joys were real; but oh, too
 soon I find the dear Delusion, my empty Arms
 confess the Cheat, and I can only find his dear
 Idea in my tortur'd Heart; then sigh and weep,
 blush at my fond Mistake, check my growing
 Passion, and wish and beg, even in the midst of
 my early Orizons, that I did not, might not,
 love so well. Ye cruel partial Powers that
 guide our Destiny, why make ye not our Sex to
 pity those who sigh and languish for them, but
 so often force and fix our Inclinations where we
 meet Aversion? Oh how bless'd would poor
Philaster be, could he enjoy the thousandth Part
 of that vast Love that I squander away on the
 cruel thankless *Almano*! By some quick Change
 ease my fond tortur'd Heart, teach me the
 Coldness of the careless Youth; or (to make
 me more bless'd) let some softer God inspire his
 Breast, until he love like me, or learn him to
 dissemble for a while, to make the Fate of our
 eternal Parting less shocking to my tender Soul,
 I'll join in the Deceit. Do, dear *Almano*, look
 and speak as if you lov'd me; then lay the
 Blame on Fate, pretend your Father's Prohibi-
 tion,

tion, a Tour to *Italy*, or any thing but the Truth. So shall Falshood be meritorious in you, and you'll so mitigate my Sufferings, that instead of torturing Racks, my poor-mourning Heart will gently bleed to Death.



LETTER XVII.

To a Friend, with a P O E M.

M A D A M,

I Have, at last, yielded to your Importunity; you will find inclos'd the Poem you so press'd me for: I know 'twill first move your Anger, then your Pity.

Yours to command.

HAIL, lovely *Erato*, whose soothing Lyre
 Best sounds the melting Sighs of soft
 (Desire;
 Tune all my Notes to thy delicious Strain,
 Teach me of Love so sweetly to complain,
 Till my own Lyre has Power to ease my Pain. }
 I sing no careless or unconquer'd Youth,
 Nor common Theme of violated Truth;
 The fatal Flame, that robs me of my Rest,
 Burns with an equal Ardor in his Breast;
 Both by the same impetuous Impulse mov'd,
 With the like Passion talk'd, and look'd, and
 (lov'd.

Whole Hours he'd sigh on my delighted Breast,
 While wishing, pleading Eyes his Flame con-
 (fest;

Those silent Orators, that more can move,
 Than all the vocal Rhetorick of Love.

Thus would we both with tender Transport
 (gaze,

Whilst leaning on my Cheek his lovely Face,
 He'd press, with eager taste, my willing Lip,
 And oft from thence the balmy Nectar sip;
 Where every ravish'd Sense would crowd to
 (prove

That Earnest of the richer Draughts of Love :.

Thus melting, dying, in each others Arms,
 I felt, oh Virtue, too, too powerful Charms,
 Felt irresistible Softness seize my Heart,

Wish'd ever thus to join, and never part ;

With mutual Languishments supine we lay,
 Intirely given up to Love and Play ;

Till Nature, glowing with her brightest Fires, }
 Could bear no more, --- tumultuously expires, }
 'Twixt awful Fears, and exquisite Desires.

While thus intranc'd, the Passion inward burns,
 Exerts its Force as Love and Life returns ;

Then, with fresh Ardor, the bewitching Youth
 Still grasps me fast, and vows new Love and
 (Truth;

I, quite enchanted with the soothing Bliss,
 Return each Pressure, give back every Kiss :

He, joy'd his Love did such Indulgence find, }
 Straight knew no Bounds, but more profusely }
 (kind,

Urges the Rapture that was still behind ;

Raising Imagination to such Height,

No am'rous God could promise more Delight :

Yet

Yet I forbore this World, this Heaven of Charms,
Still sigh'd and wish'd, yet fled his tempting
(Arms.

Witness, oh Honour, and oh Nature too,
If such a Conflict you e'er saw till now.

For oh, too daring Lengths of Love I run,
One Moment more, and I had been undone ;
For that important Minute snatch'd me thence,
Equally fond of him and Innocence ;

Compleatly happy that I these possesse,
Yet languish'd too, to know the mighty rest.

What Perturbations does transport the Mind,
Charm'd with the Joys we wish, and those we
(find,
Taste Pleasure to the Height, yet know there's
more behind ?

I, who ne'er lov'd, nor ventur'd thus before,
Knew not that Nature had such Sweets in store ;

The new Amusement every Sense ingross,
Remorse was all in the dear Wonder lost ;

My Soul was full of the extatick Bliss,

I felt each Touch, retasted every Kiss ;

Awake I had no Thought but of his Charms,

Or if asleep, dreamt I was in his Arms.

At last, my Transport does to Grief submit,

I weep, and blame the almost guilty Night ;

With Dread the dang'rous Scene I now survey,

And wonder how I forc'd myself away ;

Virtue the dear Indulgence oft upbraids,

On t'other Side great Love and Nature pleads ;

Nature complains that I have injur'd her,

And did dull Precepts to Instinct prefer :

So only Love was pleas'd with what was done,

Knowing unfinish'd Joys would sooth us to love
(on.

I charge ye all, ye untry'd Nymphs, beware,
 Trust not your Prudence, nor your Pride too far.
 Ah, who that truly loves, untouch'd, can hear
 The melting Accents of a Lover's Prayer,
 Endure his Pressures, hear him sigh and pant
 For Joys which she, and only she can grant?
 What can she do? 'tis Ruin to comply,
 And to refuse, 'tis easier far to die.
 For now I know, by this dear taste of Charms,
 That all Delight is center'd in his Arms;
 Know too in mine he places all his Bliss,
 And yet to part ---- sure Racks are Ease to this.
 If Falshood or Indifference were our State,
 It might be born, 'tis but a common Fate:
 But when two Souls, so passionately kind,
 By a long Series of Endearments join'd,
 Part for a Name, what more severe can prove,
 Not to be blest --- but curst with so much Love?
 Why do the Powers above admit Desire,
 Yet interdict the Passions they inspire?
 Oh let them guide our passive Wills aright,
 Or keep us ignorant of the dear Delight.
 Witness yourselves, ye Powers, how much I strove,
 How oft I wept and pray'd I might not love;
 Too strong's the Impulse of a destin'd Heart,
 It knows no Law, nor Interest, nor Art;
 Love sooth'd the Scruples of my dubious Mind,
 Taught me the fatal Joy of being kind;
 Joys, which I almost wish I ne'er had known,
 Such a dear Taste of Love resign'd so soon;
 'Tis more than humane Nature sure can bear,
 He is to me than Life or Fame more dear:
 But Virtue calls, reluctant I obey;
 Futurity, can you this mighty Loss repay?
 Tell me, ye Gods, if I renounce the Bliss,
 How many Heavens you will allow for this?

Oh

Oh quickly speak, support me e'er I faint,
 (Or hurrying Nature force me to relent ;)
 Without your Aid the Tryal's too severe,
 More than my fond, my tender Breast can bear.
 Hark, a soft Sound, sweet as his moving Voice,
 Says I shall be possess'd of future Joys ;
 And since my Soul is so compos'd of Love,
 If pure, shall taste redoubled Bliss above.
 And now, thou dearest loveliest Youth farewell,
 Adieu that Bosom where all Pleasures dwell :
 Pardon that thus I do resign thy Arms,
 A Circle flowing with incessant Charms ;
 Too well I know and prize the Joys I lose,
 But dare not ask thy Leave, lest thou refuse.
 Oh do not grieve, or let thy Part be small,
 To me transfer it, and I will bear it all ;
 Weep all the darksome Hours of Night away,
 In lone Recesses shun the busy Day ;
 Shun all that's humane, to avoid Relief,
 As once my Joys, so now indulge my Grief ;
 Cherish thy dear Idea in my Heart,
 Think on thy Softness to encrease my Smart ;
 And to rack Nature to the height of Pain,
 Resolve to love ----- but never meet again.



L E T T E R X V I I I .

*To Alcides, seeing him after three Years
Absence.*

UNconscious Youth, you knew not when
 (met last,
 How my soft Breast the trifling Minutes past ;

I blushing thought, how just three Years before,
Exactly on that Day, that very Hour,
(When Virtue scarce repuls'd your powerful
(Charms,)

Slowly I left your dear inviting Arms.

Too well you know how eagerly you sued,
And with what Tenderneſs you was withſtood ;
To make the Rigour of Denial leſs,
I ſooth'd the Paſſion I could not redreſs :
With kindeſt Eyes your Languiſhing I view,
And vow'd, if e'er I lov'd, it ſhould be you ;
A thouſand ſoft endearing Things expreſt,
As you lay wiſhing on my trembling Breſt ;
The fond Miſtake did not my Anger move,
I could not frown, nor chide, nor any thing but
(love.

Sure two so very kind ne'er pass'd their Time,
With so much Softness, and so little Crime;
In such Delight the pleasing Hours were spent,
That, Heaven forgive me, I could scarce repent.

Tell me, ye subtle Casuists, was't a Sin,
Or may we dare to meet and love again?
No, rather let me ask the Fates Intent,
If they've decreed I should be innocent:
For tho' I know 'tis not in Nature's Power,
I should love better, or be tempted more;
Yet I'm not sure the Charmer can't prevail;
Virtue, tho' often try'd, at last may fail.
Then hear, ye pitying Gods, grant my Request
Subdue this dangerous Passion in my Breast:
Or if't must be my Punishment to love,
Add to my Pain, and from my Sight remove
The pleasing Youth; for oh I dread the Crime,
And am not safe if left to Love and him.



L E T T E R X I X .

*The M E S S A G E .**To A M I N T A S .*

GO, gentle Sighs, like Inspiration move,
 And tell the gay *Amintas* still I love;
 Tell with what tender Pain I'm bar'd the Bliss,
 Of being only and for ever his;
 Spite of the Coldness I've so long exprest,
 The latent Fire still glow'd within my Breast:
 So Vapours often *Phæbus*' Glories shroud,
 Yet still he shines behind the envious Cloud.
 Go to his doubtful Bosom, softly steal,
 And all my Love and Languishments reveal;
 Tell every Wish, and every tender Fear,
 How I desire, yet how I dread him here.
 But let him not suspect, I'd have him know,
 Lest he grow kind again, and love me too;
 For oh, I dare not trust his powerful Charms,
 There's more than Magick in *Amintas*' Arms.



L E T T E R X X .

To a Lady with two Copies of Verses, viz.
The Garter transpos'd, and The Magnet.

Dear Madam,

TH O' you are no great Lover of Poetry,
 I could not forbear communicating to
 Q 4 you

you Lines on so uncommon a Theme, as *The Garter transpos'd*, to tie a Night-Gown; *The Magnet* too was something that pleas'd me. I will make no farther Apology, knowing your good Nature accepts every Endeavour to oblige you,

From, Madam, yours, &c.

On lending a Garter for a Girdle.

To AMINTAS.

MAY this soft Circle tenderest Magick prove,
And all within it feel the Power of Love;
The warm Effluvia mingling with thy Blood,
Inspire such Ardors as my Breast subdued;
Swift let it glide thro' ev'ry trembling Vein,
Till each kind Atom glow with the delicious
(Pain.

Hail happy Ribband, oh that in thy stead,
Tho' o'er my Cheeks thy rosy Colour spread,
I might, like thee, but press and clasp him
(round,
Till he from my kind Arms the soft Enchant-
(ment found.

Oh how I envy thee, how blest'd art thou?
Not sacred Fillets on the Priestess Brow;
Or *Salisbury's* Garter e'er was half so grac'd,
When 'tis, with Pomp, on sovereign Princes
(plac'd;

The azure Band *Britannia* dedicates,
As sacred to the Guardian of her State.
The Caledonian Heroes too are seen,
Adorn'd with honourable Belts of Green.

And

And if great Love should be auspicious now,
 On this kind Girdle so much Power bestow,
 To charm *Amintas*' Soul entirely mine,
 The Red I'll consecrate for ever thine.

The M A G N E T.

A *Mintas* absent, Love's as lambent Fire,
 My Soul knows no kind Wish or fond
 (Desire ;

But soon as the enchanting Youth returns,
 Thro' my whole Frame the impetuous Ardor
 (burns.

Thus do the am'rous latent Seeds in Steel
 Lie undisturb'd, and no Emotion feel,
 Till the inspiring *Magnet* near it move,
 Whose Force does thro' each conscious Atom

Then by impulsive Heat trembles with active
 (Love,

Is then this Sympathy a Fault in me ?
 Can I resist the inherent Tendency ?
 The dear Effects I feel, but cannot find
 How the Effluvium actuates my Mind,
 Involuntary move, occult the Cause,
 Influenc'd, like that, by mere mechanick Laws.





Miscellaneous Letters

A N D

P A R A D O X E S.

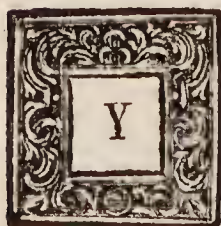
L E T T E R I.

*To Caleb Seeker Esq; at his Chambers in the
Middle-Temple, London.*

Upon the FREE-THINKERS.

The Fool hath said in his Heart, there is no God.

My Dear CALEB,



O U R S of the 20th ult. has given me a little Disturbance ; for the Love and Value I have for you, makes me uneasy, that you're got into so worthless an Acquaintance as you mention ; for believe me, my Friend, there's nothing to be got by it but Disquiet and Infamy. 'Tis a just Maxim of the ingenious *Otway*,

Avoid

*Avoid the Man that's singular,
His Brain's unsound, his Spleen o'erweighs his Wit.*

For, indeed, a Man that sets up to be wiser than the rest of the World, ought to be very sure of the Solidity of his Fundamentals; else he may, in all Probability, give greater Proofs of his Folly than of his Understanding. I know very well, that a Country Parson makes so ridiculous a Figure amongst your Friends at the *Grecian's*, that I have but little Hopes that my Advice should be of any great Importance with you. However, since you are still pleas'd to continue your Favour for me, I shall make use of that Privilege, and treat you like a Friend, and a Man of Reason. Reason is what your new Acquaintance make great Pretensions to, though they, by no Means, will be concluded by it.

They call themselves *FREE-THINKERS*, but it is a gross Misnomer, a most horrible Abuse of the Word; for there are not more slavish Thinkers in the World; they lay down certain *Postulata*, of which they admit no Dispute: As for Example, *That the World is Eternal; That the Soul is mortal, and by Consequence that there is no World to come, nor any Account to be given of our Sins and Transgressions in this.* Having fix'd these Principles by a sort of dogmatical *Ipse dixit*, they argue not fairly, nor give you any Reasons, at least, that will bear Water to prove these Positions, but are themselves confin'd to strive and force all their Authorities and Reasonings to confirm these Points. Thus you will find in their Books partial Quotations press'd into their Service, which, if fairly examin'd by the Authors, from whence they

they are taken, conclude quite the contrary. And if these Quotations are in another Language, you're sure to find the Translation of them nothing a-kin to the Original. These are Methods, my Friend, that discover, in spite of their Assurance, and confident Way of expressing themselves, a wonderful Diffidence in their Cause, and a Conduct too disingenuous and dishonest for the Lovers of Truth to be guilty of.

If by FREE-THINKING, they mean an impartial bringing all Opinions to the Test of right Reason, I am as much a FREE-THINKER as any one ; but it is plain from their Methods above-mentioned, that they are afraid of being determin'd by that Test ; for by that they must not pretend to impose any thing upon us without Proof ; whereas their very Fundamentals include greater Absurdities, or, at least, as great as Transubstantiation itself : And while they laugh at our Faith, and Belief of the holy Doctrines of the Gospel, as implicit, they require a greater Implicitness to their own Fancies. For Example, Put them upon the Proof of the Eternity of the World : Ask them how Man, a Being that we know had a Beginning, we see daily has an End, came first to subsist ? All the Answer they give you, or at least all the Answer I could ever meet with from them, is, That our Fathers begot us, and we our Children ; that though every particular Man dies, yet the Species is Eternal. But press them on for Reason, and ask them, Whether every Whole does not consist of its Part ? and that, Whether every particular Part, that is, every Man, has not an End and dies ? And therefore how that Whole can be Immortal or Eternal, every Part of which

is confess'd by themselves to be Mortal? they give you no manner of Answer, but that it was so from all Eternity.

Press them again with this Question, that by their own Concession, every Individual has a Beginning; that is, that there was a Time when *Peter*, and *John*, and *Stephen*, and the rest, were not; how came they to be? All that they answer, is, That their Parents begot them. But to go on with them; there was a Time when their Parents were not, and had no Being, and so on for hundreds of Ages past; let them take as many as they please, they must come at last to this Point, That all Beings that have an End, must also have a Beginning; and never cou'd have been, unless they had been produc'd by some Being that had no Beginning, and must by Consequence be self-existent; and that Being is what we call *God*.

Another Article of their Faith is, That Man's Soul is Mortal; or rather, indeed, that he has no Soul at all; upon this they make all their Flourish. Here they stand their Ground, as if it were a Post impregnable. Upon this they have writ several Books, which, I think, have been all sufficiently confuted. However, I would ask them, That since they pretend to be Philosophers, that since they avow themselves Champions for the Liberty and Dignity of Mankind, to which of these does this Doctrine contribute? Is it really for the Benefit of Human Society, that every Man and Woman should believe that they die like Dogs? that therefore they may do what they will, without Regard to Justice, Truth, Virtue and Honesty, provided they take Care not to incur the Penalties of human Laws? That Religion is a Jest of Political

tical Institution by the cunning Men, only to manage the rest of the World? Is not this to dissolve all the Ties of human Society? to open a wide Door to Confusion, Misery and Destruction? Wonderful Benefactors to human Kind! But such, my Friend, as all Civil Government ought with Care to extirpate, since, for the sake of meer Probability, (for they pretend to no more) they would destroy the Security of all Mankind.

To give you a full View of the Immortality of the Soul, which is too long for this Letter, I refer you to the Learned Dr. *Clark*, Sir *Richard Blackmore*, the *Deist's Manual*, and various other Tracts, in which this Point is fully discuss'd.

For my part, I think these Gentlemen ought all to be us'd as *John Trifle*, one of their grand Demagogues, was by a certain Nobleman of this Kingdom. The Story goes thus: *Trifle*, you must know, is an *Irish* Man, begot by a Popish Priest upon a galloping Nun; had part of his Education in *Scotland*, and the rest in *Poland*. This Gentleman has, with the smattering of some little Learning, and a great deal of native Impudence, a voluble Tongue, and a fawning Address, insinuated himself into the Acquaintance of several Persons of Figure, distinguished more by their Wealth and Dignity, than by their Understanding. Here *Trifle* has endeavoured to exert his Parts, and preach up the Doctrine of the Soul's Mortality, especially amongst the Ladies, whose Weakness of Judgment was most likely to be surpriz'd by the Plausibility of his Argument; he at last got Admission into the Family of a worthy Nobleman, where propagating his damnable Doctrine, it came to
the

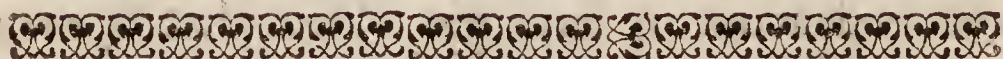
the Ear of the Nobleman, who provided him a Reception the next time he came, which *Trifle* did by no means admire. But whilst he was in full Argument with the Ladies, as his Way was, my Lord came into the Room, and seem'd to listen to him with some Attention, which made him exert himself in an extraordinary Manner, hoping for a new Convert in that Illustrious Person ; but taking his Leave, Hold, said my Lord, you have been at a great Expence of Breath, and I don't use to be ungrateful to those that endeavour to serve me. With that he rung a small Bell, and in rush'd half a dozen of lusty Fellows with a Blanket, and seiz'd upon *Trifle*, who began to bustle, and cry, He was a Gentleman, and hop'd therefore that his Lordship, for his own sake, wou'd use him as such. I shall use you, said my Lord, as a Dog, as a Corrupter of Families, as one that had disclaim'd all Pretence to Religion and Immortality ; and therefore art a Dog, and as such shalt be us'd ; though indeed a Dog is much the more valuable Creature ; he is of some Use, thou of none ; the Blanket shall suffice for this time ; but if ever thou dar'st venture within my Doors again, expect worse Usage. With that the Ladies all vanish'd ; the Lord withdrew, and not regarding his Prayers, the Men went to work with him, and toss'd poor *Trifle* so long, that they dismiss'd him in a most flagrant Condition.

This, I think, is the best Confutation of such Disputants ; I shall defer my Character of his Colleague till another Opportunity. My Friend, I would have you not debase your Understanding so far as to keep such Company, who whilst they boast a Superiority of Reason to the most
Excellent,

Excellent, fall short of the common Sense of the Lowest. Remember this, that *the Fool hath said in his Heart, there is no God* : But the Atheists of the Royal Prophet's time were too modest to declare their Folly ; but those of our time are more impudent, and boast that Folly as a Perfection.

I am your loving Friend,

BELTHAZAR DUETHOUGHT.



LETTER II.

The Answer to the foregoing Letter.

To the Reverend Mr. Duethought in Kent.

DEAR SIR,

THESE are to return my Thanks for your last obliging Letter, in which you discover so friendly and Christian a Concern for my Welfare. But, my dear Friend, your Fears are without any real Foundation ; for tho' I am for enquiring into all Religions, yet I could never be so whimsical as to seek for a Religion among the *Free-Thinkers*, as they call themselves ; who openly declare, that they have none. For my part, I have as contemptible an Opinion of them as you can have ; and think the Noble Lord gave *Trifle* a Reception worthy his Endeavours : So all such Dogs ought to be used, whenever they invade the Security and Happiness of Families. I look upon the *Free-Thinkers*, as they call

call themselves, to be the Pest of human Society. They are, indeed, the most mischievous, and the most worthless Wretches that pretend to the Name of Men. *Thinkers* they stile themselves, but certainly not from that Notion that we have of the Word, viz. the solid Reflection of rational and immortal Beings, but from that fortuitous and undesigning Thought, which we may suppose to be in meer Animals ; and yet I may seem to wrong those very meer Animals in putting the *Free-Thinkers* upon a Level with 'em ; for we can plainly discover, that those regularly pursue a certain End, but the *Free-Thinkers* none ; or at least, none agreeable to Thought, and their Being as Men, since they pursue what must be destructive of their Well-being, if not of their very Being itself : For whilst they take away, and break down the Fences of Conscience and Religion, they rob Mankind of that Security which is absolutely necessary to his Happiness, and which only can render Life desirable. I cannot discover what Motives set these Miscreants to work, in publishing and promoting their Opinions, as foolish as abominable. If they will needs think so out of the Way, in a manner so unworthy of the Dignity of human Nature ; if they had rather believe themselves the Effect of blind Chance than the Product of eternal Wisdom ; if they had rather fancy, that they shall die like Rats and the other Vermin of the Earth, than enjoy a Life hereafter replenish'd with such Beatitude as is capable of filling the vast Desires of a human Mind, enlarg'd and elevated with a wonderful Idea of an omnipotent and gracious God, why don't they sit down with that Freedom of *Thinking*, as they call it, and

go off the Stage of the World in some obscure Hole, like their Brother Vermin? Why will they, from *Free-Thinkers*, become licentious Writers? Why will they be so officiously busy to promote their pernicious Opinions? They can't pretend Conscience sets them to work, that they have disclaim'd; but what Conscience can there be, when, according to them, there is neither Religion nor God, the very Foundation of all Conscience? I must therefore declare, that though I am for a Liberty of Reasoning, I think these Wretches ought to be extirpated with Death; and that because they do not reason, but endeavour to banter us out of all that is good and valuable with a poor wretched Sarcasm, or a ridiculous Pun or Conundrum.

I am your humble Servant,

CALEB SEEKER.



LETTER III.

On FAME.

Laudumque immensa Cupido.

To Mr. Praiselove, to be left at Button's Coffee-house, Russel-street, Covent-Garden, London.

My dear Friend,

WHilst I amuse myself here in the Country, partly with Books, and partly with our rural Diversions, I sometimes look back on those brisk

brisk Enjoyments I used formerly to meet with in the Town ; and as it is natural to all Men, I endeavour to give the Advantage to my present Condition ; for he that does not so, must be uneasy, and consequently unhappy ; for such Uneasiness rouses our dormant Desires to Wishes of something we cannot attain.

This makes me prefer the Pleasures of Solitude to those more gay and more noisy Pursuits of you Men of Business and Action. I confess indeed, that you are not one of those who delight in hunting a Fortune, and pressing through Crowds with Assiduity and Obsequiousness to the Great and Powerful, who are the only Dispensators of the Goods of Fortune. But then you follow another Chace not less incumbered with Fatigue and Uncertainty, that is, Praise, Fame, Reputation, from the Performances of your Wit, your Learning, and especially your Poetry. Yes, my Friend, I know, and have been Witness of your Satisfaction and Joy upon the Applause that has been given to your Works by the Judicious ; for I must do you that Justice, I never found you at all exalted at Acclamations of the Vulgar, of the Ignorant *Wou'd-be-wits* of the Age ; that you despis'd as too transitory a Satisfaction to be the Object of your Endeavour.

But, my Friend, is not the Applause of all this World so short and transitory, that it has but the Life of a Dream ? like that it vanishes when Death wakes us to Eternity. What Benefit did *Homer*, *Virgil*, *Horace*, *Ovid*, and the rest of the great Poets of Antiquity, gain by the universal Applause their Works have every Day met with to this Day ? What Benefit in their Lives had they from this ? They only had the Satisfac-

tion of the Admiration that was paid them whilst they liv'd; though I confess that they had another, perhaps as transporting, that is, that their Fame should be immortal. This puts me in Mind of a Dream I had the other Night; I thought I went into one of those Celebrated Coffee-houses, which was a Resort of Men of Wit and Learning, and where I had never been before: Discourse, methoughts, soon brought me to their Knowledge. Is this, said one, the great Mr. Crites? I have long, said another, wish'd to see and embrace the Man, whose Works have so often charm'd me. In short, every one paid me their Compliment, and I found an inward Transport at such a Reception from so many Men of Learning: But I immediately awak'd, and all that Pleasure vanish'd; and such is all the Reputation of the World, and no more. I am not here declaiming against Fame and Reputation itself; for though it be of no longer Date than Life, yet the Desire of it has been the happy Source of the greatest and bravest Actions that ever were. Nor wou'd I have you think, that what I said, is level'd against the nicest Pursuit of Fame, Poetry: No, I have another Opinion of that Art, than to say any thing mean or little of it.

*Qui mentem magnis applicat,
Det primos Versibus annos.*

These are the Words of *Petronius Arbiter*, a Man equally skill'd in Men and Letters; by which it is plain he thought, and which is certainly so in Fact, that the applying of our early Years to Poetry, enlarges the Soul, and fills it
with

with such great and noble Ideas as are fit to raise it to great Actions. But this does not at all belong to the scribbling Poetasters of this Age, to the Men of meer Versification ; but our true Poetry, such as we find in *Homer*, *Pindar*, *Sophocles*, *Euripides*, *Virgil*, *Spencer*, *Milton*, and the rest of those great Men. *Alexander* the Great is an illustrious Instance of this Particular, who was from his Childhood conversant with all the *Greek* Poets, and was so fond of *Homer*, the Father of them all, that he carry'd him perpetually about him through all his Conquests, and frequently declared his generous Envy of *Achilles*, that had obtained so glorious a Recorder of his Virtue. And indeed *Alexander* had abundance of *Achilles* in his Temper, his Fire, his Choler, his Rashness, his Insolence, and his Valour ; he had his *Patroclus* too in *Hephestion*. *Augustus Caesar* was a Hero of another Temper ; *Ulysses* was his Original, whom he imitated nearer than *Virgil* did him in his Character of *Æneas* ; he was politick, secret, and a perfect Master of Dissimulation ; he knew Mankind perfectly well, and likewise knew how to improve that Knowledge to his own Advantage, Qualities eminent in the Hero of the *Odysses*. *Augustus* had employ'd his younger Years in Study, in which the Poets had so large a Share, that he retain'd his Love for Poetry and Fame to his dying Day. There is no need of giving Instances of this, *Virgil*, *Horace*, *Tucca*, *Varus*, are sufficient Proofs of it ; his own Endeavours at a Tragedy, his Fondness of the *Æneids*, and the Complaints of *Horace*'s not mentioning him often enough in his Poems, leave us no manner of Doubt in this Particular.

If the modern Heroes fall short of those of Antiquity in Greatness of Mind, as well as Conquest, it is my Opinion it is for Want of enlarging their Souls in their Youths by reading the Poets, and thence imbibing that glorious Thirst of Fame, which has rendred the former immortal. This is enough to shew you, my Friend, that I am not an Enemy to that useful Vanity, that has been the Parent of so many Heroes, the Love of Praise I mean, which indeed touches only the finer Spirits, such as *Cicero*, *Titus Quinctius*, *Flaminius*, *Junius Brutus*, &c. For to this Desire of Praise we must attribute the Establishment of the Liberty of *Rome* in the Execution of the Sons of *Brutus*, and the Delay of the Ruine of *Roman* Liberty in the Consulship of *Cicero*; for what Share the Desire of Praise had in it, we find by that Letter of *Tully*, which begins, *Coram me tecum eadem hac agere saepe conantem*, &c.

It is not therefore that I think the Love of Praise unnecessary in the World, but that I find no Charms in it for myself; and in that Particular it is on a Foot with all other Enjoyments in this World; for Death has so often star'd me in the Face, and shook his terrible Dart so near me, that it has pall'd my Taste to all sublunary Things. This, you'll say, is looking too near on Nature, and the State of human Things. It may be so; but this I must reply, That if this nearer View afford but little Pleasure, it shews me the Truth of Things, and so delivers me from a great deal of Disquiet; it curbs the uneasy Appetite of Things absent, and makes me not wish for any thing but what I enjoy; for whatever is transitory, whatever
has

has an End, whatever is not Eternal, has not Power to raise my Desire, that terminates only in that supreme Being, which, as it had no Beginning, so never will have an End.

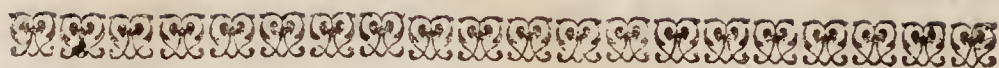
But this, you'll say, is preaching the Melancholy Doctrines of a dying Man, and you are in the Health and Vigor of your Age, too brisk and warm to relish these cold Maxims: You are for more gay and active Notions; long may you enjoy that Health and Vigor, and late may it be e'er you come to my weak State and Condition; for you will think then, as does now

Your faithful Friend,

and Servant,

CRITES.





LETTER IV.

*That our sleeping Hours are as valuable
as our waking.*

A PARADOX.

Somne quies rerum, placidissime somne deorum.

To Christopher Crotchet Esq; at Captain
Rattle's in Windmill-street, Piccadilly.

Dear KIT,

WHAT all in Raptures ---- Oh! the transporting Joys of the divine Chariclea, when I lay panting on her snowy Breast, my Soul just fluttering to my very Mouth, to meet her balmy Breath. What, Kit, hast thou at last obtain'd Possession of the coy Chariclea? No, nothing but an empty Dream; you dreamt she was kind, but wak'd and found her the same coy, proud, cruel, insolent Woman she has always been. Why faith, Kit, I think the Joy you found in your Dream really more valuable than what she could afford you waking. I knew a young Gentleman, who said he could sleep as long as he pleas'd, and dream of what he pleas'd. Accordingly, when Money run low, he would get up to his Castle, three pair of Stairs in the Temple, lock himself in, go to Bed and sleep for a Day or two. If he had had ill luck at Gaming, then he would resolve to dream of stripping the whole Board; so

so during his Sleep he had Money enough. If *Phillis* had prov'd cruel and unkind, then he would dream of rifling all her Charms at his pleasure, while she embrac'd him with all her Endearments, till he was weary of her Fondness. If his Relation, my Lord *Worthless*, had refus'd to promote his Suit at Court, then he went and dreamt of his Lordship's Downfal, and his own Establishment on his Ruins.

Now, *Kit*, if you had this Art, you would not have much occasion to repine at your Mistress's Unkindness, since the Pleasure would be more sincere and transporting; but you say it is too short, it vanishes as soon as you wake, and then you are in your old Condition of a miserable despis'd Lover. Well, *Kit*, and if you were really possess'd of your charming *Chariclea*, would not your Joy soon vanish like a Dream, and you wake to Satiety and Disgust? If the Pleasures of a Dream be short, are not the Favours of the Fair and of the Great so too? and tho' they last but a Day, an Hour; nay, sometimes but a Moment, what a deal of Affiduity, Fawning, Flattery and slavish Attendance must you pay to obtain them? but the Pleasures of a Dream, tho' short, come freely, unsought for, and unexpected; and really, I think, are full as substantial as the other. This puts me in mind of what *Prospero* says in *The Tempest*;

----- *These our Actors,*
As I foretold you, were all Spirits, and
Are melted into Air, into thin Air;
And like the baseless Fabrick of the Vision,
The Cloud-capt Towers, the gorgeous Palaces,
The solemn Temples, the great Globe itself;

Yea

*Yea all which it inherit, shall dissolve,
 And like this insubstantial Pageant faded,
 Leave not a Track behind. We are all such Stuff
 As Dreams are made on; and our little Life
 Is rounded with a Sleep.*

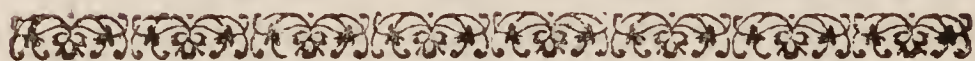
For my Part, I have often thought that our sleeping Hours are as valuable as our waking; and Nature itself seems to have equally divided our Life between them. Sleep is of a Sovereign Use, not only to the Healthy, but to the Sick; when we have tired both our Minds and our Bodies, in the foolish Pursuit of Business, Power, Riches, or Love, we are fain to have recourse to Sleep, to refresh us, nourish us, and enable us to go through the Fatigues of the following Day. When we are parch'd with the Fires of violent Fevers, and the Physician's Art is foil'd, and unable to quench the unnatural Flame, if gentle Sleep but hear our Call, and come to our Assistance, the Fire abates, till quite extinguish'd by his friendly Showers. What Esteem Sleep was in among the Antients, is plain from the Honours they paid it; first they made it a God, and his Temple was built with black Marble, tho' his settled Abode was fix'd among the *Cimmerians*, whose Country was half the Year Night; hither *Juno* dispatch'd *Iris*, to desire him to send a Dream to *Haleyone*, to let her know that her *Cœyx* was shipwrack'd, that she might no longer solicit her with Victims and Prayers for his safe and happy Return. The same Ancients paid so great a Deference to Sleep, that they took many of their Divinations from thence; if what they sought, related to Health, they slept in the Temple of *Æsculapins*,

pius, and that God, always in their Dream, reveal'd a Remedy for their Malady : If what they fought, related to War, they slept in the Temple of *Mars* : If to Love, in that of *Venus*. They had likewise their sleeping Hero, as *Endymion*, who sleeping always on the Top of Mount *Latmos*, he enjoy'd the Caresses and Love of *Diana* ; nor was she without a Rival in this drousy Charmer ; a young Nymph, whose Name I have forgot, was so enamour'd of him, that her Kisses and Fondness so disturb'd his Repose, and rous'd the Jealousy of *Diana*, that she turn'd her into a Flie ; but she still retains her old Nature, and by an impertinent Fondness always disturbs the sleeping. But what need I dwell upon the Heathen, since the sacred Writers afford such ample Proof of the Excellence and Importance of Sleep ? There we find Dreams are made use of to reveal the Fate and Revolution of Empires : As *Pharoah's* Dream of the seven fat and lean Kine, which, by the Interpretation of *Joseph*, he found to signify seven Years of Plenty, and seven Years of Famine that were to come ; by which means he engross'd all the Property of *Egypt*, and became the absolute Master of his People. Thus in *Daniel* we find the Fore-knowledge of the several Monarchies of the World reveal'd to the King of *Babylon*, and interpreted by that Prophet. In the same manner many of the Prophecies of *Isaiah*, *Ezekiel*, and others, were delivered to them in Dreams or Visions, which is all one. But you may say these were the Dreams of Princes and Prophets, and therefore have little Regard to private Dreams. What think you then of the Dreams of the two Fellow-Prisoners of *Joseph*, one of whose
 Dreams

Dreams foretold his Restoration to the King's Favour, that of the other his being hang'd? In short, to spend more Time in the Defence of Sleep, might, for ought I know, provoke it in you; I shall only therefore wish you frequently such Dreams as that you describe to me; and desire that you would not think me in a Dream, but thoroughly awake, when I subscribe myself,

Your faithful Friend,

N I K W H I M S Y.



LETTER V.

On Women.

Varium & mutabile semper-----

*Fœmina nulla bona est; at si bona contigit ulla,
Nescio quo pacto res mala facta bona est.*

*To John Freely Esq; at his House near
Maidston in Kent.*

Dear JACK,

I Receiv'd your long Letter of the 10th past, and am glad you meet with so much Pleasure in the Country; but I shan't be even with you, till I send you as long a one on some of the Pleasures of the Town, at least, that Part
of

of 'em which engages the Chace of the young Fellows of Spirit. Being confin'd to my Chambers by a Fit of the Gout, when now the Rage of it was pretty well abated, I admitted the Visits of my Friends and Acquaintance, to divert the tedious Hours. One Day I had a Visit from *Myfogamus* and *Philogamus*; soon after came in *Gaymood*, *Tattle* and *Pert*, Fellows, whose highest Ambition is to be in the Ladies Favour; and all their Discourse runs upon the Beauty of *Belinda*, the fine Air of *Clelia*, and the Wit of *Berenice*. If you chance to mention a glorious Campaign, a Battle bravely fought, and Victory still attending our Arms; Towns and Countries won; and the Terror struck into the Foes by the *British* Valour: They shall presently cry out, Oh! the invincible Charms of *Belinda*, no Mortal can behold her Eyes without being vanquish'd, without being her voluntary Slave, and bound in such agreeable Chains as you'll never desire to be free. Who can hear the penetrating Wit of *Berenice*, and yet boast himself Master of his own Heart? Thus they shall tell you how many Campaigns they have made in besieging the impregnable *Clelia*, with an exact History of all her Frowns, and the Modes of her Sights and Disdain, as if they were of that Importance that the highest Glory attended them.

After they had sufficiently tired us with this Talk they withdrew----- What intolerable Coxcombs, cry'd out *Myfogamus*, are these Fellows, to think that their Follies are an agreeable Entertainment for other Men; and to think that those that are Fools to Women should be
fit

fit Companions for Persons of Reason and Understanding!

I find, said *Philogamus*, as silly as you esteem these Men, they have been able to raise your Spleen against the fair Sex; your Eyes, and the Vehemence of your Voice discover it. I confess, reply'd he, that when I hear the most trifling Part of the Creation extoll'd and ador'd like something divine, I am not able to keep my Temper. That I was born of a Woman was not my Choice, and therefore, I think, has no right to engage me in their Cause; Generation, indeed, is the only valuable Use of Woman-kind; Nature has thought fit to give them a Share in our Production, for which only they are esteem'd by the more wise easterly Nations, where they are look'd on no more than as the first Rank of Slaves; accordingly their Lives are commonly in the Hands and Will of the Husband. In other Parts they are oblig'd to die and be burnt with their dead Husbands. During the Prevalence of the Doctrine of the *Druids* in *Gaul* and in *Britain*, who were thought to derive their Principles from the Nations of the East, the Women entirely depended on the Will of the Men, who could put them off, or put them to Death, as they thought fit: If that Power may be thought too arbitrary for humane kind, too often directed by the Passions; the other Extream of subjecting the Men to the Humour of a Creature that is guided by nothing else, is fully as absurd: To admit Women to an Equality of Share in the Government of Families, to place our Pleasure and Happiness in them, is a Madness that only prevails in the Northern Part of the World, where Men are
not

not warm'd by the gracious Influence of the Sun into finer and more exalted Notions ; and hence proceeds most, if not all our Disquiet and Miseries. Were they, indeed, endow'd with Knowledge, Reason, Virtue, Resolution, Honour, Constancy and Chastity, we might have more Reason to justify our Conduct in this Particular : But whilst in them there is only Ignorance, an Impotence of Passion, Inconstancy, Lust, and the like, we go on in the old Track, only because our Fore-fathers shew'd us the way.

But to come to Particulars, how should they have Knowledge ? that comes from Education, from Study, from the Experience of a wise Observer ; whereas the whole Education of Woman is spent in Trifles, in learning how to dress themselves, and give their Faces the best Air they can, to captivate the Fools that admire 'em. How should they have Virtue ? that likewise depends upon Knowledge. Who reads to them the Maxims of Moral Philosophy, and by that Means sets before their Eyes the Nature, Limits or Bounds of the several Virtues ? Their Female Instructors know nothing of it, their Male Teachers as little ; all that they learn from these, is either a Tune upon the Spinet, a Song, or a Dance ; they inform them in the Steps of a Minuet, a Rigadoon, or some other *French* Dance, whose Name, I thank my Stars, I know nothing of ; the chief Lessons that are inculcated into them are Pride, the gratifying their Appetites, and the several little Arts of Coquetry : Thus qualified, thus adorn'd, thus instructed, they set out to be Mistresses of Families, and sharing in the Government of them with the most wise and knowing of Husbands ;
which

which if they deny them, nothing but Strife and Disturbance ensue; nor can any thing appease them, but the entire Subjection of the Husband, as well as Family, to their Will.

But to say all that I could say upon this Subject, would, I am afraid, tire you, and make you think that I had nothing to offer in this Cause but general Invectives. This Part therefore of my Discourse I shall conclude with this Quotation out of the incomparable *Otway*, in his Orphan.

*Who was it betray'd the Capitol? Woman.
Who lost Mark Anthony the World? Woman.
Who was the Cause of a long ten Years War,
And laid, at last, old Troy in Ashes? Woman.
Destructive, damnable, deceitful Woman!
Woman to Man first as a Blessing given,
When Innocence and Love were in their Prime;
Happy, a while, in Paradise they lay,
But quickly Woman long'd to go astray;
Some foolish new Adventure needs must prove,
And the first Devil she saw, she chang'd her Love;
To his Temptations lewdly she inclin'd
Her Soul, and for an Apple damn'd Mankind.*

Otway is content with a few Instances of the Perfidiousness, Inconstancy, and Destructiveness of Womankind, but those which were eminent, and concern'd in the Happiness of great Men, of great Nations; and, in fine, of all humane kind. Were we, indeed, to number all the Examples of the fatal Vices and Follies of that Sex, which the History of all Nations affords us, I should want Time, tho' I spent whole Years in the Narration, to give you one Half of their

their Number. What are the unnatural Lusts of the *Pasiphaes*, the adulterous Loves of the *Stenobœa's* and *Phædra's*, the salacious and abandon'd Lewdness of *Messalina*? of whom the Poet said,

Decem lassata viris, sed nondum satiata recessit.

What shall we say of the Ingratitude and unbounded Ambition of *Semiramis*? who was first a Concubine to one of the Slaves of the great King *Ninus*, and being seen by him, had the good Fortune to win that King's Heart to such a Degree, that she became his chief and favourite Mistress; and this Love, in a little Time, made that Prince doat to so mad a Degree, as, on her Request, he surrender'd the sovereign Power into her Hands for one Day. But see the monstrous Ingratitude of this Woman, Ingratitude, that none, indeed, but a Woman could be guilty of; she turns the gracious Gift of her besotted Benefactor against his Life; in short, by the Power he had given her, she caus'd him to be slain; and by other Arts, too long here to particularize, usurp'd his Kingdom. *Belestia* was a dancing singing Slave, and for the Agility of her Heels, and the Fineness of her Voice, was prefer'd to be Concubine to *Antiochus*; and finding her Power able to compass any thing with that King, nothing less than a Goddessship would please the aspiring Harlot; the King therefore, at her Request, erects a Temple to her, under the Name of *Venus Belestia*. But we will say no more of the Ambition of this Sex; we will pass over *Athalia*, *Jezabel*, *Irene*, and infinite Numbers of the like, both Antient and Modern, that have made Kings and Nations

feel the terrible Effects of their Pride, Ambition, Revenge and Cruelty ; nor will I insist upon the Story of the *Ephesian* Matron as a Proof of the fickle Inconstancy of that Sex ; it is an Instance quite worn out, and suspected as a Forgery, and no real Fact : I shall quit History therefore, and only give you some few Instances that I have gathered from my own and my Friends Experience. To begin with their Inconstancy.

Parthenia was a young Lady of exquisite Beauty, some Wit, and, as 'twas thought, a great deal of Prudence. *Mirabel* was a young Gentleman of such Parts, and so lovely a Person, that whilst his Understanding and good Sense engag'd the Friendship of the Men, the Gracefulness of his Body surpriz'd the Hearts of not a few of the Women ; but none of them had Charms enough to make him their Captive, except *Parthenia* ; he only lov'd her, and she only him : Nay, if there were any difference in the Force of their Passion, hers was the greater. Both Parties so equally loving, Marriage was soon agreed on ; Friends consented, Settlements were made, and the Day appointed. But, alas ! what Security has Man of a Happiness that depends upon Woman, when a meer Whim, a Caprice of theirs shall of a sudden overset it ? *Mirabel*, you may be sure, was a constant Visitant every Day, till the happy Hour came, which was but two Days off, when this Accident destroy'd all his Joys. *Parthenia* had a very pretty Cat given her ; *Mirabel* had a mortal Aversion to a Cat, and coming into the Dining-Room before his Mistress was there, poor Puss, that was a very tame and familiar Animal, before it was seen, jumps into *Mirabel's* Lap, who, in a Fright, seizes the Cat, throws it

↓

down,

down, and stamps with that Force upon its Head, that he left her sprawling in the last Agonies. When *Parthenia* enter'd the Room, seeing Puss in that Condition, she snatch'd her up into her Arms, and in a most violent Passion order'd *Mirabel* to retire, and never see her more. While she was possess'd with that Passion, *Mirabel* made no Difficulty to obey her, designing to return in a few Hours; in which Time he hop'd his Mistress's Rage would be appeas'd, and Puss removed for his Reception; but quite contrary, he found a most dangerous Rival in the Cat, which, tho' dead, ingrossed the Affections so much of *Parthenia*, that, notwithstanding all the Mediation of Friends, she could never be prevailed with afterwards to see him; but to avoid his Importunities, left the Town, retired into the Country; and hearing of *Mirabel's* Design to follow her, clapt up a Match with a Country Clown, whom she had never seen four times in her Life.

I shall content myself with only this Instance of the strange Inconstancy of the Sex, nor shall I give you any Example of their known Lewdness: Every Town, every Street, nay, almost every House can furnish the Experienced with Proofs of that Particular.

Avarice is indeed a Crime of both Sexes, but not so vehement, and so general in the Men, as in the Women; you may frequently meet with a generous Man, but I believe, I may say, no Man ever met with a truly generous Woman: They have a sort of Charity, as they call it, by which they can give an Alms at the Door, or the narrow Bounty of a Guinea, or half a Guinea put into some eminent Divine's Hands to be employ'd

ploy'd in charitable Uses; by which they bribe the Parson to give them the Name of good Christians, and Ladies of a soft and compassionate Temper and Pity, and relieve the Misfortunes of their Fellow-Creatures: Perhaps there may be some few that may struggle up to a larger Donation; but this I am sure, that all History cannot afford one Woman that ever was a Rewarder of Men of Learning, and an Encourager of Arts and Sciences.

Lenatoria was of the least Size of Womankind, else tolerably agreeable in her Person; she had a large Fortune left her, which was a Charm sufficient to engage my Friend *Shifter* to marry her; and at first he brag'd of his Judgment in his Choice, that of all Evils he had chosen the least, never reflecting, that tho' she was the least in Person, she was a very great Evil; her Temper and his being directly opposite; he was generous, free, open, hospitable, and she stingy, reserv'd, and an Enemy to all Hospitality. If he invited his Friends home to Dinner, she would be sure to provide such an Entertainment as should certainly disgust them, and prevent their troubling her any more in that Nature. He would have his Servants have every thing that was convenient; she abridg'd them of what was even necessary; insomuch that Pudding made only of Flowr, Salt and Water, was a Regale, which she seldom afforded them, with a Piece of Neck Beef baked in the middle on it. This poor *Shifter* was fain to submit to, tho' much against his Inclination. Whenever she went to a Friend's to Dinner, she carried with her a little Tin Box, into which she us'd to convey a Leg or a Wing of a Fowl, or any other dainty Bit,
which

which she would not afford herself at her own Expence at home. About *Christmas* she went round to half the Grocers in Town, getting of them Samples of Fruit and Sugar, which was sufficient to keep her *Christmas*, without any Expence to herself. When she was at her Country-House in the Summer, she would go about to her poor Tenants and Neighbours, and praise their poor homely Viands, with which they treated her so far, that she would be sure to carry home a Piece of Bacon from one, a Piece of Beef from another, a Piece of Cheese from a third, and something from every one; she was so careful to lose nothing, that she fed her Ducks with her own Excrements; in short, for I am weary of dwelling on this odious Animal, she was as crooked in all other Conditions, as in Person; so that tho' she brought poor *Shifter* a plentiful Fortune, she made him the most miserable of Men.

What shall I say of *Scribonia*, a Woman of Wit? How shall I describe her unbounded Lust? She never saw Man that she did not desire; and she never desired a Man, but she found some Means to enjoy him; which brings to my Mind a pleasant Adventure of hers. In the Number of her Gallants, she happen'd unfortunately to find one that bestow'd a Favour upon her, which she could not get rid of without the Help of the Physician. *Will. Galliard* happen'd to come and see her in this Condition; she receiv'd him with a great deal of Indignation, with the sweet Appellations of Rogue, Villain, and the like. Madam, said he, what Occasion have I given for this inhumane Treatment? If to have lov'd you with the utmost Zeal and Fidelity be a Fault, I

own myself the most guilty of Mankind ; but for any other Crime against you, I must assert my Innocence, and your Injustice. Why, says she, with some Emotion, have you not cl---t me ? He deny'd the Charge, and offer'd such Proofs that he was not guilty, that she was satisfy'd in his Innocence. Why then, says she, it was *Beaugard*, or *Belfond*, or *Townly*, or *Ramble*, and so went on to about a dozen more, whom she could remember, or at least thought fit to mention ; for his Smiles upon her for her Enumeration of her Gallants put a Stop to her Career. But I grow tired of this Subject, for I could give you a thousand Examples of the Vices and Follies of the Sex.

Here *Mysogamus* made a Pause, which we attended for some Minutes, expecting that when he had recovered his Breath, he would go on with his Invectives ; but finding him perfectly silent, *Philegamus* thus began :

I have heard you with abundance of Patience declaim against Women in general, with very little Reason, nay, without any Reason that is at all conclusive against the Sex. You have enumerated a great many Faults and Frailties of Womankind ; and which I may allow without any Detriment to what I have to say. In the first place, to have made your Charge of any Force and Effect, by a just Consideration you would have found, that all you can say upon this Point is of very little Consequence, unless you could persuade us, that you are wiser than that Supreme Nature that formed Womankind ; but that, I am afraid, is a Task that even you your self will own much beyond your Capacity to perform. That Eternal Mind, that made us,
judged

judged Woman necessary to the Happiness of Man : But you'll say, that she's fallen from that primitive Innocence from whence that Happiness should be derived : But is not Man also fallen from the same ? Has he no Vices and Follies to contribute to the Unhappiness that he now does experience ? You will say again, that it was Woman tempted him to throw away the Bliss of Paradise for her sake ; but did not he know that his Offence would have that Effect ? Did he not know the Guilt he should incur by listning to her Solicitations ? Yes, he knew it all, and so became a voluntary Criminal, and in that more weak and abandon'd than Woman herself.

You muster up a great many general Sentences and precarious Maxims, which you would fain have the Force to reach the whole Sex, and give various Instances of the odious Transgressions of some Particulars, never considering that there is not one of them which we cannot parallel, and exceed among the Men. *Semiramis* was ungrateful and cruel ; but what think you of *Nero*, who was ungrateful and cruel, even to his own Mother ? a Mother, that was so fond of him, that notwithstanding she was told, if she made him Emperor, her own Life was in Danger : Let me die, says she, so that he reign ; yet this Mother he destroy'd : But for what ? Not like *Semiramis*, to gain the Empire of the World, to wrest that Sovereign Power out of the Hands of an effeminate worthless Prince, which she executed with Honour, Reputation and Glory ; but out of a Wantonness of horrible Cruelty, to see the Place where he was nourished as an Embrio.

Belestia, you say, had an odd Ambition of being a Goddess; and to that End made use of her Power with the King to have a Temple erected unto her. Well, but were there never any Men guilty of the same Ambition? What think you of *Empedocles*, a Philosopher and Poet? He, to obtain the Name of a God, threw himself into Mount *Ætna*. What think you of *Alexander* the Great, who, despising his own Father *Philip*, would needs be thought the Son of *Jupiter*, and be flatter'd with the Name of *Young Ammon*? What think you of the celebrated *Augustus Caesar*, who affords us a double Example in this Case? one of intolerable Ingratitude, the other of this particular Vanity which you mention. *Cicero* the famous *Roman* Orator, the most Eloquent of Mankind, Excellent in all Parts of human Literature, receiv'd *Augustus*, then call'd *Octavius*, coming to *Rome* after the Death of *Julius Caesar*, without Interest or Friends of any Power, promoted him in the Commonwealth, contrary to the Opinion and Persuasion of *Bru-tus*, called him *Son*, and prevailed to have him chosen Consul, even before he was of legal Age to enjoy that Authority. What did the young *Octavius* do in Return of all these Favours? being possess'd of the *Roman* Army by *Cicero*'s Interest, he join'd *Mark Anthony* and *Lepidus*, and forming the second Triumvirate, cemented this new League with the Blood of his Father *Cicero*, surrendring him in the Proscription to his inveterate and malicious Enemy *Anthony*. *Augustus* being at last sole Emperor of *Rome*, admitted all the gross Flatteries of that Time towards the making him a God, and permitted Altars to be erected to him as such,

What

What you tell us of *Messalina* and her exorbitant Lust; as great as it was, it was still kept within the Bounds of Nature, and terminated in Man: But cast your Eyes to the Isle of *Caprea*, whither the Tyrant *Tiberius*, the Successor of *Augustus*, retir'd, the more freely to enjoy his unnatural Lust, Lust too shocking to be express'd! What think you of *Heliogabalus*? He was not satisfy'd with all the Lusts that his Predecessors had pursued, but would alter even the Works of Nature; and, by the Art of his Surgeon, endeavour to convert his Favourite-Slave into a Woman, and marry'd him with all the Pomp and sacred Rites of the *Roman Religion*.

You are ready to tell us of *Athalia* and *Jezebel*, but take no manner of Notice of *Deborah*, *Judith*, or any other of the Scripture-Heroines, who were eminent for great and brave Actions.

You fall upon the Education of Womankind, to render them the more contemptible and odious. I do myself allow, that the Education of Women in these Parts, and in our Time, is very defective and faulty: But is that the Fault of Women? No certainly, it is the Defect of Men, who have the Direction of publick Affairs. But it is a very unfair Way of Comparison to put the Men, who have had Education, against the Women who have none; and yet I appeal to any Man that knows Conversation, whether a Woman, coming from their Schools, be not more valuable Company than many a meer Scholar coming from the University, knowing nothing of Mankind, and skill'd only in Words. The fairest Way of examining the Merit of Man
and

and Woman is to consider them both without Education. Look among the Vulgar, and you shall find ten to one among the Women, who have more Sense and Prudence than their Husbands.

But that I may not be behind-hand with you in Examples, I shall give you three from ancient History, of Fidelity and Constancy, which is a Virtue you almost deny the Sex, which yet you will scarce find amongst the Men.

Plutarch, in his *Morals*, furnishes me with two of those I shall mention, and in his *Lives* with the third.

Camma was a *Galatian* Lady of exquisite Beauty, but the Virtue and Constancy of her Mind far surpassed the Charms of her Person; she was marry'd to *Cinnatus* a Tetrarch, or petty Prince among the *Galatians*; the Love was mutual between them both, but her Charms extended farther by much than she desired; for they had made so entire a Conquest over *Synorix*, that he could not think of any Happiness without the Possession of her; to obtain which, he employ'd all his Arts, his Cunning, and Importunity, but to no Purpose; she remain'd untouch'd with all his amorous Addresses, and made it evident to him how much she detested his Criminal Endeavours; but this inflam'd his Love into Rage, and push'd him on to murder her Husband *Cinnatus*, upon which she fled to the Temple of *Diana*, and there secur'd herself, by becoming a Votary to that Goddess, according to the Custom of the Country.

She rejected all the Solicitations of those numerous Lovers, whom her Beauty had rais'd to admire her. At last, *Synorix*, hoping the Memory

mory of what he had done was pretty well over, ventur'd to her, and renew'd his Suit, assuring her that it was no Malice, no Revenge, no little Interest that had prevail'd with him to destroy *Cinnatus*, but the absolute Despair of obtaining her any other way; that if in that he had been guilty of a Crime, she had the least Reason to accuse him of all humane kind, since it was the Effect of her Charms.

She seem'd to admit all he said, as a Truth not to be controverted, and therefore soon agreed to marry him. The Ceremony was to be perform'd in that Temple of *Diana*, where she had so long resided; among which Ceremonies, the drinking to her future Husband, was one; *Camma* had prepar'd a Draught in which there was mix'd a deadly Poison, half of it she drank off to him, and he soon pledg'd her in the other half. *We have gone far enough, says she; and now, my dear Cinnatus, I have reveng'd thy Death, tho' by the Loss of my own Life, the Life that has only been thus long tolerable to me, in hopes to obtain this Event, which is now come to pass.* In short, the Murderer soon dy'd full of Rage, and she soon follow'd with a great deal of Satisfaction.

The next Instance I shall give you, is out of the Lives of *Plutarch*. *Cleombrotus* being Son-in-Law to *Leonidas*, King of *Sparta*, was made King in his Room, and Colleague with *Agis*. On another Turn, *Leonidas* was restor'd, and *Agis* fled to the Temple of *Juno*, and *Cleombrotus* to that of *Neptune*. *Leonidas*, now incens'd against his Son-in-Law, meddled not with *Agis*, but, with his Soldiers, went to the Sanctuary of *Cleombrotus*, and there, with great Passion, reproach'd him with conspiring with his Enemies,
usurping

usurping his Throne, and forcing him from his Country, tho' he was his Son-in-Law. *Cleombrotus*, having little to say for himself, stood silent. His Wife *Chelonis*, the Daughter of *Leonidas*, had been a Partner in her Father's Sufferings; for when *Cleombrotus* usurp'd the Kingdom she forsook him, and wholly apply'd herself to comfort her Father in his Affliction; whilst he was in Sanctuary she stay'd with him, and when he fled she fled with him, bewailing his Misfortune, and extreamly displeas'd with *Cleombrotus*. But now, upon this Turn of Fortune, she was as zealous and assiduous in Expressions of Love and Duty to her Husband, whom she embrac'd with one Arm, and her two little Children with the other: All Men were strangely taken with the Piety and tender Affection of the young Woman, who, in a loose neglected Mourning, with a pale dejected Countenance, and in a suppliant Posture, spoke thus to *Leonidas*.

" I am not brought to this Condition you see
 " me in, nor have taken upon me this Mour-
 " ning Habit, by reason of the present Misfor-
 " tunes of *Cleombrotus*; it is long since fami-
 " liar to me; it was put on to condole with
 " you in your Banishment, and now you are
 " restored to your Country and Kingdom, must
 " I still remain in Grief and Misery? Or would
 " you have me attir'd in my Festival Ornaments
 " that I may rejoyce with you, when you have
 " kill'd, within my Arms, the Man to whom
 " you gave me for a Wife? Either *Cleombrotus*
 " must appease you by mine or my Childrens
 " Tears, or he must suffer a Punishment greater
 " than his Faults deserv'd, he shall infallibly see
 " me die before him, whom he has profess'd ten-
 " derly

“ derly to love. To what End should I live ?
 “ or how shall I appear among the *Spartan*
 “ Ladies, when it shall so manifestly be seen,
 “ that I have not been able to move Compassion
 “ either in a Husband or a Father ? I was
 “ born, it seems, to be dishonour’d and dis-
 “ grac’d, both as a Wife and a Daughter, with
 “ that Relation which is nearest to me in each
 “ Capacity. As for *Cleombrotus*, I have sufficient-
 “ ly disown’d his Cause, when I forsook him to
 “ follow you ; but now yourself will justify his
 “ Proceedings, by showing to the World, that
 “ for the sake of a Kingdom, it is just to kill a
 “ Son-in-Law, and be regardless of a Daughter.

Chelonis having ended the Lamentation, turn’d
 her weeping Eyes towards the Spectators, then
 gently repos’d her Head on her Husband’s
 Bosom. *Leonidas*, touch’d with Compassion,
 withdrew a while to advise with his Friends ;
 then returning, condemn’d *Cleombrotus* to a per-
 petual Banishment. *Chelonis*, he said, ought to
 stay with him, it not being just that she should
 forsake a Father, who had granted, at her Inter-
 cession, the Life of her Husband. But all he
 could say, could not prevail with her to stay ;
 she took up, immediately, one of her Children
 in her Arms, and gave the other to her Hus-
 band : Then, having perform’d her Devotions
 at the Altar where she had taken Sanctuary, she
 chearfully follow’d him into Banishment -----
 To be short, so great was the Virtue and Ge-
 nerosity express’d by *Chelonis*, on this Occasion,
 that if *Cleombrotus* were not strangely blinded by
 Ambition, he would chuse to be banish’d with
 so excellent a Woman, rather than without her
 to possess a Kingdom.

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I shall only add one History more out of the same Author ; and that is of *Empona*, a Princess among the *Galatians*, who being marry'd to *Sabinus*, a young Nobleman of *Rome*, had the Misfortune soon after to have her Husband engag'd in a Revolt against *Vespasian* the Emperor, and to miscarry in his Attempt so far, that he was fain to fly for his Life, and had no Hopes left of Security against the Pursuit of his Enemies, but by giving out among his Servants that he design'd to poison himself ; and dismissing all but two, in whom he particularly confided, he retir'd to a Country-house of his, where there were very large and deep Vaults, and whither he had convey'd the most valuable of his Effects. Entering these Vaults, he sent one of his Servants to tell his Wife, that he had taken Poison, and that the House being burnt to the Ground, had consum'd his Body. His Wife receiv'd the News with the utmost Grief and Despair, which daily grew to such an Excess, that it was to be fear'd she would not long survive it ; of which *Sabinus* being inform'd, he order'd his faithful Servant privately to inform her of the Secret of his Life and Abode, adding this Caution, that she should take care to continue the Appearance of her Sorrow, to confirm the World in the Opinion of his imagin'd Death ; and this she perform'd with that artfull Address, that it was universally believ'd that *Sabinus* was no more.

But *Empona* was so impatient for the Sight of her Husband, that in the Night-time she constantly went to see him, and spent many Hours with him in the dismal Caverns of his Retreat, still taking care to return to her own
 Apart-

Apartment in the City, without the least Discovery. In this manner she spent her Time for at least nine Months, when she was brought to bed, without any Help, of two lovely Boys, one of which liv'd in the Time of our Author; but impatient for her Husband's Safety, shaving his Beard, she drest him up in Women's Apparel, and carry'd him with her to *Rome*, in Hopes to procure his Pardon, by her earnest Solicitations of the Emperor; but *Vespasian* was a Prince too jealous of Empire, ever to forgive a Crime of that Nature; so that she sent her Husband back to his lurking Place, and try'd farther herself what she could do. In this Negotiation her Love urg'd her to such Expressions, as provok'd the Emperor to put her to Death, assuring him that she had rather die than live to see him Emperor.

Well, *Myfogamus*, What think you of the Constancy of Womankind, from these three Examples? Will you insist on the *Ephesian* Matron, a mere Fiction, as a Proof of the Inconstancy of the Sex, and yet not allow these true Histories as an Evidence of the contrary? If you tell us of *Messalina*, give me leave to put you in Mind of *Lucretia*, so eminent for her Chastity, that it is grown into a Proverb, *As chaste as Lucretia*. What think you of *Portia*, the Wife of the second *Brutus*? Did not she discover more than a manly Constancy in her Death? Did she not prove that Secrets of the highest and most dangerous Consequences might be confided to a Woman, when her Husband *Brutus* trusted her with the whole Conspiracy against *Cæsar*? These, you'll say, are but particular Women, and afford but little Advantage to the Generality

lity of the Sex : I grant they are particular, but so are all those Instances you have given of their Vices and Follies ; we are therefore, in that Point, upon a Level.

I shall give you, *ex abundante*, some Examples of Bodies of Women, who have join'd in great and glorious Actions. The *Persians*, in a Battle with their Enemies, were worsted and fled away before them, till they were stopt by the Virgins and Matrons of that Country, who, reproaching them with their Cowardice, cry'd, *Whither will ye fly ? What ! into the Wombs that bore you, from the Terror of your Foe ? who are terrible only by your Fear : Turn therefore again, and fight manfully for your Mothers, your Wives, and your Children, or else give us your Weapons to defend ourselves, and rescue the Glory of the Persian Name.* Touch'd with this Valour of the Women, they made Head against the Enemy ; and so turning the Fortune of the Day, obtain'd a glorious Victory.

When *Romulus* had found in *Rome* he had but little Prospect of making it continue longer than the Lives of his present Subjects, for he wanted Women to produce a Posterity, the neighbouring Cities and Countries refusing their Daughters for their Wives, looking on them to be a scandalous Company of Fellows got together out of all *Italy* by the Asylum set up by *Romulus* ; he exhibited Shows and Spectacles, which brought great Numbers of the *Sabine* young Women to behold them ; and, upon a Sign given, the *Romans* seiz'd each a *Sabine* Woman for his Wife, and carry'd them off to *Rome*. The *Sabines*, a warlike People, soon took to their Arms to revenge the Affront, and rescue the Women.

Women. Most terrible, certainly, had been the Slaughter, and, perhaps, fatal to the infant State of *Rome*, had not *Herfilia*, and the rest of the *Sabine* Women, who had been thus ravish'd by the *Romans*, come into the Field of Battle betwixt both Armies, and with most pathetick Addresses to their Parents and Relations on one Side, and their Husbands on the other, brought them to a friendly Parly; and so in the End united both Nations.

Conrade, the third Emperor of *Germany*, besieging *Guelpho*, Duke of *Bavaria*, reduced the Town to that Extremity, that the Duke was fain to submit to a Parly. But all the Terms he could obtain, were, that the Women should depart in Peace, bearing with them only so much of their most valuable Goods as each could carry off: The Dutchess therefore, and the rest of that Sex, from the Highest to the Lowest, went out, bearing each on her Back her Husband. Being come out of the Town thus loaded, the Emperor was so touch'd with the Generosity of the Action, that he forgave the Duke, and receiv'd him ever after into peculiar Favour.

You have objected to the Sex Ignorance; but that, in reality, is not a Fault in Woman-kind, but in the Men, who deny them all those Improvements of Knowledge and Learning which they enjoy, and are so proud of themselves; and yet I could enumerate a long Roll of Women, illustrious in every Part of Literature, but that Time and my Memory forbid me at this present. I shall only mention a very few that occur; What think you of *Deborah*, so learned in the Laws of the *Israelites*, that she judged

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Israel for several Years? nor was that Nation ever more prosperous, till the Time of *David* or *Solomon*. She was likewise an excellent Poetess, as her sublime Song on the Destruction of *Sisera* by *Jaelyhows*. What think you of *Theano*, the Wife of *Pythagoras*, who taught his School in Philosophy after his Death? We must not omit *Aspasia*, the *Athenian* Courtesan, so eminent for her Learning, both in Philosophy and Politicks, that the greatest Men of that Age were instructed by her in both.

How many of the *Grecian* Women were excellent in Poetry? *Sappho*, *Erinna*, *Corinna*, and many more, are sufficient Proofs of this Truth. The great *Pindar* was instructed in the Art of Poetry by a Woman: And *Corinna*, his Contemporary, often reproach'd him in his Youth, that he did not understand what it was to be a Poet, spending all his Time and Pains in the Study of Words and Expressions, never producing one Proof that he was able to form a Fable, which was the principal Duty and Characteristick of a Poet, and without which he could only pretend to be a mere Versifier. But let us pass from *Greece* to *Rome*; there we find *Cornelia*, the Mother of the *Gracchi*, instructing her Sons, *Caius* and *Tiberius*, in Eloquence, and in Virtue, and in Resolution, by which they made the last stand for the true Liberty of *Rome*; for, on their Death, the Ballance of Power turn'd entirely to the Nobility, by the Destruction of the *Agrarian* Law. To come to the Moderns. I can't omit *Anna Maria van Schurman*, a *Flemish* Lady, whose learned Writings were in great Esteem among Men of Letters above a Century ago; among which is a Defence of her own Sex, written in eloquent *Latin*. The next I shall mention,

mention, for I must draw to an End, is the present learned Madam *Dacier*, who is so great a Mistress of the *Greek*, that she has given us admirable Versions of *Homer* and *Sophocles*; besides many learned Discourses, which prove her to be one of the foremost Criticks of the Age.

I shall conclude with *England*, where, among the Learned, we shall find the Daughter of Sir *Thomas More* in the Time of King *Henry VIII*, the immortal Queen *Elizabeth*; and in later Times, the Lady *Packington*, Author of *The Whole Duty of Man*. In Poetry likewise many of our *English* Ladies have been eminent, as *Cowley's* fam'd *Orinda*, Mrs. *Apharra Behn*, who seem'd to have the Soul of *Sappho* transfus'd into her. Here I must not omit the admirable Mrs. *Singer*, as chaste in her Writings, as nervous and sublime. I might mention others still living, but these are sufficient to prove, that Ignorance is not always the Crime of the Ladies; and that the finest Arts and Sciences shine sometimes in that Sex.

But you press hard, that no Woman was ever yet a Patroness of Learning. I confess I am not able to give any particular Instances of the contrary; but this I can say, that the Men have but very little Reason to boast of any Advantage above them in that Particular, that for two thousand Years, excepting the *Athenian* State, and the Reign of *Augustus Cæsar*, there have not appear'd ten Men worthy the Name of Patrons of Arts.

Here *Philogamus* made an End, and *Mysogamus* was preparing to return him an Answer, when Sir *John Friendly's* Man came up to my Chambers, and told me his Master was coming

to pay me a Visit, if I was not other ways engag'd. I order'd my Man to go down to Sir John, and desire his Company, since the Gout would not permit me to wait on him myself. This put an End to our Dispute, and the two Pleaders for and against Women took their Leaves, unconvinc'd, like other Disputants, by each others Arguments. Thus I have sent you a Letter as long as I threaten'd; and shall only add to it, that I am

Your faithful Friend,

and humble Servant,

PHILIP NEITHERSIDE.



LETTER VI.

On BEAUTY.

Forma bonum fragile -----

O Formose puer nimium ne crede colori.

To Mr. Clearwit at his Chambers in
Lincoln's-Inn.

Dear Friend,

YOU tell me, in yours of the fifteenth
past, that you desire to exercise your
Talent in Poetry upon the following Subject.

That

That tho' all People agree that Beauty is to be admir'd, yet no one has told us what Beauty is, or have fix'd any Standard of it.

You tell me that you have try'd in vain to please yourself in writing upon it, and therefore depute the Task to your humble Servant. I must confess, it is with a great deal of Reluctance that I can think of denying you any thing; but I must be so free as to declare, that, in my Opinion, this is, by no means, a Subject for Poetry; at least, for any Poetry above an Epigram: 'Tis true, Cowley has play'd upon it wantonly enough, but I think with no Poetical Genius: Be you the Judge, these are his Words.

--- Beauty, thou wild fantastick Ape,
Who do'st in every Country change thy Shape:
Here Black, there Brown, here Tawney, and there
(White.

Thou Flatterer, who comply'st with every Sight,
Who hast no certain what, nor where,
But vary'st still, and do'st thyself declare
Inconstant, as thy She-Professors are.

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Cowley here tells us of the Uncertainty what Beauty is, but proceeds not by Ratiocination to solve the Riddle propos'd; that is, how we come to admire it without a Definition of it. He plainly saw that was too uncouth and barren a Subject for Verse; nor, indeed, do I see any Curiosity in it that is worthy our Inquiry, even in Prose. Your Friend seems to me to mistake the Matter quite, in supposing that to love a beautiful Object, without knowing what Beauty is, implies a sort of Contradiction, as if Inclination and Knowledge were so inseparable, that

they could not subsist afunder. I would fain ask him, whether we are not all sensible of Light and Heat, tho' few but the Learned can give a Definition of either: And therefore his Question, of how it comes to pass that we love Beauty without knowing what it is, is easily answer'd, by assuring him that it is the Effect of that Inclination which Nature has fix'd in all Men towards the fair Sex; and tho', perhaps, it cannot be deduc'd to a general Definition, yet every Man in Love will be able to describe the Beauties of his Charmer. *Dryden* says thus on Beauty.

*The Cause of Love can never be assign'd,
'Tis in no Face, but in the Lover's Mind.*

But I must dissent from this great Poet, because it is the Beauty of the Mistress that first fixes herself in the Mind of the Lover; for that there is such a Thing as real Beauty, there is no manner of Question. Ask the Painters and the Statuaries, they will tell you the Features and Proportions that compose this perfect Beauty. *Apelles*, when he drew his *Venus*, the Wonder of the old World, fram'd so perfect an Idea of Beauty, that all the Women of *Greece* and *Asia* could not furnish him with an Original to copy; he therefore took the most excellent Features he could find in the most beautiful Women of his Age, and put them together in one Figure with that Address and Art, that he made it worthy of the Goddess of Beauty. This shows plainly that we are not so much to seek what Beauty is, nor in the Features nor Proportions that compose it, as your mistaken Friend seems to imagine.

gine. Again we have extant the *Aphrodite*, or *Venus*, of the Greek Statuary *Aristomenes*; the Original is in the Hands of the Duke of *Tuscany*, excellent Copies of which have been dispers'd among us by our *English Phidias*, Mr. *Bird*. This is another Proof that we are not destitute of a certain Standard for Beauty; I shall therefore take no notice of the *Venus* of *Caraccio*, in the Hands of the present Duke of *Buckinghamshire*, but proceed to shew that Poetry likewise has given us an exact Portraiture of Beauty, as the following Lines will show.

Mark how their Statures due Proportion know,
Nor rise too high, nor sink too meanly low ;
No meagre bony Jaws deform the Face,
Nor puffy Sides the taper Shape disgrace,
But every Part alike becomes its Place.
Behold how lovely smooth the Forehead shines,
How milky white the soft Descent inclines,
How fitly to the sparkling Eyes it joyns ;
While gaily pleasing they, and sweetly bright,
Fill each Beholder's Heart with dear Delight.
See on the bloomy Cheeks so freshly spread,
So duly mixt the native White and Red :
Mark what full Roses on the Lips appear,
What Sweets they breath, what balmy Dew they
(wear.
But lost and endless were my Pains to trace
The vast Infinity of Beauty's Grace.
Why should the Muse in lavish Numbers speak
The golden Tresses, or the iv'ry Neck ?
Why should the bashful Nymph attempt to tell,
What soft round Globes on rising Bosoms swell ?

*What secret Charms ----- since Modesty denies,
 And bars the bold Access of wanton Eyes :
 Blushing with decent Grace, her Veil she draws,
 And shields the Fair from Shame, by Custom's re-
 (verend Laws.*

It is this Beauty that has those wonderful Effects mention'd by the Poets, and commands the Admiration of all that behold it, as *Spencer* describes it in the following Lines.

*Nought under Heaven so strongly doth allure
 The Sense of Man, and all his Mind possess,
 As Beauty's lovely Bait, that doth procure,
 Great Warriors of their Rigor to repress,
 And mighty Hands forget their Manliness ;
 Drawn with the Power of an Heart-robbing Eye,
 And wrapt in Fetters of a golden Tress,
 That can with melting Pleasance mollify
 Their harden'd Hearts, inur'd to Blood and Cruelty.
 So whilom learn'd that mighty Jewish Swain,
 Each of whose Locks did match a Man of Might,
 To lay his Spoils before his Leman's Train :
 So also did the great Cetean Knight,
 For his Love's Sake his Lion's Skin undight.
 And so did warlike Anthony neglect
 The World's whole Rule for Cleopatra's Sight.
 Such wond'rous Power has Woman's fair Aspect,
 To captive Men, and make them all the World
 (neglect.*

This is sufficient to say upon the Force of Beauty, whose rightful Power no Body ever yet deny'd, and your Friend himself seems fairly to acknowledge.

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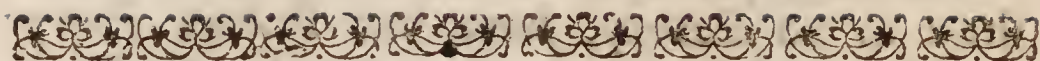
He may, perhaps, object, that Women, with little or no Beauty, have had strange Power over Men ; but that comes not under this Question : To make a material Objection, he should produce Proofs of Beauty unregarded, and without that Power. He may, perhaps, upon this Occasion, have recourse to the *Quinctia* of *Catullus* ; who, he says, was tall and handsome, but had not so much as *Mica Salis*, a Corn of Salt in her whole Bulk. By this Corn of Salt, I suppose, *Catullus* means Grace, Air, Mein, the sweet Result of all the Charms of Face and Body, it strikes the Eye and Heart. But we must observe, that *Catullus* does not deny the Power of *Quinctia*'s Eyes, but lessens her Charms, only to raise those of his *Lesbia*.

I shall conclude with this Advice to your Friend, never to offer an argumentative Subject for Poetry, where there is no room for Images and Fable. I am

Your Faithful Friend,

JONATHAN FAIRLY.





LETTER VII.

On Drinking.

Fœcundi Calices quem non fecere disertum?

To Roger Drinkwater Esq; at his House in
Hanover-Square.

My dear sober ROGER,

I Receiv'd your Letter of the 1st of this Month, which I believe you writ after you had extinguish'd all your Fire with a Quart or two of Spring-water ; a Liquor that might have been pleasant enough when *Adam* liv'd in Paradise, that was a warm Country, and afforded no more agreeable Beveridge. But, my Dear, you must consider, we live in a cold Climate, where the Waters are frozen up once a Year, and retain the chilling Quality of the Ice all the rest of it. I am in a shuddering Fit at the very Thoughts of Water ! why, 'tis the Liquor of Beasts, not Men ; and the poor Animals guzzle it up just to satisfy the Drought of Nature, and know no better ; but my Horse is a wiser Creature, offer him on the Road Water, or good Ale, he will certainly chuse the latter.

I am for old *Noah*, the second Father of Humankind, he found out the valuable Juice of the Grape, and made the first Experiment of its Power himself. As to the *Antediluvian* Fathers,

thers, I think they had an End worthy of their Lives; for as they drank nothing but Water, so they made their *Exit* in Water. I don't know, but if they had found out Wine, and drank it, they might have sav'd the World from being drown'd. But be that as it will, I will leave it to the wise Controvertists of the Times, on which they might entertain the World with far more agreeable, and much less detrimental Speculations than now they do. What think you, my Boy, of old Father *Bacchus*? The wise *Grecians*, who civiliz'd and polish'd all this Part of the World, made him a God for his teaching them the Joys of good Drinking, which they improv'd to the utmost Perfection. In the Evening the Goblet went round, and supply'd the Absence of the Sun with Warmth more kindly and enlivening; then crown'd with Chaplets of Flowers, they drank to their Mistresses Healths as many Glasses in Hand, as there were Letters in her Name.

'Twas to the Juice of the Vine that the *Greek* Poets ow'd all their Inspiration, that was the *Hypocchrine*, the *Helicon*, and the Fountain of *Aganippe*; the drinking of which made them write so well; for those were but the Names of several Vineyards upon Mount *Parnassus*, which yielded the best Wine in all *Greece*. Elevated by this, old *Anacreon* writ those charming *Odes* which transport us to this Day. In short, the Reason why the *Greeks* excell'd all other Poets, is because they drank better than other Poets.

But we are not without our fighting Heroes that were eminent for Drinking. What think you of the brave *Macedonian* Youth, *Alexander*
the

the Great ? He and his Officers, warm'd with *Greek* Wine, pass'd the *Grannick* Flood, and drove a Million before him o'er the Plain : By good Drinking they got the Empire of *Asia*, and freed *Greece* from her perpetual Fears of the Grand Monarch of those Times.

But what need we run back so far in Time and Place to prove the Excellence of good Drinking, since we may easily discover that to be fix'd in its Nature by our own Experience ? The Advantages it yields to Mankind are innumerable. Does *Chloris* prove false ? Does *Phillis* prove cruel ? Have recourse to the Bottle, and you despise the Jilt, and laugh at the Coquet. Does my Lord *Haughty* overlook you ? The second Bottle raises you above the Insolent Pageant. Are ye troubled with the Folly of Bashfulness ? Drink but *quantum sufficit*, and you gain Assurance enough to be impertinent with the Fair and the Great. Does your Modesty deny your Tongue the graceful Utterance of your Thoughts ? Drink but Wine enough, you'll be more eloquent than *Cicero*. This puts me in Mind of a Story of Sir *Thomas More*, who being sent Ambassador to the Emperor by King *Henry* the Eighth, the Morning he was to have his Audience, knowing the Virtue of Wine, order'd his Servant to give him a good large Glass of Sack ; and having drank that, call'd for another : The Servant, with officious Ignorance, would have dissuaded him from it, but in vain ; the Ambassador drank off the second, and demanded a third, which he likewise drank off ; insisting on a fourth, he was over-persuaded by his Servant to let it alone ; so he went to his Audience. But returning home again, call'd for his Servant,
and

and threatning him with his Cane, *You Rogue*, said he, *what Mischief have you done me ! I spoke so well to the Emperor, on the Inspiration of those three Glasses that I drank, that he told me I was fit to govern three Parts of the World. Now, you Dog, if I had drank the fourth Glass, I had been fit to govern all the World.*

I could tell you of a certain Statesman that made once a great Noise in the World, who form'd all his political Schemes over a Bottle ; when Company was gone, he order'd Pen, Ink and Paper to be brought him, and four Bottles of Wine, with a Pipe of Tobacco indeed to help out ; and so he writ, drank and smoak'd, till his Liquor was out, and then he went to Bed. By these Politicks was a Nation govern'd some time ; and not a few say, very wisely ; but as to that I don't pretend to give my Opinion : But if there were any Faults in his Ministry, I am sure of this, they were owing to himself, and not his Liquor.

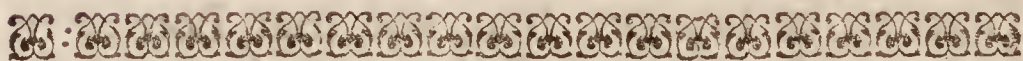
Courage has been inspired in our modern Days by good Liquor ; for the *Dutch* had never maintain'd themselves so well against our Fleet, and oftentimes worsted us under *Van Trump* and *De Rutter*, but that the Morning before they engag'd, they out-drank us.

But I have one thing to say to you, which I had forgot, and which relates to yourself. I know you have a mighty Inclination to Poetry ; but if you would have your Verses live, you must leave off drinking of Water ; since your Master *Horace* says, That no Verses can live long that are written by Water-Drinkers. I am just call'd down to some Friends with whom I shall pass some merry Hours over a Bottle of *Burgundy*,

dy, and therefore must draw to an End, only advising thee, in short, to leave the meer Element, and come to the Juice of the Grape. Drink and forget thy Sorrows, for this World is too ridiculous and fantastical to be serious in ; but I am soberly and seriously

Thy faithful Friend,

Timothy Break-of-day.



LETTER VIII.

On Blindness.

——— *Why was the Sight
To such a tender Ball as th' Eye confin'd,
So obvious, and so easy to be quench'd?
And not, as Feeling, thro' all Parts diffus'd,
That she might look at will thro' every Pore?*

Milton

To Mrs. M-----dale on Lambeth-Hill,
London.

MADAM,

THAT I have not writ to you all this while, has been occasion'd by the Badness of my Sight, which has now left me in an absolute Blindness : I see no more the glorious Sun, the flow'ry Meads and purling Brooks, nor human Face divine, as Milton has it. I think that
great

great Poet, though he has written admirably upon the Loss of Sight, seems too uneasy under his Misfortune, and to repine at that Dispensation of Providence ; but I, who have all along resign'd myself to the Will of Heaven, endeavour to make every Disappointment as little troublesome as I can ; and to find out all the Advantages that a Misfortune can afford me. Thus I trouble not myself with anxious Thoughts of the good Things I have lost, but fix in my Mind the uneasy Objects that Sight often gives us.

This Sense frequently misleads us to Partiality in our Favours by the smooth Appearance and hypocritical Countenance of those we converse with, which prepares us to receive all they say and offer with too much Indulgence ; *Loquere ut te videam*, was the saying of a Wise Man ; that is, (for I forgot I was writing to a Lady) *speak that I may see thee*. For, indeed, the Eyes bring to our Knowledge only the Body, but the Ear conveys to us the Soul of the Person that speaks ; by them we find whether he be a Man of Sense, Judgment, Wit and Learning ; and by a frequent and long Conversation with him, informs us whether he be led by the Principles of Honour and Honesty, or by the looser Maxims of the Age ; for it is a difficult matter for the most cunning Hypocrite to disguise himself so far, but that a Man of Judgment will by some Words or other, at least in his unguarded Hours, discover the Cheat.

There is another Evil the Loss of Sight has delivered me from, and that relates to your Sex, Madam, and that is the tyrannick Power of Beauty of the Body ; all whose bewitching

†

Charms

Charms are of no Effect to a blind Man; the finest Eyes in the World are not capable of corrupting my Virtue, or betraying my Understanding to doat on a Fool: It robs indeed the Fair of their surest Means of Conquest, that is, their beautiful Appearance, by which so many of the Sons of *Adam* have, like him, been undone; there may perhaps have been some Men who could not be so deeply wounded by the Beauty of a Woman, but that her Folly was able to cure them. I have heard a Story of Sir *John Suckling* much to this purpose: He made a Visit to Counsellor *Gibbs*, whose Place oblig'd him to live in the *Tower*: The Counsellor happen'd not to be at home, and his Lady thinking very much to oblige him, and to free herself of the Trouble, told him, that there was below the most beautiful young Lady that ever she saw, who being a Client to her Husband, waited for his Return all alone. The Knight, fond of the Opportunity, runs immediately down to her, but in less than a quarter of an Hour came swearing up Stairs as if he had been distracted. Coming into the Room to the Counsellor's Lady, Well, Sir *John*, says she, What! so soon weary of a pretty Woman? Damn her, said he, she has talk'd me out of her Face: I said all the fine Things I could think of, but I could get nothing from her, but how many Eggs they sold a-penny at *Newcastle*. In short, her Folly was so great, that it soon extinguish'd the Flames her Charms had kindled.

One Advantage I have from this Misfortune relates to your self. The first Impressions of things are generally the most deep and lasting; and we more easily retain the Memory of
what

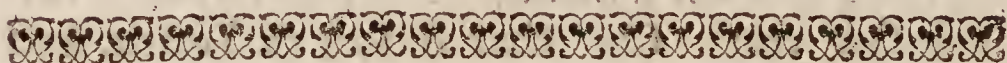
what pleas'd us in our younger Days, than of those things we see and take Notice of in our maturer Years; whether it be that as we grow in Years, Objects multiply so much, that the Number makes us take the less Notice of Particulars; or that the Mind indeed is more capable of deep Impressions in our Youth, than ever after: Thus it is in relation to yourself. I have already almost forgot the several Melancholy Changes that Time and an ill Husband have made in your Face; and now you appear to me the same fine *Mrs. Cornelia* I thought you when I first saw you. Oh, that Bloom of Youth, and those enchanting Beauties that use to charm and conquer every Beholder! the Malice of five and twenty Years has lost all its Force, and you now seem as transporting as ever; but this you'll say is a Benefit of Blindness, which affords me but very little Advantage; since, tho' I cannot see the Effects of your Decay, yet those of mine are too visible to your Eyes; you see me grown old, sick, lame and blind, and cannot therefore persuade yourself to dream of my Youth and Vigour, as I do of yours. But I must tell you, that I am not so much disappointed in that, as you may imagine; for I seek not to prefer myself to you as a Lover, but am satisfy'd that my Memory offers me rather a pleasing than a disagreeable Object: I have seen enough not to be uneasy that I can see no more; the Eye presents us with the same things over and over again; and if there be any Variety in them, it is generally but to add to our Pain and Disquiet, and distract us with troublesome Thoughts and Desires; whereas now I can collect my Thoughts, and give myself up to the

Contemplations of Reasoning without Interruption.

This is the Way that I take to make my Life as easy as I can, and comfort myself with this Thought, that I can yet converse with my Friends of both Sexes, in which Number I shall always place you, whilst I am

Your faithful humble Servant,

INDOLENT EASY.



LETTER IX.

On the Vulgar.

A PARADOX.

Odi profanum vulgus, & arceo.

*Be gone Profane, I hate you all,
Both the Great Vulgar, and the Small.*

*To Anthony Vainman Esq; to be left at
Button's Coffee-house, Covent-Garden.*

DEAR TONY.

YOU send me Word, that you have had a Play lately acted, which has taken wonderfully with the Town; that it was received with mighty Applause, not only by the Vulgar, but by the Men of Wit, Persons of the first Quality of both Sexes; and that it is
grown

grown a Crime, and Mark of Affectation, not to go along with the Vogue in its Praise ; at the same time you tell me, that it has no manner of Plot, but subsists by the Force of its extraordinary Wit, and Briskness of Dialogue. This makes me think, my Friend *Anthony*, that you are in Danger as well as your great Persons, and your Wits, to fall into the Number of the Vulgar ; for of that Rank are all such, who squander their Applause on artless Trifles, and such Things as do not merit it in the Judgment of Men of Knowledge. But you say, this is a Play of Merit, full of Wit from one End to t'other ; but I must say with a great Judge in his Essay on Poetry, *That rather than all Wit, let there be none at all.* Therefore if you would have it pass for a good Play with me, you should tell me of its Humour, Nature, and its just Design, which, if it want, 'tis at best but a Collection of witty Dialogues. Sir *George Etherege*, as great as his Reputation was, could not escape the Reproach of the Men of Judgment of his Time ; one of whom says, *That he writ three talking Plays without one Plot* ; and yet those three Plays are not altogether without Plot and Humour. But I shall not pretend to decide the Merits of this Play, till I have read it ; and what I have said, has been the Effect of your false Praise of it, not the Author's Demerits. To praise a Man in a wrong Place, is often to do him an Injury ; and so is sometimes taken by Authors of Knowledge and Art. Thus *Lucian* writ his *Zeuxis* against a Person who had mightily cry'd up his *Diction*, without taking any Notice of his Art and Judgment in forming the Design, and the Ordonance

of its Parts. This sort of Panegyrist are generally Men that have only a smattering in Learning and Wit, and in their Censures blindly follow the Dictates of their own Fancy, undirected by Art and Judgment. And this is the most troublesome Part of the Vulgar, as the most capable of doing an Author Mischief, by that Reputation they have of being Men of Wit and Spirit.

But that we may not wander in the Dark, and be amus'd with empty Words, I shall endeavour to shew you what it is I mean by the Vulgar.

Cowley, in his paraphrastick Translation of *Horace*, has very justly divided them into the great Vulgar and the small. There is no Difficulty in our distinguishing the small Vulgar, it takes in all the Rabble of Mankind, Things of humane Shape, tho' Ignorance has levell'd them with the Brutes; these are the Mechanicks, and the rest of the People of mean and low Station: And yet this part of the Vulgar, following the Dictates of mere Nature, often judge right, as *Horace* long ago observ'd,

Est ubi recte judicat populus, est ubi peccat.

But those whom I call the great Vulgar, having stifled their Sense of the Dictates of pure Nature, by a Conceit of themselves, the Power of Custom, and their false Opinion of Excellence, seldom or never judge rightly of the Performances of Art; this leads me to explain what I mean by the great Vulgar. I mean, therefore, all such who are ignorant in the fine Arts, and have no true Taste of them, let their

For

Fortune, their Birth, and their Quality be what it will. I confess this brings in much the greater Part of those who decide the Fate of Authors; this takes in, I'm afraid to speak aloud, I only whisper it to you, almost the whole Body of Womankind, at least, in our Nation, where the Ladies have more engaging Enjoyments to pass their Time in, than in informing their Understandings: There was a Time, indeed, a great while ago, and a great way off, in a Town call'd *Athens*, and another call'd *Rome*, when and where the fair Sex thought the Ornaments of the Body, and their personal Charms, insufficient, without adding the Beauties of the Mind. But here the Women think it enough, that their Adorers tell 'em they have Wit and Beauty; and that they are fitly qualified for Judges of the greatest Performances. But let them grow as proud as they please with the vain Flatteries of their senseless Adorers; they are, in short, but Part of the Vulgar, unless they exalt themselves, by improving their Minds with Knowledge and Art.

Alas! my Friend *Anthony*, there are a great many Men who pass with the Ignorant for Wits of the first Rate, who are, indeed, but part of the Vulgar, tho' they have run thro' all the Authors of Antiquity, and have *Virgil* and *Horace* at their Finger's Ends. You shall know them by this; whenever they talk of those great Poets of Antiquity, whenever they praise them, it is for some single Expression, some particular Verse; or at most, for a fine Description; but never say any thing of the Design of *Virgil*, or *Homer*, or *Sophocles*, or *Euripides*; that is what they have no Taste of; nor, indeed, any No-

tion,

tion, tho' it is in those that these great Poets excell all Mankind; and by those only have obtain'd the immortal Name of Poets. Another Part of this great Vulgar contains most of your merry Wits, whose Talent is to lull the Severity of Reason asleep, and amuse the Fancy only with some Burlesque, some Ridicule, or the like: These Men never think justly nor finely, and yet they have, of late Days, had it in their Power to ruin the Reputation of Men of Merit, and set up their own Creatures as the Wonders of the Age. This is a modern Humour, which has, indeed, as Sir *William Temple* has observ'd, destroy'd all solid Learning, all just Notions, and spread a false Taste of Arts and Sciences thro' their numerous Readers. These are the top Part of the great Vulgar, the Demagogues that lead 'em wherever they please; tho' in my Opinion they are themselves the most infamous of their Party. To these I must add the Pedants, that with a noisy Shew of *Latin* and *Greek* persuade their ignorant Hearers that they are Men of prodigious Parts and Learning; a good Memory is generally their chief Talent, and that Assurance which they usually learn at their *Alma Maters*. I am afraid to meddle with the Clergy, lest they should stigmatize me with the Name of Atheist, or, at least, of Deist, else, perhaps, I might say, that there are too many of them come within the Number of the great Vulgar. I shall only add, that I advise thee, dear *Tony*, severely to examine thyself, and try how far distant you are yourself from this Number; admire no more the Versifiers of the Times, who are more despicable Fellows than the very Ballad-makers of the Age. *Pye-Corner* and

London.

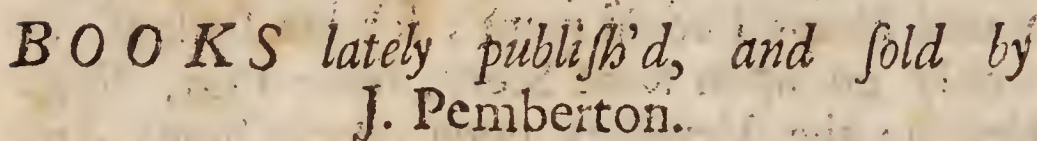
London-bridge have more Poetry, than some celebrated Shops I could name ; for the Ballads generally go upon some Story, some Flirt, some Design ; the Versifiers upon none. Study Art, and by that learn to think justly. I hope there is nothing I have said in this Letter so severe as to make you call in question the Sincerity, with which I profess myself

Your faithful Friend,

WILLIAM BRIGHTMAN.

F I N I S.





Dulces autē omnia Musa. Virg.

II. The History of the most Noble Order of the Garter, and the several Orders of Knight-hood extant in *Europe*. Containing, I. The Antiquity of the Town, Castle, Chappel, and College of *Windsor*; with their several Officers: The Foundation of the Order by K. *Edward III.* The Statutes and Annals at large, as they have been alter'd and amended. II, The Habits, Ensigns, and Officers of the Order: The Ceremonies of Election, Investiture, and Installment of Knights; the Manner of their Feasts; and the Duties and Fees payable upon those Occasions. Some Account of the Founders. With an exact List of all that have been install'd since the Institution; and their several Coats of Arms emblazon'd. Written at the Command of King *Charles II.* by *Elias Ashmole Esq; Windsor-Herald.* Now compar'd with the Author's Corrections, in his Library at *Oxford*, faithfully digested, and continued down to the present Time. The whole illustrated with proper Sculptures. *Small Paper 7 s. 6 d. Large 12 s.*



